Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

DECEMBER

15¢

AN GREY

Thanksgiving—a story of a great love

To Ellen—with Love!

One girl loves a soldier . . .
one loves a sailor . . . one loves
a lad in the Marines. But, they all
adore the gift which says,
"You're first in my heart."

Typical of the gorgeous Evening in Paris gift sets. Set illustrated sells at $2.95 plus tax.

Evening in Paris BOURJOIS

Evening in Paris gift sets to thrill her heart . . . and priced to suit every pocketbook . . . $1.00 to $15.00 (*all prices plus tax*)

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

the world applauds a lovely smile!

Life can be brighter when your smile is right. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

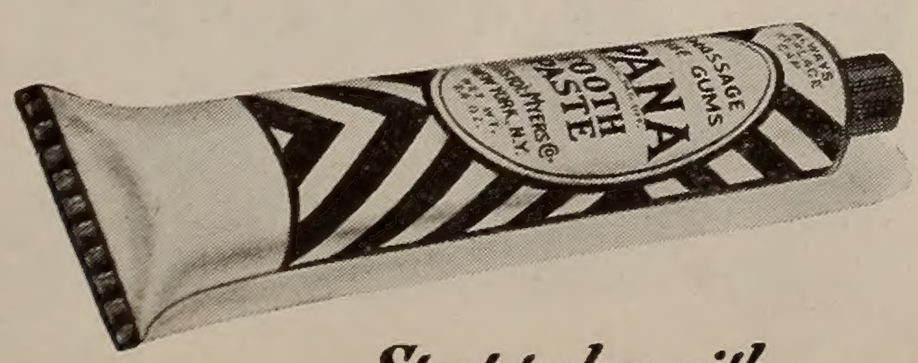
BE LIGHT-HEARTED, Plain Girl—and *smile!* The best things in life don't always go to the girl who is prettiest. You can be a winner. You can find fun—and romance too, *if your smile is right!*

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a hesitant smile, timid and self-conscious—but a warm, flashing smile that makes heads turn, hearts beat faster. But remember, a smile like that depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* He may tell you that your gums have become sensitive because they've been denied natural exercise by today's soft foods. And, as so many dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, is designed to aid the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

She's sitting pretty—the girl with the bright, flashing smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile sparkling!

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

DECEMBER, 1943

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

VOL. 21, NO. 2

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IRRESISTIBLE ★★★ as always! ★

We dedicate to the

NAVY NURSES CORPS

IRRESISTIBLE Ruby Red LIPSTICK

Salute to the beauty power of America's women power ...to that alert, luminous look so superbly emphasized by the deep, glowing tone of Irresistible's Ruby Red Lipstick. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting. Destined to make you look your best while you're doing your best for your country. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching rouge and face powder.

10¢ AT ALL 10¢ STORES

Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER...S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c

CURLS LIKE THESE ADD BEAUTY TO YOUR HAIR

Complete Home

PERMANENT WAVE KIT

New Easy Home Way
Curls and Waves Hair
to Lovely Beauty and Allure

Lovely Curls

IN THREE QUICK STAGES

This Simple Easy Charm-Kurl Way...

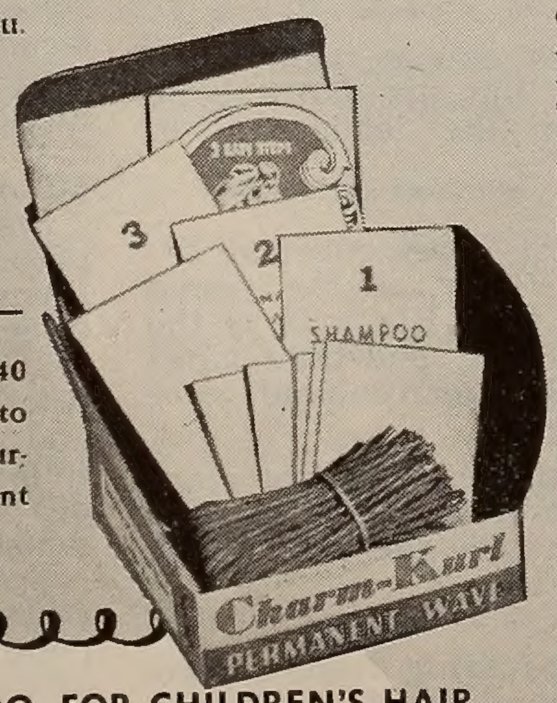
...ONLY 59¢
NOTHING MORE TO BUY
MAIL COUPON NOW!

MONEY SAVING KIT

There is a simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of curls and waves into your hair. Mail the coupon, let the amazing new CHARM-KURL Home Permanent Wave Kit save you money by giving you a real honest-to-goodness machineless permanent wave right in your own home. We have certainly made it easy for you to have lovely curled and waved hair by bringing you CHARM-KURL on this wonderful 59c offer. But the next step is up to you.

Each *Charm-Kurl* **Home Permanent Wave Kit Contains—**

everything you need—shampoo, 40 curlers, and wave set—nothing else to buy. Be smart—be thrifty—treat yourself to a CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave without delay.



WONDERFUL, TOO, FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR

Thousands of delighted mothers cheer CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit because it is easy to use, so economical and long-lasting. Positively cannot harm children's fine, soft hair. If you're a thrifty mother, you'll order an extra Kit for your daughter. She'll be overjoyed.

Yes, it's true! You can give your hair a wonderful new cool, machineless permanent wave at home, thanks to CHARM-KURL. It is easy as putting your hair up in curlers. All you need do is mail the coupon. Then CHARM-KURL your hair. See for yourself how amazingly lovely your hair looks, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions. And, most important, CHARM-KURL, complete, is yours for only 59c.

THOUSANDS USE CHARM-KURL

Make This Easy Test . . .

CHARM-KURL is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any permanent wave costing as much as $5.00—or your money back for the asking. CHARM-KURL cleans and sweetens the hair, washes out dirt and loose dandruff scales, leaves the hair luxuriously soft and easy to manage. CHARM-KURL is *safe*. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. There is nothing finer for bleached, dyed, or gray hair.

Mail the coupon. If C.O.D., pay 59c plus postage on arrival. You save by sending remittance with coupon—and we pay postage. Test CHARM-KURL yourself. See how lovely your hair will be, permanent waved at home the CHARM-KURL way. Remember, if you aren't positively delighted beyond words, your money will be refunded, on request. With a guarantee like this, you can't lose. Now, today, mail the coupon and know the joy of glamorous curls and waves within a few short hours.

CHARM-KURL is the largest selling Home Permanent Wave Kit in America. There is no need to pay more than 59c.

CHARM-KURL CO., DEPT. C1 2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. C1 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

I want to take advantage of your liberal offer. Rush me one complete CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit. When it arrives, I will pay 59c plus postage to my postman. If, for any reason, I am not thoroughly satisfied, you agree to refund purchase price on my request. This does not obligate me in any way. If you want more than one kit, check below:

☐ 2 CHARM-KURL KITS, $1.18, plus postage. ☐ 3 CHARM-KURL KITS, $1.77, plus postage. (C.O.D. charges the same as for only one KIT)

Name _____

Address _____

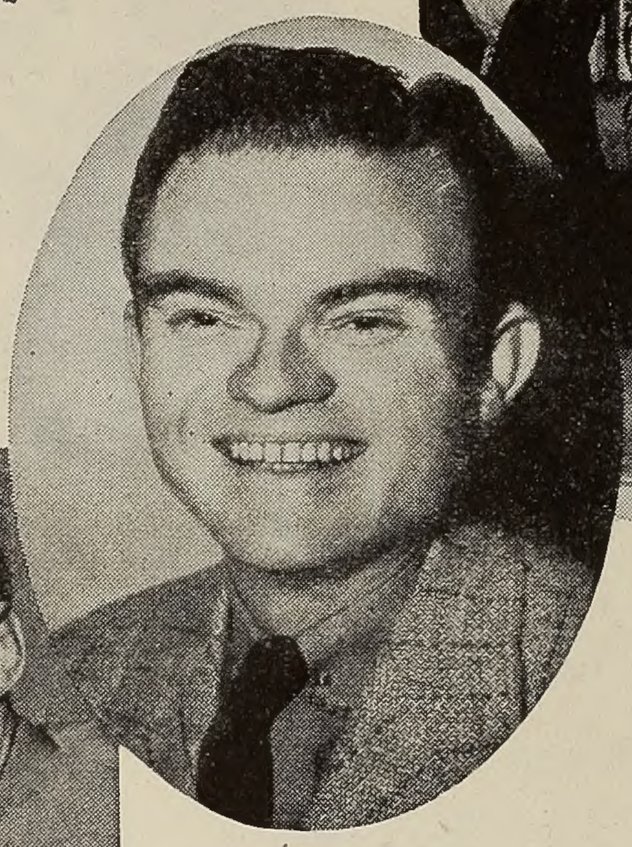
City _____ *State* _____

☐ I want to save postage charges, enclosed is remittance.
(Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order.)

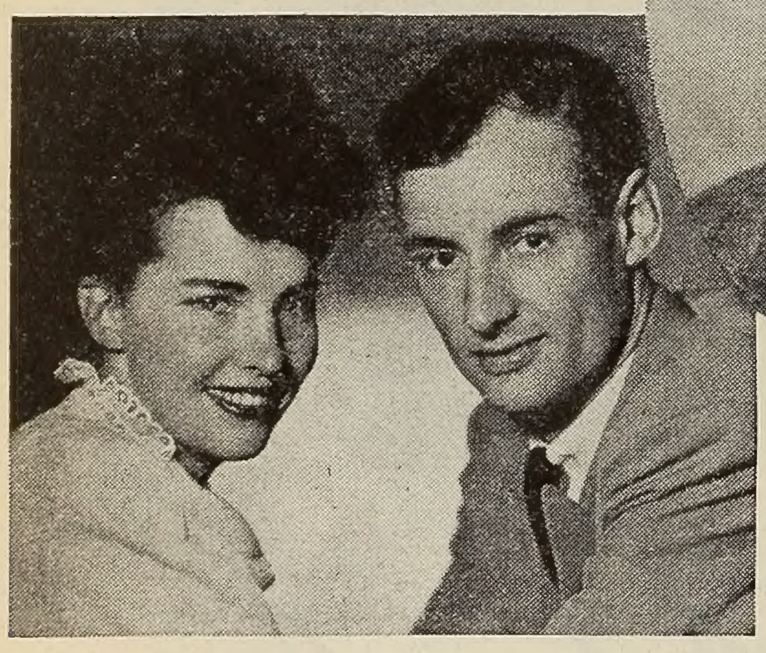
R
M

Facing the Music

By
KEN ALDEN



Spike Jones, left, pilots the we-play-for-fun City Slickers on radio's Arkansas Traveler and Furlough for Fun, and in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" and "Meet the People" in the movies



Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart are the new piano team highlighting Fred Waring's show

ARTIE SHAW, whose band of servicemen is the first musicians' outfit to move through the war zones, has traveled on craft ranging from battleships to minesweepers. He's been playing at Marine camps in New Zealand and has ducked Jap bullets at Guadalcanal. Shaw and his men not only care for their own personal safety, but, according to reports, make sure their precious instruments are safely tucked away in fox holes when the going gets rough.

* * *

Betty Hutton and Charlie Martin, radio producer, are taking each other seriously.

* * *

Griff Williams, one of the midwest's slickest dance leaders, has won a sponsor. The Loyal Order of Moose, a fraternal organization, will present Williams' band over the Mutual Network every Sunday.

* * *

D'Artega, who formed an all-girl band to lick the Selective Service problem, has already lost three of his distaff side tooters to the WACs.

* * *

Yvonne King of the famed King Sisters has given birth to a seven-pound baby girl in a Hollywood hospital.

* * *

Vaughn Monroe is aspiring to a serious musical career and hopes to audition for the Metropolitan Opera. Singing the Donkey Serenade so often must have inspired Vaughn.

Dolly Dawn, who used to sing with George Hall's band and then inherited the baton from George, will soon be the bride of a Navy lieutenant.

* * *

Frank Sinatra has made a cash settlement with Tommy Dorsey releasing the bandleader from any financial interest in the swooner. That leaves Frank with only 678 other managers.

* * *

All radio row mourns the loss of that ace of sweetsingers, Frank Crumit. He died of a heart attack at the age of 53. Frank and Julia Sanderson lived a perfect marriage and set a standard all entertainers might well follow.

* * *

Gracie Fields has brought back from England a trunkful of new tunes that have been favorites of the A. E. F. stationed in the British Isles.

* * *

Chuck Foster is now a member of our armed forces but his dance band carries on under the leadership of Harry Lewis.

* * *

Lou Bring, west coast musical director for RCA-Victor, is the proud daddy of a baby boy. His wife is the former Frances Hunt, one-time singer with Benny Goodman's band.

* * *

Another musical blessed event rings out for Perry Botkin, Bing Crosby's able guitarist. Perry is the father of a new baby daughter.

* * *

Ben Bernie, recovering from a serious illness, is a shadow of his former self.

* * *

Sammy Kaye and his orchestra will arrive in Hollywood some time in December to work on their new film, "Song of the Open Road."

Talk about versatility, Paul Lavalle, conductor of the "Basin Street" swingbake, adds another commercial, this time fronting a Stradivarius orchestra. The orchestra will be made up of priceless Stradivari strings, playing light classical music.

* * *

SPIKE THAT RHYTHM: Spike Jones, the lanky, curly-haired Californian who made "Der Fuehrer's Face" spin on countless thousands of juke boxes, is slightly peeved at those few misguided radio fans who mistakenly dub his City Slickers a corny hill-billy band.

"We're a subtle burlesque of all corny, hill-billy bands," Spike insists. "Why, some of our best swing musicians are our biggest rooters." Spike, who not only resembles Red Skelton, but in an ad lib oral bout can probably out-gag the carrot-topped comic, points out that Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman and other swing stars love to hear his band rib the dead-pan sweet orchestras with such curious instruments as tuned cowbells, washboards, auto horns, hiccup-o-phones, anvil-o-phones, sneez-o-phones, and that favorite outdoor Stradivarius—the guitarlet.

Spike has made his satirical syncopators a money making proposition. Royalties are still pouring in from "Der Fuehrer's Face" records, and a seven-year MGM contract, a regular role on the Bob Burns NBC series, and a recently concluded vaudeville tour have all helped give the 31-year-old leader a tidy bank account and a lavish Beverly Hills home.

Spike conceived his silly symphony when he wearied of playing routine popular music with some of radio's top orchestras.

"I like playing this way because it pays good dough. That's all I'm in this racket for and when it stops paying dividends I'll do something else," he says candidly.

At first Spike had to convince a lot

Continued on page 89

Behold! he sees what no human eye has glimpsed since the beginning of time

He might have stepped from the frame of a Rembrandt painting, this bewigged figure of a man so patiently making lenses and squinting through them.

Night after night, like a child with a new toy, Antony van Leeuwenhoek, seventeenth century Dutch shopkeeper, hurried home to place anything and everything under his microscope: the brain of a fly, rain water, a hair, pepper, a cow's eye, scrapings from his teeth.

Then one day, behold! he sees what no human eye has glimpsed since the beginning of time. Fantastic "little animals", thousands of them to a pin-point, dart and squirm as he gazes.

Not for an instant did he suspect any of them as foes of mankind, as possible destroyers of health and life. But the enemy had at last been sighted. Man had taken his first faltering step in the war on germs.

Nearly two hundred years were to pass before the second step, a giant stride, was taken by Pasteur. He devoted his life to seeking out the microbes which he believed to be the cause of disease. In turn, his work inspired Lister to use carbolic acid in combating the almost inevitable gangrene which then followed surgery.

Soon Lister's fame as "the father of antiseptic surgery" spread across the Atlantic. No wonder that when a new, non-caustic, non-poisonous antiseptic and germicide was discovered in St. Louis, its sponsors named it *Listerine,* in his honor.

Today the shining bottle and amber color of Listerine Antiseptic are as familiar to millions of people as the face of a long trusted friend. In more than sixty years of service in the fight on infection, it has day after day proved deadly to germs but harmless to tissue . . . well meriting its almost universal citation as "the *safe* antiseptic and germicide."

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE

ANTISEPTIC

in service more than sixty years

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

Hard to Get!

Find **KLEENEX** Tissues hard to get? Don't give up! Your dealer will have some shortly. Output is somewhat curtailed, but rather than skimp on Kleenex size and strength, we're determined to keep Kleenex quality "tops" in every particular!

TELL ME ANOTHER
SAYS Kleenex*
AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND
for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand. Address:
Kleenex 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois

Blows in the night!

When you reach for a **KLEENEX** Tissue, during colds, there's no fumbling in the dark! Unlike other brands, Kleenex has that handy box that serves up "just one" double tissue at a time.

(from a letter by G. J. S., Waltham, Mass.)

One and Only!

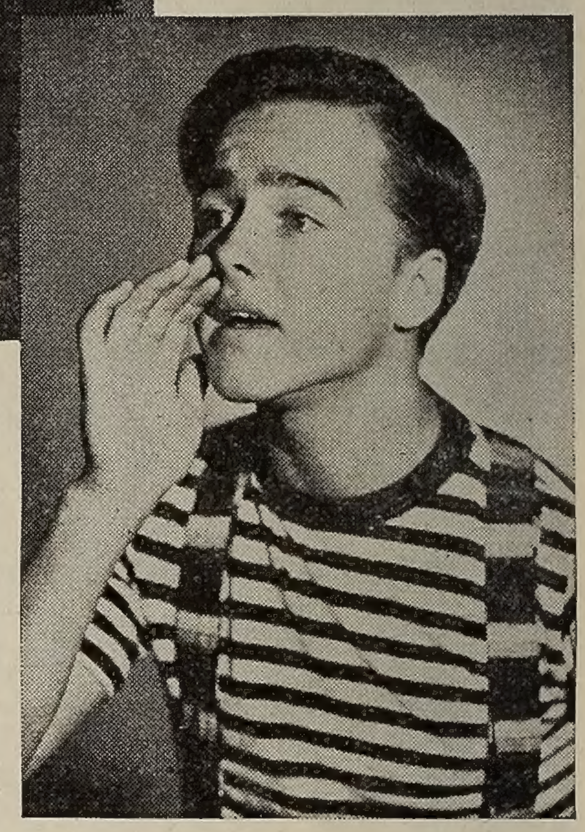
There's only one **Kleenex**! Just let anyone try to tell me any other tissue is "just as good"!

(from a letter by R. D., Leominster, Mass.)

Reduce Absenteeism
—EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!

Authorities say that ½ of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold. So use Kleenex when sniffles start — to help keep your cold from spreading to others!

★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Edgar Bergen and Dinah Shore, left, trade autographs. Below is Dickie Jones, the new Henry Aldrich.

What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

FOR you amateur musicians—Have you ever heard of Donald Voorhees' offer of prizes totalling $2000 in War Bonds to amateur musical groups making the most significant contribution to the war effort by means of music? Contact your local branch of the National Federation of Music Clubs for details. The contest is being carried out in cooperation with them. Mrs. Guy Patterson, the president of the Federation, has announced that the contest runs from September 1st to April 1st and that awards will be given only for public amateur performances within those specified dates.

* * *

Leigh White, CBS war correspondent, who was wounded while covering the fighting in Greece, is the only radio representative among a dozen newspapermen now attending Harvard University as a result of being awarded Nieman Fellowships to devote a year's study to post war problems.

White was shot in the legs when Nazi flyers strafed a train carrying correspondents from Belgrade to Athens in April, 1941.

* * *

Anyone who has illusions about the glamorous life of a radio actress had better hark to Marie Greene a moment.

"An easy life!" she snaps. "Do you know I get up earlier than any stenographer, salesgirl or housewife? I'm up every morning at six to be at the studio for rehearsal before the nine o'clock show of 'Everything Goes.' We put in five hours of rehearsal—and I get ten minutes on the air! And what about all these camp shows and traveling to them—and studying—and taking dramatic lessons—and—answering mail?"

* * *

Apparently one of the best ways to overcome the problems of food rationing is to be an after dinner speaker. Harry Hershfield, the creator of the famous comic strip "Abie Kabbible" and joke expert on "Can You Top This?" rarely has to figure out how to stretch his ration points. For more than two decades Harry has been America's number one after dinner speaker and has consistently averaged about 300 dinners a year. And—he gets paid for speaking. It's an idea.

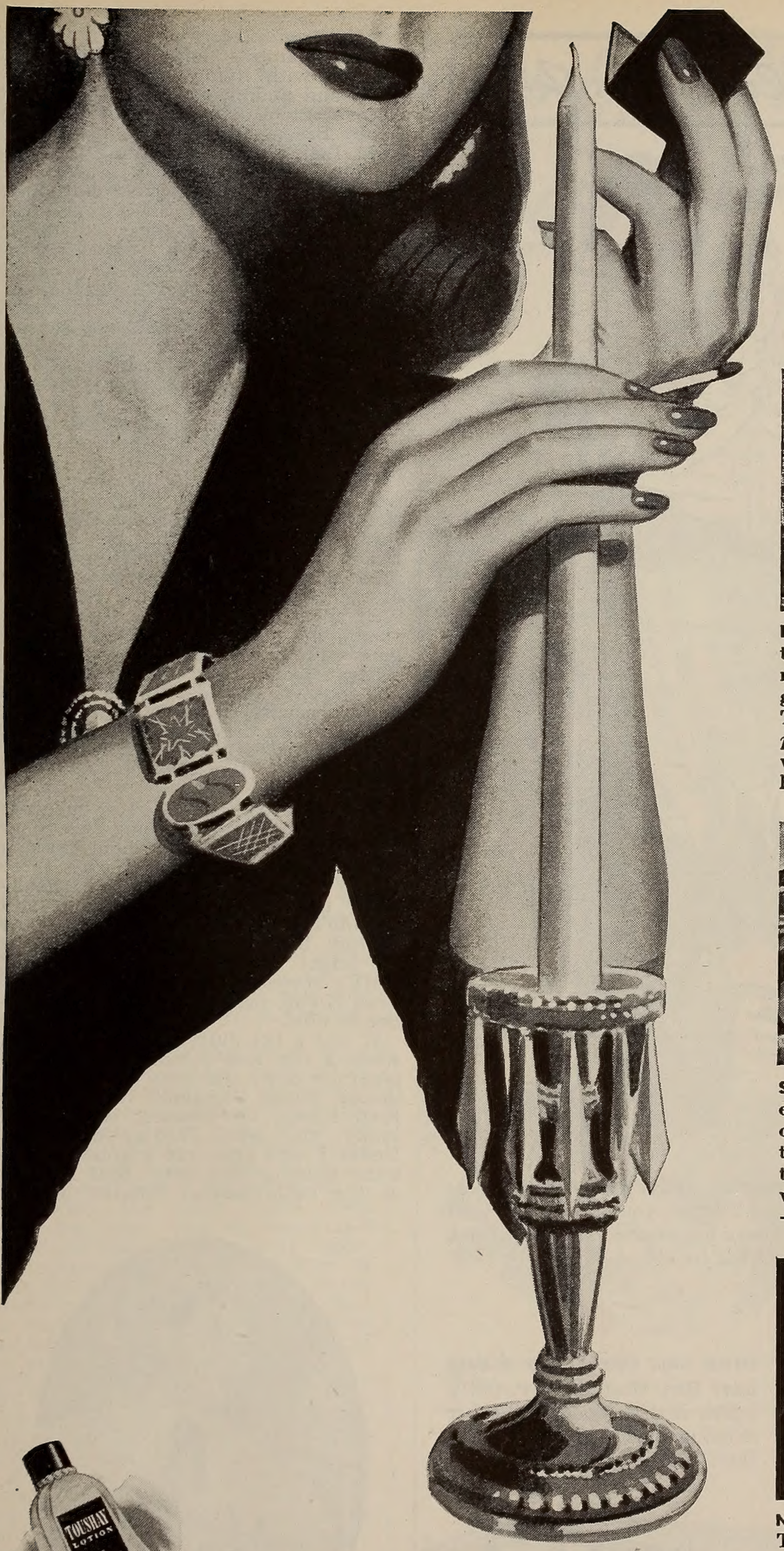
* * *

When you send in for those tickets for a radio show, be sure you're prepared to have your illusions shattered. You're accustomed to hearing voices and imagining what the actors look like. You may be surprised.

You may find lovely Inge Adams playing a small boy. You'll hear a baby crying, but you'll see a grown woman, Madeline Pierce, doing it. You'll discover that Raymond, your host on creepy "Inner Sanctum," is a kindly soul with a gentle face and James Monks, who specializes in decrepit old men roles, is young and handsome.

Since the war, too, the need for realism in radio has increased the demand for actors versatile in many dialects and languages. It's become a big field and has its specialists. Jackson Beck, on the "Man Behind The Gun" show, is a master of 57 dialects; James Monks can do 33; Luis Van Rooten, 39; and Stefan Schnabel, son of the famous pianist Artur Schnabel and most often heard as a sadistic Nazi these days, can do 25. One of the most amazing dialecticians—and this term applies to serious drama, not the fun-making kind of accent—is twelve-year-old Alastair Kyle, who plays Dickie in "Portia Faces Life." After listening once to the sound of the genuine original accent, he can reproduce it perfectly and, to date, has mastered French, German, Polish, Japanese, Chinese (and they are different, these two), Russian and Italian.

Continued on page 8



Sh-h! These lovely hands are leading a double life!

Daytime, you're washing dishes — doing all the extra little home-front chores. But remember—Toushay, smoothed on *beforehand*, guards hands even in hot, soapy water! Toushay's made to a special formula. Helps *prevent* dryness and roughness instead of waiting till damage is done. Helps keep busy hands looking as soft and party-pretty as ever!

Spare time, you're needed for all sorts of essential "war jobs"—work that may be hard on soft, white hands. But always guard them the new *beforehand* way—with Toushay! Use this new-idea lotion *before* every soap-and-water task. Notice how lush and creamy it is —what mmm, heavenly fragrance it has.

Nighttime's your glamour time — and Toushay'll help you look your loveliest! Use this velvety "beforehand" lotion all the other ways you'd use a lotion, too—to soften chapped hands, rough elbows and knees—as a powder base, or for a soothing all-over body rub! Toushay's inexpensive—so rich a few drops go a long way. Ask for it at your druggist's—today.

PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water

LINNY *Serves at the Canteen* BY Rose

1

DUE AT THE CANTEEN right now! No time to change. Well, this blouse will have to work two shifts today, too. Thanks, Linit, for keeping it so clean and fresh through a long, hard day.

2

THAT'S A PRETTY COMPLIMENT sailor; but I'll have you know it's sixteen weary hours since I "stepped out of that band-box."

3

LITTLE GAL, YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY! But that dainty, frilly apron is still good for another evening's grind. It must have been starched with Linit, too.

FOR VICTORY
Buy U. S. War Bonds & Stamps

LINNY says: To stand the strain of strenuous days your clothes need Linit. This modern starch penetrates the fabric—protects the fibres. Makes anything washable look better — longer.

ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT

R M

Continued from page 6

Eddie Cantor's done it again. Not satisfied with living on his past exploits and puffing out his chest as the discoverer of Deanna Durbin and Bobby Breen, he comes up, now, with Nora Lou Martin, something new in red-headed glamour girls. Eddie had to listen to his new vocalist only once before signing her up. She's from Portland, Oregon, where she was known as a singer of Western ballads.

* * *

Barbara Lee, lovely darkhaired, green-eyed vocalist on NBC's "Mirth and Madness" program, spent seventeen years learning how to be a dancer —so she could become a singer. Up to the moment when, at twenty-one, a friend dared her to enter a resort's amateur contest as a singer, Barbara was busy perfecting her spins and high kicks and bends.

The contest did it, however. She won it and turned to singing lessons. Not much later, she joined Bill Clifford's orchestra at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco and soon after that she was busily at work at the NBC studios in the Bay City.

In spite of getting her start as a singer in a night club and looking glamorous to the tips of her eyelashes, Barbara lives no gay night life routine. She keeps to-bed-with-the-chickens hours, because she lives on her wartime chicken farm and does a great many of the daily chores herself. And she prefers it like that.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—If you were fifteen years old, could sing two songs all the way through without missing any of the words, could play three chords on the "gittar," and had a hankering to go on the radio, you still wouldn't expect to just walk into the nearest broadcasting station and be put right on the air—would you? WBT's newest star, "Victory Cowboy" Fred Kirby, had that very thing happen to him.

It was a hot July afternoon in 1929, when a boy and a man strolled purposefully down the main street in Columbia, South Carolina. The boy was Fred Kirby, tow-headed, tanned and lanky; the man, Fred's Uncle Bob. Under Fred's arm was a guitar. They were holding "try-outs" that day up at the radio station "studio" in the

Fred Kirby, singer of Western songs, is the "Victory Cowboy" and has a certificate of achievement to prove it

Attractive Elaine Kent plays Madge Harte on Stella Dallas and Sylvia Powers on Just Plain Bill over NBC

hotel annex, and Uncle Bob thought Fred's singing would sound mighty good over the radio.

When they arrived at the radio station, the program director, young Charlie Crutchfield, showed Fred into the studio and said, "Go ahead and sing, son." Half a song later, Fred was scheduled for a regular program every week. It was only a few days later when the fan letters began to pour in. Fred was in radio to stay.

Fred Kirby was born in Charlotte, third from the top of a family of nine children. By the time he was ten years old his love of music had already made itself felt. Fred's Uncle Bob taught the youngster a couple of songs and a few guitar chords he needed to accompany himself. That's how the Victory Cowboy got started in his singing career.

Fred delights in telling about those early radio experiences. Just before going "on the air," the announcer-control operator would say, "Fred, just keep on singing. I'm going down for a sandwich." Kirby is certain there must have been times when the sandwich stretched into a full course meal. Those were the times when Fred would sing every song he knew and then would have to start over again. His programs were anywhere from 15 to 40 minutes long, and he'd never know when starting a program just how long it would run. (Programs were not divided into 15-minute blocks then as they are today.)

When he was nineteen, Fred went to WBT. As his fame increased, distant pastures began to look greener, wanderlust crept in—and Fred trekked to WLW Cincinnati where he continued to gain popularity as a singer, and became the "Friendly Philosopher." Then he went to WLS Chicago and in addition became a Prairie Farmer favorite, and later to KMOX St. Louis.

It was while Fred was featured over KMOX that he earned the coveted title, "Victory Cowboy." Over the radio and on personal appearances throughout the St. Louis area, Fred Kirby sold almost a million dollars worth of war bonds and stamps. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau awarded him a special Citation of Merit. At the same time, the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce proclaimed Kirby the country's number

This Little Wallflower Bloomed Last Night

1 Imagine! Just yesterday she was a lonely wallflower! No man ever picked her, for she looked old... though she wasn't really!... but it's looks that count! And 'twas all her face powder's fault... for its color was dead and lifeless... which made her skin look faded... and added years to her age!

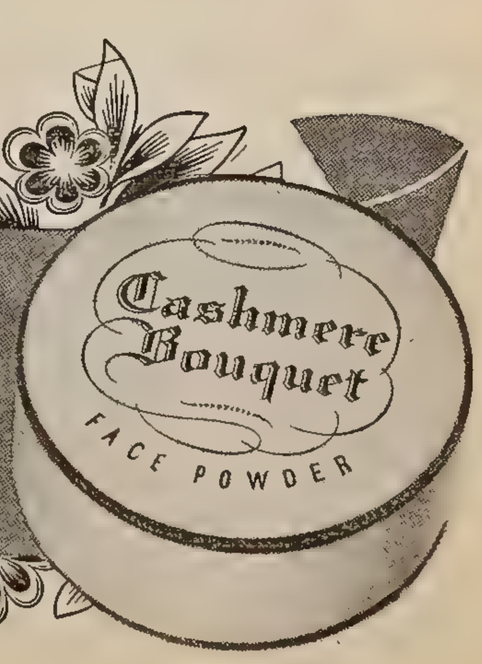
2 But then—oh, lucky day—she tried the glamorous new *youthful* shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder... shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth in full bloom! How thrilled she was! And how thrilled you'll be ...because there's a new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out the allure... all the natural, young coloring in *your* complexion... no matter what your age!

3 So, what happened? You guessed it! Now she's loved, as a fair flower should be...thanks to that smooth, kissable, youthful look that Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! And she's found, as *you* will, that her lucky new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet is color-blended... *never* streaky! It's color-smooth, too... goes on smoothly, *stays* on smoothly for hours on end!

4 And you'll find there's a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet that's just right for you... color-harmonized to suit *your* skin-type perfectly! Let Cashmere Bouquet bring out all the natural youth and beauty in your complexion! Don't delay... you'll find it in 10¢ or larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere!

CASHMERE BOUQUET FACE POWDER

In the New Youthful Shades



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SAVE 2c—Stick Coupon on penny post card.

Spars Doris Springer, formerly of NBC, and Frances Gulliver learn the ropes from a reserve cadet of Uncle Sam's Coast Guard Academy

one "Victory Cowboy" and publicly presented him with a signed and sealed "Victory Cowboy" certificate of achievement.

That was six months ago. On July 19th (fourteen years to the day since Fred first walked into that radio studio down in South Carolina) Charles Crutchfield (that's the same man who announced Fred's first program; he has been WBT's program manager for nearly ten years and master of ceremonies on WBT's popular Briarhopper program for almost that long) informed WBT's listeners that Fred Kirby, the Victory Cowboy, was back "home;" that he would be heard on the Briarhopper program every day (4:30 to 5:00 PM EWT, except Sundays). He is also heard regularly on the Dixie Farm Club and the Dixie Jamboree—CBS Dixie Network features which originate from the studios of WBT.

And Fred is carrying on with his Victory Cowboy war bond sales campaign. He appears regularly before churches and schools through the WBT area—the only qualification for admission being the purchase of a war stamp or bond, which the purchaser keeps, of course. Kirby reports, "Business is good!"; his sales already promise to break his St. Louis record.

Off the air, Fred is just as charming and pleasant as he is on the air. His friendliness is genuine; his friends, legion. His one hobby is his family: his wife and two charming daughters, one ten, the other just two.

* * *

Did you happen to catch Bill Stern's story recently about a young German tennis star named Mary Losch? Mary once played Benito Mussolini in a tennis match and was beating him. Benito, who was never a very good loser, had a fit of temper and heaved his racquet toward her. It bounced and broke Mary's wrist. She had to give up tennis. However, that no longer irks the former tennis star. She has since become a famous actress—and her name is Marlene Dietrich.

* * *

If you like the new streamlined "March of Time," credit goes to Adrian Peter Samish. It was his idea to create the first newspaper of the air and bring to the microphone not only people who

make news on the political and war fronts, but men and women in the field of drama, music and fiction. Samish has combined the important factors of personal appearances of newsworthy figures and the technique of dramatizing news events.

Quick-witted, handsome Adrian Samish has had a spectacular rise from office boy to one of radio's highest paid producers. At 33, he is a veteran of stage, screen and radio.

Born in New York, Samish started working as an office boy in 1929 for Broadway producer Chester Erskin. He advanced rapidly to play reader, assistant stage manager and assistant director. Then he launched himself as a producer, turning out such hits as "The Last Mile" and "Subway Express." Radio and Hollywood assignments came after that.

Extensive travel throughout Europe, South America and Mexico has given him an excellent background for interpreting the news of a world at war.

* * *

THE ARMED FORCES AND RADIO: Fred Feibel, CBS organist for 14 years, has answered the call . . . Woody Herman keeps busy writing to the seven men who left him to join the band that will lick the enemy . . . Joan Davis is no "pin up" girl, but the crew of the USS Lynx have chosen her "Ship's Mother!" That's something . . . Paul Taubman, whose nimble fingers provided the musical background of the "Story of Mary Marlin," is now carrying a gun . . . For some reason pianists seem to make the best draft bets. Raymond Scott is now using his third pianist this year and the Grand Ole Opry program has lost three ivory magicians in as many months . . . Horace Heidt and Frankie Carle are the only two left of Heidt's original crew . . . Ben Alexander, actor on "Eyes Aloft" and "The Great Gildersleeve," is Lt. Alexander (j.g.), in the United States Navy . . . And boys will grow up to draft age. Dickie Jones has replaced Norman Tokar, who himself replaced Ezra Stone as Henry in the "Aldrich Family" . . . Sammy Kaye reports that some of the toughest U.S. Marines are poetry lovers. Sammy says he's received countless letters from Marines in the Southwest Pacific, asking him to read their favorite poems—and they're mostly in the romantic vein.

Ed Gardner visits What's New on the Blue and gets Don Ameche's signature on his famous Duffy's Tavern apron

"You're stealing my husband!"

1. It was a terrible thing to say—to my best friend. But I couldn't understand why Paul had become so indifferent—so cold to me. And when I saw him being nice to Eileen, I guess I lost my head . . .

2. Instead of getting mad, Eileen simply said, "You're upset and imagining things. Let's talk this over sensibly." Then I sobbed out the whole sad story—suspicions, fears, the trouble between Paul and me. "Darling," she said, "it may be *your* fault. There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."

3. "The doctor I work for," Eileen went on, "advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene." Then she told me how Lysol solution cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes, and won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the directions," she said. "It's so easy. You know, thousands of modern women use Lysol for this purpose."

4. Paul and I are so happy now. Eileen was right about Lysol. I've learned that it's easy and economical to use—and it works. But I still blush when I think how unjustly I accused Eileen—and how grand she was to me!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

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Man-tailored dash; dude-ranch ruggedness; artfully blended into feminine "come-hither" for smart gals! Bloused comfort gathers to a fitted, slimming waist; gorgeously tailored slacks drape beautifully! Twill-like rayon **"Sumara"**, rich, new, year-round fabric! A Hollywood fashion, created by "Sun Rose". Sizes **10** to **18**, at **$8.98**, plus postage.

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Fanny Brice is by way of being an art collector. Did you know that? She has done some painting herself, but after she started playing Baby Snooks, she developed an interest in children's activities, which led to her making a collection of children's paintings. Known as the Baby Snooks collection, it has already been exhibited at the Los Angeles County Museum and in Seattle. Other cities will get their chance. The collection numbers almost a hundred pieces, done by children of varying ages and different nationalities. Many of them are from countries now overrun by Hitler and portray a peaceful life that Europe won't know again until the Allies are victorious.

* * *

It's no new thing for radio performers to devote a major part of their time off the air to doing morale work for the men in the Services and for war workers. They all do it and they all deserve a big hand for what they have accomplished.

You'd be surprised, however, by the number of radio actors who not only do that but work regularly in war plants besides. There are three in the cast of the "Carnation Contented" show. Robert Kessler, a tenor with the chorus in his daytime hours, puts in 62 night hours weekly as a set-up man in a factory which manufactures small control parts for engines. Dean Reed another tenor, operates a punch press 40 night hours a week. And Walter Preissing, a member of the orchestra, works an eight hour shift, six nights a week on a drill press. None of these three had ever even been inside of a factory before.

* * *

John Nesbitt, whose radio and screen forte is telling odd stories about strange people, is a pretty odd fellow himself. The star of "Passing Parade" has a passion as deep and abiding as Crosby's love of horses. Nesbitt likes building new houses.

Until the war caught up with him, John built one house after another. He was a one man housing relief project. No sooner had he finished and moved into one with his wife and three-year-old son, than he began planning the next.

His latest—and one which will have to satisfy him for the duration of the war, passion or no passion—is a really modern house in all senses. Built of red plywood, with brick floors, a roof of shed material and a copious use of glass, it used little, if any, material that is on the priority lists. One living room wall is a sliding glass panel, which can be pushed back completely and permits the Nesbitts to take their sun baths right in the parlor. Besides the living room, there is a master bedroom, a large kitchen, a dining alcove and Nesbitt's study. Michael, John's young son, has quarters of his own built separately from the house proper, in a little house that can be used as a guest house when necessary.

Oddly enough, since moving into this house, Nesbitt hasn't started making plans for his next one. Mrs. Nesbitt isn't quite sure whether he has finally been satisfied, or whether the war is holding him in check.

* * *

We like the reply sent to a contract-minded movie company by Millard Lampell, who has done scripts for "Man Behind The Gun," "Green Valley, U.S.A." and many others. He simply wired back, "Sorry. Firm I'm with now needs me. Pvt. Millard Lampell, USAAF."

* * *

Gossip and Stuff: Maestro Arturo Toscanini is having his innings. Italian prisoners of war now in American internment camps are getting reading matter from his library—mostly books which Mussolini once ordered burned in Italy . . . Joel Kupperman, youngest of the "Quiz Kids," is now in Hollywood for picture work. He announced that he was happy to find the people out there were Americans. Wonder who told him what about the film colony? . . . Marilyn Day, lovely 17-year-old rhythm songstress, is also in Hollywood with a seven-year contract with Universal in her young hands . . . "Fats" Waller, king of boogie woogie, loves Strauss waltzes . . . Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street reports 1,000 more requests for tickets each week than can be handled . . . Kate Smith, who has been broadcasting for fourteen years, has never had a program series on any other network than CBS. No other star has ever been affiliated with one network for such a length of time . . . NBC has set up a post-war television planning committee, so they'll be all set to go into action when the war ends. May they be ready to start the very day the war does end—and may that day be soon . . . With which deep-felt hope, we'll leave you until next month. Good listening.

Clifton Fadiman, John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams and Oscar Levant, Information, Please experts, get together for a little barbershop harmony on their Coast to Coast War Bond selling tour

A TUMULTUOUS NOVEL THAT BARES THE SOULS OF

3 WOMEN IN LOVE

THIS IS LEDA
Beautiful, ambitious, Leda determined to make up for an unhappy childhood by marrying into wealth and power. She succeeded; but then another man came along who made her triumph a mockery!

THIS IS BETSY
Happy-go-lucky, fun-loving Betsy gave her heart to a musical genius. She listened to his playing because he wanted her to, but she only waited for the music to stop and the kisses to begin!

THIS IS MAIZIE
Blonde, popular, Maizie could have all the boy friends she wanted. But she chose a clandestine affair with a philandering artist and made a fateful tangle of both their lives!

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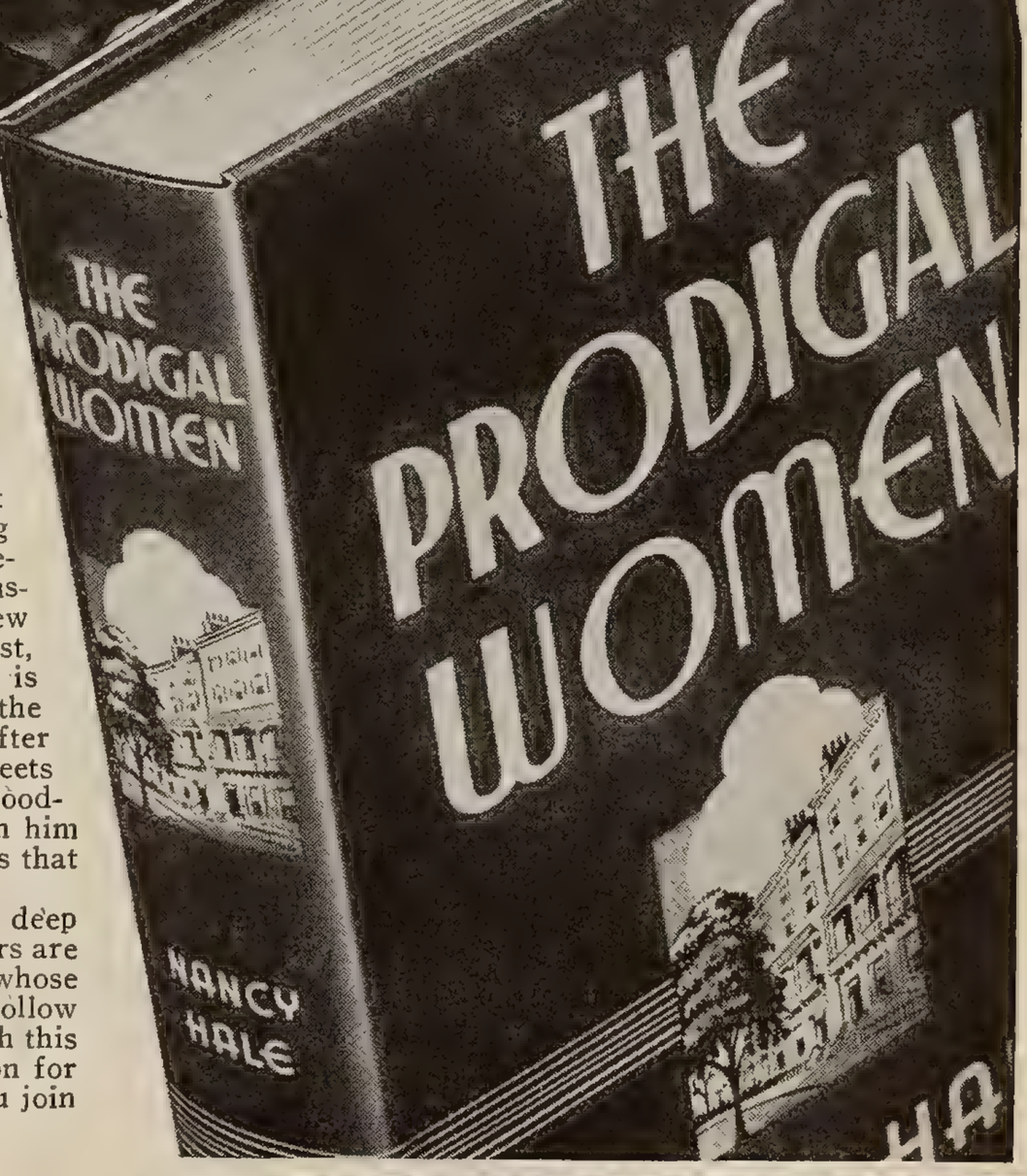
THE PRODIGAL WOMEN

by **NANCY HALE**



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"The Prodigal Women" is the story of three unforgettable girls and the men they loved. Leda March is the sensitive, unhappy daughter of an insignificant branch of a great Boston family. Not until the arrival in her town of the carefree, haphazard Jekyll family from the South does Leda begin to understand what companionship really is. The two Jekyll girls, blonde, popular Maizie, and the hoydenish Betsy, change the entire current of Leda's life, and the lives of the three girls from schooldays on become inextricably woven together.

Maizie marries first. Her marriage to Lambert Rudd, magnetic, profane, philandering artist, becomes a living hell from which she cannot cut herself loose, even when it threatens her sanity and her life. Leda, determined and ambitious, walks open-eyed into a loveless marriage with a wealthy and socially prominent young Boston physician. Shocking to her, as the years go by, is the realization that she wants Maizie's husband with a madness she never knew before. And Betsy, the youngest, carefree and loving a good time, is first snared by the dancing feet of the erotic, jazz-mad Oren Garth. After the heartbreak of this affair, she meets Hector Connolly, tempestuous, brooding New York journalist, and with him achieves a kind of earthy happiness that is denied the other girls.

"The Prodigal Women" cuts deep into the human heart. Its characters are living, breathing personalities, whose every action and word you will follow with breathless suspense. Although this novel sells in the publisher's edition for $3, you may have a copy free if you join the Dollar Book Club now.

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Please enroll me free for one year as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once THE PRODIGAL WOMEN FREE. With this book will come my first issue of the free monthly Club magazine called "The Bulletin," describing the one-dollar bargain book for the following month and several other alternate bargains which are sold for $1.00 each to members only. Each month I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selection and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the alternate bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. And I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received, plus a few cents handling and shipping costs.

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Beauty FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

By Roberta Ormiston

BEAUTY for your daughter . . . There's not a mother among us who doesn't wish for this or who cannot have it, at least in a moderate degree. Bodies well fed and well cared for from the time they are very young grow symmetrically. Hair that always has been shampooed and brushed grows healthy and lustrous. Skin forever kept clean is soft and has a glow. Which adds up to beauty for any daughter.

Let beauty-giving habits be part of the daily routine. Before the bath brush your daughter's hair with swift, *upward* strokes. Care for her nails, on both hands and feet. Press the skin around the cuticle down with an orange stick dipped in cuticle remover, nip any hang nails or rough edges, and shape the nails themselves with a file and an emery board. Allow an additional five minutes for setting-up exercises gauged to keep a young body flexible and to counteract any individual figure or posture faults. New exercises are invented every day but the old stand-bys—touching the floor without bending the knees, twisting the torso to the left, to the right, and squatting while the back is held erect—have not yet been improved upon.

During the bath scrub little fingernails and toenails vigorously with a nail brush and soft suds and rub the soles of the feet with pumice stone so not a suspicion of callous appears to mar the feet and, in time, the walk and posture.

After the tub the knuckles, elbows, knees and the back of the heels—areas which incline to roughen—should be treated with complexion milk or a good nourishing cream. The hands and face—if they have been over-exposed to sun or wind—should also have a gentle application of cream or lotion.

Shampoos are of paramount importance to the future lustre of your daughter's hair. Oily hair requires more frequent shampoos, with green soap. Simmer an ounce of tincture of green soap in half a pint of cold water until the soap dissolves. Strain this through cheesecloth and allow it to cool. The soft jelly which will form will be sufficient for two shampoos.

Dry hair benefits from a castile soap shampoo. Shave a bar of castile soap into three quarts of hot water. Let this simmer until the soap dissolves. Strain through cheesecloth. Add a half pint of alcohol. For a shampoo use three parts of hot water to one part of the jelly which the soap, water and alcohol forms when cool. When the hair and scalp are exceedingly dry rub them thoroughly with warm olive oil the night before the shampoo and wrap the hair in a piece of old linen so the oil will not stain the bedding.

"But I couldn't possibly persuade my daughter to do all those things," we can hear distracted mothers moan. "I have trouble just getting her to take a bath and clean her teeth and fix her hair . . ."

That may be! However, if you will share this beauty routine with your daughter you will find she will enjoy playing at being "grown-up" and that soon enough they will become a habit. Incidentally, by sharing this routine with your daughter you'll be lovelier, too.

Be Beauty Wiser

H. T., Sacramento, Calif.: The dry pimples which you complain about on your upper arms will respond to olive oil and soap. Rub your arms with the olive oil and allow it to remain about fifteen minutes. Then wash your arms with a brush and soap and water. The heavier the lather and the stiffer the brush the more effective it will be. Do this every day and in about two weeks you will find the dry pimples have disappeared.

Nancy R., Boise, Idaho: Massage your feet when they grow over-tired. Rub cold cream into them. Spend five minutes or more doing this. Remove the cream with cleansing tissues. Then apply hot and cold towels. Half a dozen hot towels first, then half a dozen cold towels. Last—but decidedly not least—lie down for a few minutes and rest your feet on a pillow; so they will be higher than your body.

Rena N., St. Albans, Vt.: Blonde hair is brighter after a lemon shampoo. Use half a pint of cold water and the juice of two lemons (strained, of course!). Rub this over your hair—thoroughly—after the final rinse.

Charlotte J., Louisville, Ky.: Cosmetics are offered in less elaborate containers these days but this should not be regarded as a sign of changed quality. In almost every instance the products are not impaired in any way.

Dorothy M., Huntington, N. Y.: It is advisable, when having a permanent wave, to have the curls which are brushed by your coat collar—and any other curls which take similar punishment—put in tighter. If you will do this your permanent wave will be more permanent and more satisfactory at all times.

Mary B., Albany, N. Y.: Do not use mascara on your lower lashes and your eyes, less confined, will appear larger.

Her eyes, her lips—beyond compare!
But lovelier still, her shining hair!

No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!

A MEMORY-MAKING HAIR-DO—to make him carry in his heart a lovely picture of you—no matter where he may go! But don't expect to get the same unforgettable results unless your hair itself has the shining smoothness of this girl's hair! Before styling, hers was washed with Special Drene.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

There's more enchantment for a man in lovely shining hair, beautifully done, than in any new hat or dress!

So guard the precious beauty of your hair—don't let soap or soap shampoos rob it of its glorious natural lustre!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember . . . Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
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IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Soap film dulls lustre-robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

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CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with . . .

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COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM?
☐ POWDER?
☐ LIQUID?

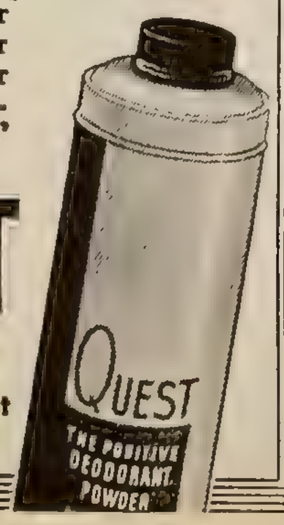
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, *a powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

There's *one* powder created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.



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The Kotex Deodorant
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ED SULLIVAN ENTERTAINS

He does the work of three men, sells War Bonds like mad and then relaxes by staging entertainments for servicemen

ONE of these days, when the war is over, Ed Sullivan is going to take a rest. He'll deserve it. He deserves it, now.

For the duration, however, he'll go on trying to do the work of at least three men and, at odd moments, being thankful that his early interest in sports was active as well as a matter of business. Besides writing his regular Broadway column for the New York *Daily News* and planning and preparing his radio broadcast, Ed Sullivan Entertains, Monday, 7:15 P.M., EWT, over CBS, he's always in the midst of organizing and staging one or another gala all-star benefit show. Nevertheless, he finds time to make personal appearances at Canteens, Army Camps, Bond rallies and Service Clubs, sometimes three in one day.

Ed is a real New Yorker, born in Harlem in 1901. When his twin brother Daniel died, the family moved to Port Chester, a small town near New York City. Ed went to St. Mary's Parochial School there and later to the Port Chester High School, where he won twelve letters in sports and captained the championship baseball team in the Westchester County Interscholastic League.

Ed owes more than his present good physical condition — broad, straight shoulders, solid frame and incredible energy—to this early training. He also owes it his first job—sports editor on the Port Chester *Daily Item.*

In 1920, he went to work in New York City as a sports writer on the New York *Evening Mail.* After twelve years as a sports writer, during which time he moved from the *Evening Mail* to *The World, The Morning Telegraph,* and, finally, to the *Graphic,* he became a Broadway columnist.

It was as a Broadway columnist that Sullivan found himself launched in vaudeville and radio. His earliest vaudeville shows grew out of his interest in young performers he had seen in the night clubs he covered, who, he felt, deserved a break. Some of the people who got their real chance in the theater through Sullivan are Eleanor Powell, Ella Logan, the Ritz Brothers and Ray and Grace MacDonald. He's still never too busy to listen to, or watch, some youngster and give his advice and, more often than not, his help.

The contacts he made in this work made him the natural choice for staging the huge charity all-star shows with which the public associates his name. That he was the right one is evidenced by the financial successes they have been—his show at Madison Square Garden for the Army Emergency Relief grossed $226,500, breaking all existing records for a one-nighter. Then, he broke his own record by piling up $249,000 with the Madison Square Garden show he staged for the American Red Cross.

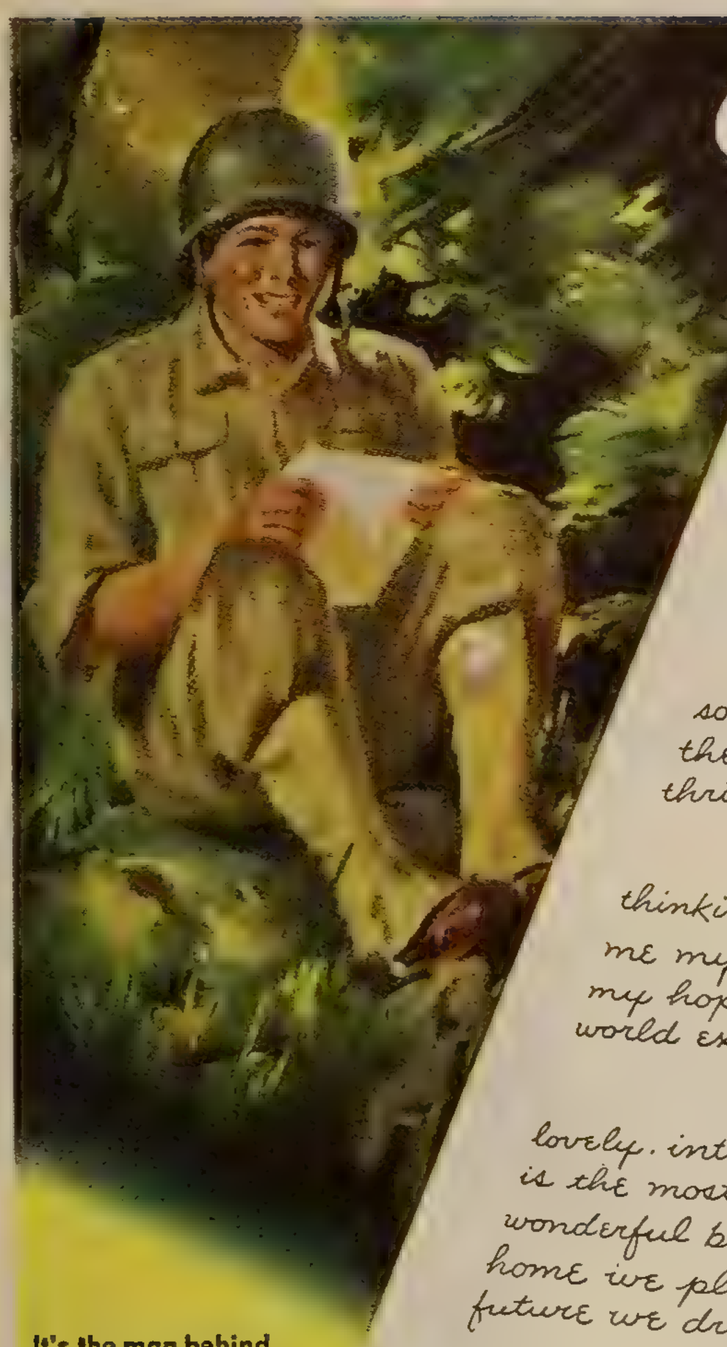
Ed feels that his most important contribution to radio was introducing Jack Benny to the air waves. That was in May, 1932, on his CBS program. Since that time, Ed has been responsible for the radio debuts of such celebrities as George M. Cohan, Jack Pearl—who later became the Baron Munchausen—Florenz Ziegfeld, Jimmy Durante, Jack Haley and Irving Berlin.

His present program is a delight in informality and intimate chatter. That's the way it sounds. Actually, it takes days of preparation. Ed interviews each of his guests days in advance, and then incorporates the highlights of their careers in the scripts which sound so spontaneous coming over the air to you.

Ed's mail is voluminous, but it can't be called strictly fan mail. A large part of it seems to come from people who have written songs and want to know how to get them published. "Everybody seems to write songs these days," Ed says. "It's one of those secret ambitions, I guess."

He is married—as he said, "Variety would call my wife a non-pro—" and the Sullivans have a twelve-year-old daughter.

Who wouldn't fight harder for a girl like that!



It's the man behind the gun that wins the battles. It's the woman behind the *man* that furnishes the *inspiration.*

Dearest:—

It is late and in the soft whispering of the night wind I hear your voice saying the things I long so much to hear.

Although you are far away, tonight somehow, you seem so near I can almost feel the tender warmth of your lips and the thrill of your arms.

Soon it will be Christmas—and I am thinking of another Christmas when you gave me my hope chest. Darling, I treasure my hope chest more than anything in the world except your love.

Already it is the sanctuary for many lovely, intimate things I'm saving for *us*. It is the most wonderful gift I ever had—wonderful because it is the symbol of the home we planned—of our hopes and the future we dream of.

It makes each hour of waiting a moment of thrilling anticipation of the time when we shall be together again—just us. And I shall wait for you, beloved, for you and you alone.

All my love—forever.

Joanne

A MILLION MAIDENS YEARN FOR THIS ROMANTIC GIFT

COULD any gift mean more to the girl who receives it than a genuine Lane Cedar Hope Chest? Could any other gift express so beautifully for the man who sends it those intimate things of the heart that can't be said?

But that is not all. There are many *practical* reasons why a genuine Lane is the gift of gifts from a man to the girl he loves.

Only LANE CEDAR CHESTS have all these MOTH PROTECTION Features. Built of ¾-inch aromatic *red* cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, Lane Hope Chests combine age-old romantic tradition with *nature's own moth-destroyer*—the aromatic aroma of *red* cedar. *No other* wood has that aroma. *No other wood* possesses its power to destroy moths. And Lane Hope Chests are the *only pressure-tested, aroma-tight* red cedar chests in all the world. That's why the moth protection of a Lane is *sure.* That's why it is *guaranteed* by a free insurance policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. K, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

A portion of our production is devoted to the manufacture of aircraft plywood and parts, Lend-Lease panels, and molded plywood boat parts.

STOP MOTH SABOTAGE with a LANE Cedar Chest!

Wacs, Waves, Spars, Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Warworkers! Don't let your woolens become a part of America's estimated $200,000,000.00 annual loss from moth sabotage! Woolens are *vital* war materials. Put them in the safe-keeping of a LANE Cedar Chest.

Lane Christmas Special

No. 2043 (*above*), a modern design of exquisite beauty. American Walnut, Oriental Wood, and New Guinea Veneers used on exterior. Hand-rubbed and polished. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray.

$39.50 *Slightly higher in West and Canada*

No. 1964, 18th Century drawer designs in Honduras Mahogany. Simulated front with one drawer in base. Hand-rubbed satin finish.

Warworkers, too, are starting their future homes in LANE CEDAR HOPE CHESTS

BUY WAR BONDS

LANE

Cedar HOPE CHEST

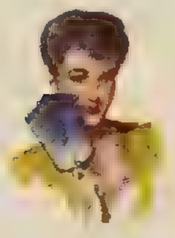
THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

TO MEN AND WOMEN IN THE ARMED SERVICES

If you want to send a LANE Cedar Hope Chest to a certain someone and you don't know the Lane dealer's name in the community, write to the Lane factory. The LANE chest of your choice will be delivered in accordance to your wishes. We will assume the responsibility of attending to that important detail for you.

Create flattering new beauty

... IN JUST A FEW SECONDS



★ *It creates a lovely new complexion*

★ *It helps conceal tiny complexion faults*

★ *It stays on for hours without re-powdering*

Yes, just a few seconds to make up... and you'll be thrilled with the touch of glamour Pan-Cake Make-Up gives to your natural beauty. Created originally for Technicolor pictures by *Max Factor Hollywood*, Pan-Cake Make-Up is now the favored fashion with millions of girls and women.

*Pan-Cake Trade Mark Reg U S Pat Off

Pan-Cake Make-Up

ORIGINATED BY MAX FACTOR ★ HOLLYWOOD

I looked down into the sleepy little face, feeling tenderness stirring in my heart for the first time since Ray left me.

Goodbye is not forever

She needed him—needed his kisses, his laughter, his love. But Ray walked out of Penny's life and she was all alone, her secret locked in her heart

I SUPPOSE you can always find excuses for yourself when you've done something you know is wrong. You have to, I guess, to be able to look yourself in the eye, afterwards, to be able to face your own conscience. I can find excuses for what I did to Ray.

I can say that I didn't know what I was doing, that I was inexperienced, so blinded by what I had that I didn't realize what I was losing; but that would be a lie. I did know—I knew on that spring afternoon when Ray gave up his hopes for the future, and on the stormy night more than a year later, when he told me what was in his weary heart.

Or I can say that I was only what people—first my parents and then Ray—made me. But that's a shoddy, comfortless excuse. You can't be much of a person to begin with if love and tenderness can twist you into something hateful.

And so it happened, and I didn't raise my hand to stop it. Maybe there was some shame, deep within me. But if there was, I found a way of transforming it into something much more satisfying in those days—something that could be called resentment, defiance, self-pity. A shabby garment for my soul to wear in place of love's rich brocade.

I was born in the big frame house on Whittier Street, in Malverne. In a way, that house is almost the evil genius of my life. It was a good house. There wasn't a better one on Whittier Street, Papa used to say, and in those days that meant there wasn't a better one in all Malverne. When the wind swept in off the Illinois prairie, the house met it without a quiver, and when the garden in back wilted in the heat, the high-ceilinged rooms were duskily cool.

But it killed my father and mother, that house did. They built it when they were first married, when Papa was young and sure that he was going

to be a success, and when they both were planning on having a big family. Papa was a watchmaker and jeweler, and in those days, early in the century, he took it as a matter of course that eventually he'd have his own store on Main Street. He never did. On the day he died, suddenly, at his workbench, he was still working for Marbery and Son.

Their dreams of having a big family, too—they were just dreams. There were two boys born before me, but they died when they were babies, and after me Mama didn't have any more. We lived together in the big house, Papa, Mama, and me. And The Mortgage.

WHEN I was a little girl, I used to think that The Mortgage was a man with fierce black whiskers who might come any day and take the house away from us. Later, of course, I learned what it really was, but I'm not so sure my childhood impression wasn't the right one.

What made them go on, those two people, struggling to pay for a house that was too big, too hard to heat, too top-heavy with taxes, too expensive in every way? I think I know. It was a symbol to them. It was their place in the world. Papa might come home at night with his eyes red-rimmed and streaming from peering all day at his delicate work, and Mama might get a job clerking in Rosson's department store at Christmas time, to get money for a few presents—but as long as they had the house, they could hold their heads up among their neighbors. We were the Clays, who lived in that lovely big house on Whittier Street.

We were all fiercely proud of the house. It was a burden, but Mama and Papa loved it. Even I loved it, for I realized only dimly that it and its demands were the reasons I couldn't have ice-skates when all the other children did, couldn't jingle a few coins in my purse to spend on Saturday afternoons, couldn't have a dress that was bought in a store instead of painfully fitted and sewed by Mama at home.

I loved it, I guess, because Papa and Mama did, and they loved it, next to me, because it was their one possession.

Well, I grew up there, in that atmosphere of never enough money to go around. I graduated from high school—a slight, slender girl with wide, inquiring brown eyes and hair that I could wear in a long bob because it was softly heavy and a little waved—and went to work as an office nurse for Dr. Ray Adamson. I was eighteen, and I knew Dr. Adamson had hired me simply because I was the prettiest thing he'd ever seen. I knew it because one afternoon he told me so.

He was like that—impulsive, frank, gay. I'd never known anyone like him, and he puzzled and fascinated me. He was young, only a year out of medical school, and as handsome as any girl's secret dreams, with dark hair and skin and a wide, delighted smile that seemed to invite you to share with him the vast joke which was the world. He worked like a fiend, and loved it—but, on the other hand, when there were no patients in the waiting room he'd come into it, throw himself down into a chair and cock his long legs up on another one, and talk nonsense until someone came in or I made him go out on a call.

In less than a year he'd built up a very good practice in Malverne, and it was still growing, but he didn't seem to care at all how much money he made.

"I'll cure 'em—if I can," he said. "And you collect from 'em, Penny—if you can." I usually did, and the money went into the bank. I'm sure he never knew how much he had there. Every now and then he'd remark seriously, "I really ought to save. Someday I want to give up general practice and specialize." Then, the next day, he'd go out and buy an expensive new piece of surgical equipment and be as thrilled with it as a little boy with a

Fictionized from a true problem, presented on John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour, heard Sundays at 10:00 P.M., over the Blue Network.

new toy.

If I scolded him, he'd grin and throw nis arm around my shoulders. "You're right," he'd say. "Tell me, how can anyone as beautiful as you be so practical?"

I couldn't take him seriously, not even when he began asking me to go out with him at night. I never knew whether he was playing or not—never until a night when the moon hung like a ripe pumpkin in the sky, and he parked the car on a little bluff a few miles from town and turned to me, his black eyes sparkling.

"Let's get married, Penny," he said. "Let's get married so we can always be together and I can think about something else besides you, for a change."

"Married!" I gasped. "You mean you really— Don't joke, Ray. Please."

"I'm not joking," he told me. "Oh, I know I kid around a lot, but that's because I'd rather laugh than pull a long face. And I can't see why marriage shouldn't be fun. Do you?"

"No, but— Do you love me, Ray?" I'd been so careful to keep reminding myself that he didn't, I still couldn't quite believe he did.

This time there wasn't even a trace of laughter in his voice. "I love you so much I want to touch you every minute. So much that I can't imagine anything in the world better than hearing you say you love me, too."

Wonderingly, I listened, feeling a strange mixture of tenderness and joy. He was so big and strong and brilliant —and he loved me! It was beautiful, being loved. It was like perfume, like wine, like sun on your skin. It was like being given the world for a present.

So—"I love you too, Ray," I said.

But we weren't married as soon as we planned, because only two weeks later they brought Papa home from the store, dead. Just that summer he'd made the last payment on the house. It was as if buying it had been his lifework and, once it was accomplished, his heart had stopped beating.

He got down beside her, and I think he said something to her, but I don't remember. I was too busy trying to silence the roaring in my ears.

Mama didn't cry, after the funeral, but she changed. Nothing seemed to matter a great deal to her—nothing but the house. I think, in some strange way, that being in the house made her feel Papa was still with her. She used to sit in the living room, not reading or sewing, just looking about her with a kind of quiet pride. And she insisted on keeping it as spotlessly clean as ever, doing most of the work during the day, when I was working at the office and couldn't help her. I kept my job, of course, because my salary was about all we had to live on.

Ray was sweet and considerate all through that difficult time. I knew he was anxious to talk about our own future, but he didn't press me. Finally, about a month after Papa's death, I knew what I wanted to do. I told him, late one afternoon in the office, after the last patient had gone.

"I can't leave my mother, Ray," I said. "She's so alone now—I just can't. Would you mind very much if we all three lived together in the big house, after we're married?"

He considered it, an unaccustomed little frown creasing his forehead. "Wouldn't she be more comfortable if we fixed up an apartment for her—someplace all her own?" he asked.

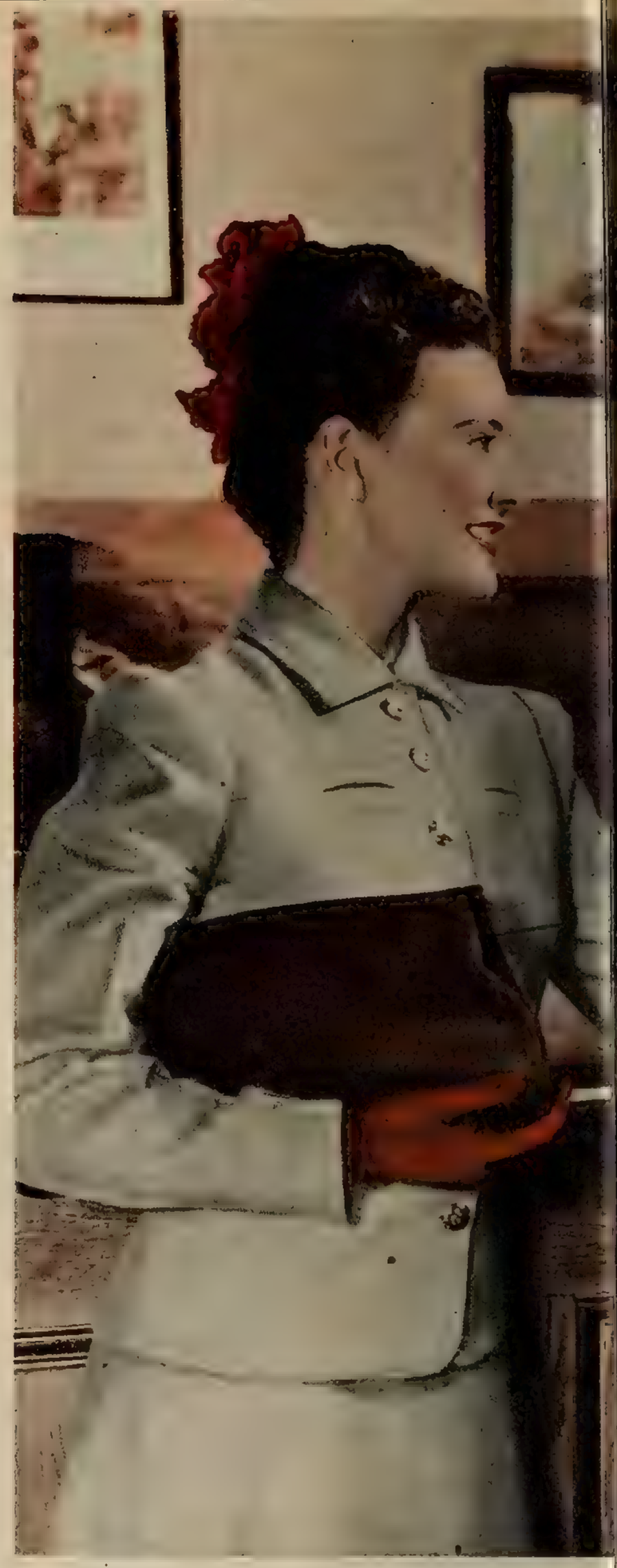
"Oh, no!" I said. "I couldn't ask her to leave the house. It means so much to her, more than we can imagine. And it's plenty big enough for all three of us. If we wanted to, we could fix it up so it was more modern, and it would still be cheaper than buying and furnishing a place of our own."

"Yes, that's true," he admitted. "Except that I wouldn't buy a house—we'll probably want to leave Malverne in a few years," he added carelessly. He looked into my serious face, and suddenly his own lightened. "Heck, darling, we'll live anywhere you want to. On a bench in the park, if you say so. Just as long as you think you and your mother can hit it off together, with you being Mrs. Adamson—that's all I care about."

I was in his arms, held close to his big, muscular body, feeling its assurance, its protectiveness. I loved him. But a part of my love was the knowledge that he would always give me what I wanted. A part of my love was a sense of power.

We were married, quietly, in January, 1936, and we spent our honeymoon in Chicago and returned to live in the big house on Whittier Street. At first, it was the same house I'd always known, but that spring it underwent a transformation. We started out modestly, planning on new wallpaper throughout and a different, more graceful front door. But while we were at it, it seemed foolish not to modernize the kitchen and bathroom, and then we decided to have another bathroom downstairs, and the new front door would have looked too dreadfully new if we hadn't gone ahead and remodeled the whole side (*Continued on page* 69)

This is my secret



IT WAS a strange day that Dave and I drove to Stanford to be married, a rainy September day, tart with fall, sweet with passing summer. The countryside was a desolate gray, split by the shining wet ribbon of highway; while the sky above us was low and threatening, always over the next hill it was high and brightly silver.

It was symbolic, I thought—the dark earth was our present, troubled by the war which Dave was helping to fight; the future was the bright patch of sky toward which we drove.

Dave took his hand from the wheel to lay it briefiy on mine. "Everything all right?" he asked for the half-dozenth time.

I made a quick mental review of the few preparations I'd had time for between his six o'clock call and his coming, at seven, to pick me up. My mother was out of town visiting friends, and I had left her a note, explaining that since Dave had just two free days before he had to report back to the Air Transport Command, we were going to use them for our long-delayed wedding. I had wired my office, which wouldn't open until nine, to the effect that I wouldn't be at work for a day or two. I had put on the new blue suit and the tiny matching hat I had been saving for Dave's next visit home, never daring to hope that it would be my wedding dress; I had packed the cut velvet robe and the sheer underthings I'd bought in the year since he had given me my ring.

I rested my head against the back of the seat. "What could possibly be wrong?" I murmured happily.

He flashed me a ruefully humorous glance. "You know me, Marianne. I never count on anything—except you."

My hand tightened on his. I fixed my eyes on the bright patch of sky ahead of us, not wanting him to see what an achievement his words meant, how hard it had been to win the confidence he had in me. Perhaps, if he had known, he wouldn't have understood. Dave was afraid of nothing; he was never hesitant. He wouldn't have understood timidity in a person close to him.

And I—I had always been afraid of almost everything. I'd been afraid when I was small; my mother was a widow, and when she went to work I was left alone with all of the things a child finds fearsome—the silence of the house, the gloom of the shadowy woods just beyond our back yard, the dark at night. As I grew older, there were other fears—of fast driving, of flying, even with Dave, of failing at school, of failing in my job, of the future. I think now, that if I had had brothers and sisters I would have realized that fear was an ordinary human emotion and nothing to be ashamed of. But I had never been really close to anyone except my mother and Dave, and they were both courageous people; the biggest fear of all was the fear that they might find out my weakness. I hid it from them, forced myself to do the things I was most afraid of; I learned to keep a calm face when I was most terrified. It hadn't been easy, but I would have done much more to keep mother from worrying about me, to keep Dave loving me.

It was a curious thing about Dave—he expected a girl to sit without screaming while he did a power dive in a plane which, for its age and condition, should never have left the ground, and yet he was the kind of man who made a woman feel tiny and especially feminine. He was tall and brown and muscular, and his face was made hawk-like by a high-bridged, arrogant nose and keen flyer's eyes that matched exactly his dark, red-brown hair. Even lounging easily behind the wheel of the car, guiding it with one seemingly negligent hand, there was a sureness and a strength about him. I was small and inclined to paleness, a pallor accentuated by the blackness of my hair. Beside him I felt almost fragile.

I loved the look he wore—an intent look, determined and alert for danger to the project dearest to his heart. It was a look that had become a part of him in his struggling youth in Middleton. Dave was an orphan; he'd had to plan and fight for everything he ever got—for the clothes he'd worn to school, for the old jallopy he'd put together practically from the contents of junkyards, for a share in the ancient airplane a group of the Middleton High boys had bought in their senior year, for money for gasoline and flying lessons.

That determination, that single-mindedness of his, had borne fruit. The older people of Middleton had shaken their heads over the rickety plane and the make-shift airport. It was wasteful, they'd said, and dangerous—what business did poor boys like Dave Knowles and Lenny Hill have tinkering around with rich men's playthings like airplanes? They were proud of Dave and Lenny now, and of the other boys who had flown with them, proud that Middleton had so many pilots in Air Transport and in the Air Corps. And it was Dave's salary as a ferry pilot that made our marriage possible years sooner than we'd expected. Dave had no resources but his head and his hands.

Dave's thoughts must have been back-tracking, too. He patted the steering wheel fondly. "Glad this isn't

"Bride and groom?" the clerk asked. "That's right," David answered. He touched my hand.

His leave, long awaited, was to have been a memory to carry him through all the grim days ahead. To her, it was to be the fulfillment of her dreams. So begins the story of Marianne who tried to bargain with Fate

the old wreck I used to drive," he said. And then, "Remember the field at the edge of town?"

I nodded. That was all the airport the boys had had—just a field, without hangar, without a license, without, when the ground was soft, a place for landings and take-offs. It had been illegal for them to fly there, of course, and it had taken all of Dave's powers of contrivance and persuasion to keep using the field.

"Remember the morning you cut class to go out with us?" he asked.

It had been a beautiful May morning, when Lenny Hill and Dave and I had piled gaily into Dave's old car and had driven out to the field. That is, I was gay until I realized that Dave expected me to go up with him. To make matters worse, Lenny dropped the tail of the plane while unmooring it from the stake which secured it against the wind, and the tail skid crushed his thumb against a rock, cutting it to the bone. Dave ran across the road to a diner for sugar to clot the blood; I bound the cut with my handkerchief and sacrificed a new garter to hold the bandage. I think one thought pulled me through my sickness at the sight of Lenny's red and sticky hand—the thought that surely, now that Lenny was hurt, we would all go home, and I wouldn't have to fly that day. But I had misjudged Dave. He held the tinny-looking door of the little ship open for me, saying, "Come on, Marianne. You first. We'll let Lenny rest a while."

The car slowed as Dave's arm went around my waist, drawing me close to him. "You know, I'll never forget that day."

"Because of Lenny?"

"What about Lenny? Oh, sure, I remember—he was with us. No, I remember it because of you, and the kick you got out of flying, even when the engine shook on its wires and the old radiator kept spitting rusty water back in our faces. I'd been pretty crazy about you before, but until then I hadn't really believed that a girl could have a man's nerve, that she could go right along with a fellow."

The kick I got out of flying! I had sat terror-bound, unable to feel, to think, and each subsequent flight had been less a pleasure than a triumph over having once more covered my fear. But Dave's pride in me and his admission of it now, was reward enough.

Neither of us spoke much the rest of the way to Stanford. There was one thought in both of our minds, and it could have been summed up in two words—at last! We had waited so long for this day. I had been reasonably content in loving Dave, being loved by him, sure that one day we would be together. But Dave, with that determination of his to get what he wanted, had fretted impatiently through the penny-pinching years between his graduation from high school and his enlistment. And then, when lack of money no longer stood in our way, there had been no time. I had seen him on three occasions in the year he'd been in service, and only for a few hours each time. Pilots were badly needed in the first months of the war, and his base of operations was so far from Middleton that it was impossible for him to come home unless he got a chance to fly both ways.

The rain stopped after noon, and as

we drove into Stanford, a watery sun broke through the clouds. "The sun!" I exclaimed. "A good omen, Dave!"

He grinned at this feminine interpretation of a natural phenomenon. "Uh-huh. And what's more, they've got out the whole brass band to welcome us. Look over there."

I looked. Two blocks into town where Stanford's main street ran parallel to the highway, there was the gleam of instruments, the snowy white of banners, a gathering crowd. The band struck up a march, and the brasses and the banners surged forward.

WE tacked around town and succeeded in avoiding the parade, although when we reached the hotel, there was still a blare of martial music in the distance. The street on which the hotel stood was quiet, like the drowsy quiet of Sunday in a small town. The hotel, a low white frame building guarded by tall old trees, dreamed in the pale sunlight.

Dave signed the register with a flourish—Mr. and Mrs. David Knowles. The clerk beamed at us. "Bride and groom?" he asked.

"That's right," said Dave, and his glance met mine in a little joyous cross-fire. He squeezed my hand. "Wait here, honey, while I clean up a bit. I'll be right back."

He followed the clerk up the curving staircase, and I sat down on an upholstered bench to wait for him. The lobby was empty except for an old lady who sat nodding over a book in the corner. It was a shadowy place after the fresh-washed sunshine outside, and quiet—almost unearthly quiet. The clerk reappeared, padding softly down the carpeted stairs, and he disappeared again into a room behind the desk. As I waited and Dave did not come back, some of the brightness of the day was dimmed, and the shadows seemed to creep closer, bringing a coolness that was like a premonition. I felt let-down suddenly, and a little lost and unsure—the feeling I'd always had when Dave was gone and the glow of his presence faded. When I was with him, I was above and beyond my real self; I was an unfearing, reckless person who loved the things he loved, like fast cars and airplanes. I made myself be brave, made myself like swift movement and the thrilling touch of danger, because they were part of him.

Dave loved the person I had made of myself for him—the girl with a man's nerve, who could go right along with a fellow. For the first time, there in the sobering quiet of the empty lobby, when I was to be married within the hour, a chill of doubt ran through me. I had never failed Dave, but there were years ahead of us, years of days and nights, after the war, of being together—would there be times then when I couldn't live up to his own high courage, when he would go where I couldn't follow?

I shook the thought away. It was wonderful to be marrying Dave, and if it was a little frightening, too, then it was frightening as life was frightening. He *was* my life; I would no more have thought of giving him up than I would have thought of giving up life itself.

"Marianne—" Dave's voice and his step on the stairs—he came down them two at a time—dispelled completely the chill and the shadows. With his arm around my waist he swept me out to the car, explaining breathlessly on the way. "I'm sorry you had to wait, but I couldn't find the ring—and all the time it was in my pocket!"

"It's traditional for the groom to lose the ring—" My moment of doubt was forgotten, and I couldn't suppress a school-girl impulse to giggle. That was my mood, and Dave's, too, although he was far above giggling. My feet wanted to dance to unheard music; the very air around us sparkled. It was as if the years and the months of waiting had been a cork to spirits let suddenly free to overflow. The car sped through the streets—deserted streets, now that the parade was over. "Sleepy town," said Dave, "sleepy people. Of course, *they're* not on their way to their wedding."

I laughed, and we both felt enormously superior.

We stopped at a florist's for a corsage of small yellow roses for me, and Dave pinned them on my shoulder, explaining gravely that flowers were traditional for the bride. When we reached the courthouse, he lifted me out of the car, and we ran up the steps hand in hand.

The big double doors were closed. Dave tried them, put his shoulder to them before we saw the printed cardboard notice on the panel. "This office will be closed all day Labor Day—"

We stared at the sign.

"Labor Day!" I gasped.

"Forty-eight hours leave!" said Dave.

He turned, and I followed him down the steps to the car, not realizing fully what those closed doors meant to us, but thinking instead, as women will, of the little ordinary things that should have reminded us of the day. Mother's trip out of town because of the long weekend, the parade in Stanford, the holiday quiet of the streets. "Dave, how could we have forgotten? How ridiculous of us—" My voice broke on a shaky laugh.

"It's ridiculous, all right." At his tone the false laugh died in my throat.

We drove a block and parked outside a drugstore. "Wait here." It was a command, and the familiar determined look was firm on his face. He disappeared into the store. In a few minutes he came out again, his mouth grim, his shoulders slumped in defeat. It occurred to me then that I had never before seen Dave defeated

His voice broke as he said the simple words, "I, David . . ."

in anything. He didn't get into the car immediately, but stood with one foot on the runningboard, looking down at me. "I got the clerk on the telephone," he said. "He can't do a thing for us." He hesitated, as if waiting for me to speak, and then he added, "There's absolutely no way of getting a license today."

"There's tomorrow—" I knew beforehand, somehow, that it was the wrong thing to say, and it was.

He looked at me as though he had never really seen me before, his eyes widening incredulously. Then without answering, he slid in under the steering wheel.

We drove silently, aimlessly, around the town, Dave sitting well over on his side of the seat, I on mine. I didn't understand. It seemed impossible that only a few minutes ago we had run up the courthouse steps, laughing, hand in hand. Now it was as if those closed doors had not only blocked our way but had flung us farther apart than we had ever been before. Desperately I wanted his arms around me, wanted him whispering in my ear, laughing a little at our stupidity and saying that it was just one of those things that happen to people. Instead, for some unknown reason, I dared not speak to him, dared not reach out to him, know-

A Stars Over Hollywood Story

"This Is My Secret," was adapted from an original radio story, entitled, "Flying Minuteman," by Ralph Rose, first heard on Stars Over Hollywood, broadcast Saturdays at 12:30 P.M., EWT, over CBS.

ing that my touch wouldn't be welcome.

Dave turned the car into the road which led to the bluff overlooking the town. As we neared the top we could see the whole panorama of the valley spread out before us—the fields, the winding river, the tiny houses of Stanford. I didn't like the parking spot he chose—at the very edge of the roped-off space on the top of the bluff. We seemed suspended there, between the distant sky and the valley far below, with no firm ground beneath our feet. But then—how could there be solidity, when there was a strangeness between Dave and me? We, who had been together so long, actually and in spirit and in our common aim, were suddenly as far from each other as if the valley had been between us.

I could stand it no longer. I leaned toward him, touched his arm, tugged at his sleeve. He responded slowly, reluctantly. Deliberately he held himself away; there was no warmth in his kiss; his arms were a tense, steel band, encircling me without pressure. I clung to him, trying to reach him, to tell him mutely, with my kisses, how much I loved him and wanted him, trying to tell him of the next day and of all of the days in the future we would have together.

"Marianne, darling—don't—" It was a tortured cry. He sat back from me abruptly; without looking at me he explained in a tight, formal voice, as if he hadn't cried out at all, "I don't want to spoil your flowers."

My flowers! My hand went to the roses on my shoulder—a mechanical gesture, because I was thinking no more of the flowers than he was. The thin, bitter edge of mockery in his words had shocked me—shocked me awake. I understood, finally. The premonitory chill I'd felt in the hotel lobby returned, a thousandfold intensified with realization. I had been afraid of failing Dave, and now I had failed him—I had failed him back in town in front of the drug store, when I had tried to talk about the next day. I had spoken to a fighting man from the viewpoint of a sheltered woman. I saw suddenly how tomorrow looked to him—an hour or two snatched before we started back to Middleton in the afternoon, a little fragment of time to bridge the months of loneliness, of dangerous unending work. His leave, so long awaited, which should have been so complete, so perfect, a memory and a promise to carry him through the grim days ahead, would be a page of happiness—torn in half.

I HEARD my own voice asking, "Why can't we go back to the hotel?"

"We will," he said flatly. "We'll arrange for another room—"

"That isn't what I meant."

He turned and looked at me sharply, unbelievingly. "Do you want to?"

"Yes." But it was an uncertain little sound.

The flare of eagerness died out of his eyes; his lips tightened, then twitched into a faint, distant smile. He shook his head. "You don't want to, really, Marianne. Although I don't understand why. We belong to each other anyway, under any circumstances. And we'll be married in the morning. It isn't as if we were taking a chance on tomorrow—"

I interrupted him. "Dave, I said I wanted to go back. I do! I do!"

He put his hand under my chin, tilted my face to look long and searchingly into my eyes. What he saw there convinced him. He did not speak, but he bent his head and kissed me gently, almost reverently.

We had driven up the bluff in silence and we rode down in silence. But it was a happy silence, now—at least on Dave's part. I was trying to sort out my troubled thoughts, to answer the chiding of my conscience. The same imagination which had conjured bogeymen out of the dark when I was small was forseeing unhappy possibilities—how grieved my mother would be if she knew, (*Continued on page* 56)

Somewhere there is

When you fall in love with another woman's husband you forget everything but your own happiness, even though you know the love you are taking does not belong to you

NOBODY is ever alone. I know that, now. I know it because I tried to be alone, once. I tried to shut myself away from the world, tried to make my life a dark, closed-in room where the whole world was forbidden to enter, where I could live, cut away from everyone and everything, with only my grief, only my memories of other, happier days, for company.

You think you are alone, and perhaps in your mind you are, but you can't stay physically shut up in a room forever. You have to come out, and when you do there's the sunshine to warm you and the flowers to see, and laughter of happy people to hear. So you open the doors of your mind, too, for just a moment, and when you try to close them again you find that the world has intruded, that the world won't let you be alone.

The dark room I made for myself wasn't real, of course; you couldn't see it or feel it. But it was very real to me, for all that. I entered it on the day Blair died. After that though you might have met me on the street or worked at the bench beside me in the Wayland plant, the real Lona Kemble wasn't there at all—she was huddled in her dark little room, alone with her memories, grieving for her husband, who had been her husband only so short a time. If she saw anything, it was only Blair's face, whiter than the sands of the beach on which he lay—his eyes closed, drops of water still glistening by his mouth. If she heard anything, it was only the doctor's voice, saying wearily, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Kemble. There is nothing I can do."

I could have stood it if he had died on Guadalcanal or Bataan. The uniform he wore was a warning of death. But this was our honeymoon. We had been married only a week. Striped umbrellas were gay on the beach, and in our cottage back of the dunes the pillow was still dented where his head had lain after lunch, his pipe on the window-sill was still faintly warm. Yet here he lay, not breathing, cold—on a holiday beach, under a summer sun. The breakers, rolling in one after the other, seemed lazy and powerless now—as if, having claimed him, they were gorged, satiated.

He had been so at home in the water, loving it, playing in it, shearing through it like some young sea-god. That afternoon, while I dozed on the sand, not even knowing he'd left my side, he must have plunged in and swum far out, glorying in the satin coolness of the waves as they slid over and past him, churning the water to broth with his reaching arms and flailing legs. Then—a sudden cramp, a corkscrew of pain spiralling through him, a cry that came so faintly above the roar of the breakers on the beach that the young life-guard didn't hear it. That was how he died, as nearly as we could ever reconstruct it.

Kind voices spoke to me, sympathetic hands clutched me, but I broke away from them all, refusing comfort, and ran to the cottage, locking myself in. And there I sat for long hours in the rooms where we had been so briefly happy, Blair and I, or lay, dull and emotionless, on the bed where he had held me in his arms and whispered his love in the darkness.

I had no feeling, because I didn't dare to feel. I didn't cry, because I knew that if I once started there would be no stopping, that crying would be madness, that I would tear myself apart with weeping. Most of all, I knew that if I let myself think, even, I couldn't stand it. I had to hold myself in, keep the grief tight and secret inside me, so that I would dare to go out into the world, dare to leave the cottage, as I knew I would have to do.

Sometime during that first night, I came to a simple realization. No tears of mine could bring him back, no prayers quicken his lips again on mine. I think that was the moment when I entered the darkness of the little room, the room that was to hold me and my memories of Blair, and closed the door to keep out the world. For me there *was* no world outside—Blair had been my world. I had loved him with the depth and sweetness and clarity and purity that stirs the heart of a woman when she loves for the first time. I had lost him. From now on, I would be alone.

Until Blair and I were married, I had lived with my parents and younger brother in the small Eastern town where Blair and I both grew up. Of course they wanted me to come back to them, but I couldn't face the prospect of walking alone through the streets where Blair and I had skylarked on our way home from school, of seeing the people who had known us both, of feeling their pity. So, after the funeral, I went away. I went as far as I could—clear across the continent, to a city on the West Coast.

I can't pretend that it was patriotism which led me to work in a war plant, because patriotism was one of the things that lost their meaning when

My True Story Radio Drama

love

Blair was drowned. I simply came into town with very little money and no training. I bought a newspaper and looked at the "Help Wanted" ads, and the one which looked most promising was the Wayland Rubber Company's, asking for unskilled workers, male and female. I didn't even know until after I had applied and been accepted that Wayland made rubber life-rafts. I was pleased, then, in a negative sort of way, that I would be helping to make something to save lives, not to take them—something to cheat the sea of men it might otherwise swallow.

For more than a year I worked at the Wayland plant—eight, ten, twelve, hours a day, like one of the machines around me. Overtime meant nothing to me; neither did the pay-checks which gradually grew larger. I put them into the bank and drew out what I needed, which was very little since I lived in

Suddenly Tom opened his eyes. He was watching me. "Lona—" he said softly.

a single room not far from the factory. I knew a few of the girls I worked with, but they couldn't have been called my friends. A prisoner has no friends.

I was twenty-three years old, but I'd stopped thinking of myself as being any age. I'd stopped, in fact, thinking of myself as a woman, or even as a person. I was existing, and that was all.

But every prison of the soul has its crevice, through which sunlight beckons. . . .

ONE day I was transferred to another section of the factory, from the cutting room to the assembly room. The work was no more difficult than that I had just left, but my fingers had grown so used to performing a certain set of movements that they fumbled and slipped when I tried to change their tasks. Suddenly a deep, resonant voice spoke at my shoulder.

"Having a little trouble? Here, let me show you."

Lean, long-fingered hands took the strip of flat rubber from me, applied it to the seam on the surface of the raft, pressed it down with a quick, rolling motion. "See? It looks simple, but it's tricky until you get the hang of it."

I looked up—and it was like looking once more into Blair's face.

For an instant, my heart stopped dead. Then it started again, heavily. For I'd been completely mistaken. This man didn't look in the least like Blair. It must have been some trick of the light, some momentary illusion, that had made me think he did. He was older than Blair had been, and thinner, and not quite as tall. His hair was a dark golden-brown, lighter on top where the sun had burned it, and Blair's had been black. His face was long, a little thin, with high cheekbones, and his eyes— Now I knew why I'd thought of Blair. In his eyes—gray-green, heavy lashed—there was the same love of life I'd seen in Blair's, the same friendliness and good humor, the same capering imp of gaiety.

"You're one of the new girls, aren't you?" he asked. "I'm Norton, the section supervisor. I'll be around again, to see how you're getting along."

With a nod and a smile, he walked away. I turned back to my work, but my hands shook and my face was burning hot. I wanted to call him back, just to say something—anything—to him, to see again those eyes so strangely reminiscent of Blair's. He must have thought me terribly stupid, not even thanking him for his help, just staring at him as if he were a ghost—because of course he couldn't have known how near to being a ghost he had seemed!

Then I took a deep breath and glanced around me, and the world settled once more into reality—or what passed, with me, for reality. Blair was dead, and I was alone, safe in my solitude, and nothing else was important.

Yet, after that, every time he went along the aisle in back of me, I knew he was there. Without turning around, and even though the noise in the big, echoing room made it impossible to hear his steps, I knew it.

Two days later, I came off shift to find that a solid sheet of water stretched from earth to sky. It was one of the torrential rains common at this season of the year. Most of the other girls hesitated a moment, then huddled their coats over their heads and ran for the parking lot or the bus stop. But I waited—I had no car, and I lived too close to take the bus.

While I stood there, he—it was only with an effort that I remembered he'd said his name was Norton—came out of the factory and stopped short at sight of the rain, a foot or so from me.

"Whew!" he said, to no one in particular. "Is that *rain!*" Then he recognized me. "Oh, hello! Stranded?—want a lift?"

"No, thanks," I refused the offer instinctively. "I—I don't live very far away, and it'll stop soon."

"Maybe it will and maybe it won't," he said. "Can't ever tell in this country. Come on—the car's just around the corner."

Not waiting for my answer, he plunged into the rain, and there was nothing for me to do but follow him.

That—as simply as that—was how it began.

I don't remember what we talked about on the short three-block drive to where I lived. The rain, I suppose, or the factory—certainly nothing important. He stopped the car and let me out and drove on again, and that was all. But afterwards, we were friends. If we met, coming on shift, there was more than mere politeness in his greeting; there was pleasure at seeing me, encouragement for the day or work ahead, a kind of silent comradeship. And while I worked, I found a satisfaction I hadn't known before in the deftness of my hands, a pride that he should see me doing well.

From the gossip of the other girls, I learned that his first name was Tom, that he was married, that he'd been transferred to California from the main Wayland plant in Ohio. Everyone liked him and enjoyed working under him, and his section was one of the smoothest-running in the whole factory. Maisie, who worked across from me, summed it up.

"He's a swell guy, not like a boss," she said. "He's democratic."

Still, with all my awareness of him, I don't think we exchanged another dozen words until the night I walked into Harry's Diner, across the street from Wayland's, and found him eating alone at one of the tables.

As soon as he saw me, he waved and stood up, making it plain that he was inviting me to take the empty place opposite him. "Come and keep me company, won't you?" he asked. "And have some wiener schnitzel with noodles. It's very good."

If it had been anyone else, I'd have made some excuse to eat alone, but I felt myself flushing with pleasure, grateful for his warm smile and the

"Somewhere There Is Love" was adapted from an original story entitled, "Thoroughbred," heard on My True Story, broadcast daily at 3:15 P. M., EWT, over the Blue Network.

"There's hardly a thing in the world that can't be talked out," Myra pleaded.

note of honest welcome in his voice. It was so long since anyone had wanted me near them!

"My wife's gone to Modesto to visit her mother," he explained as I sat down. "I tried just once—last night—to cook my own dinner. So now I guess I'll eat out until she gets home." He grinned cheerfully. "How about you, Mrs. Kemble? Are you a night-shift widow?"

The suddenness of it, the harsh flavor of the word *widow*, took my breath away. Unthinkingly, when I first went to work, I had given my married name, but until now my solitary way of living had protected me from painful questions.

"My—my husband's dead," I almost whispered, unable in the anguish of the moment to think of a less blunt way to tell him.

"Oh," he said. "I'm sorry—it never occurred to me—I shouldn't have—" He'd gone very pale at first, then fiery red with embarrassment.

And a strange thing happened. Seeing his confusion, his distress at having blunderingly hurt me, I wanted only to comfort him. The sudden, sharp vision of Blair's face his words had brought faded away, and with it, for the moment, went the pain of knowing Blair was dead.

"It's all right," I said gently. "There was no way for you to know—and anyway, I've been a widow for more than a year now."

The waitress came just then, and I seized the chance of putting the whole incident behind us. I smiled at him and said, "The wiener schnitzel? I'll take your advice."

I suppose I was in love with him already, but I didn't know it. I knew only that talking to him, being near him, thawed the ice that had held me fast in its grip ever since Blair's death. I knew he could make me laugh—I, who had thought I could never laugh again!—that he even made the food I ate taste better, that, when he suggested it, I could go to a movie with him and find interest in the dilemmas of the people on the screen.

When he brought me home, he said diffidently, "Can't we have dinner together again, tomorrow night? And at a little better kind of place?"

I hesitated. We had been together the whole evening, and several times he had spoken affectionately of his wife. Not by any stretch of the imagination could I accuse him of trying to hide his marriage. Yet now, for the first time, it came between us. Tonight had been an accident, but he was proposing something that would not be accidental, something planned and deliberate.

Through a chink in my dark room had filtered a ray of sunlight, and I reached out my hand to touch it.

"All right," I said. "I'd like that."

Another evening—and another—and another still. We were calling each other Tom and Lona now, and we had exchanged life histories. I had told him how Blair died, something I'd thought I could never speak of to anyone, and he'd told me in return that his transfer to California had been made at his request, in hopes that the climate would cure a bronchial congestion that had kept him out of the Army. "Not that I'm any hero-stuff," he added quietly. "I just figure that anyone as anxious as I am to see the war ended ought to do all he can to hurry things along."

We made a game of seeking out new places to eat, and one night we sat in his car after dinner and argued for hours about the war and its causes. Another time he took me to hear a concert, and in honor of the occasion I bought a new dress of soft maroon wool and had my hair washed and waved in a beauty parlor. I hardly knew the girl in the mirror when they had finished with me, it was so strange to see her again. I had forgotten that such things could matter as the silver-gilt sheen of my hair, the curve of my eyebrows, the shade of rouge on my full, generously modelled mouth.

On Sunday afternoon we took a bus into the country, riding until we saw a tree and patch of grass that looked inviting, then getting off at the next stop and walking back. For a while we talked, and then, lulled by the sun and breeze, we lay watching the clouds drift overhead. We had reached the point in our friendship when speech wasn't necessary, when silence could express as much as words.

I sat up, after a while, clasping my arms around my knees. Beside me, Tom didn't move. He was asleep, his chest rising and falling with the regularity of his breathing. Seeing him thus, tears leaped into my eyes—tears of gratitude for his existence, for the happiness he'd (*Continued on page* 83)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Bright Horizon

Here they are, the people you have learned to love as you listen to this exciting story of Michael West and his wife, Carol

CAROL WEST is the adoring wife of Michael and the mother of their lovely baby son, Michael Jefferson West. Dark-haired Carol, besides keeping house for her husband, her niece Barbara, and the baby, also is doing her duty for her country as a Nurse's Aide in the town of Riverfield, where the Wests live. A short time ago, Michael became a victim of amnesia and was away from Riverfield for some time, and now Carol's love and patience are restoring her husband's health.
(Played by Joan Alexander)

MICHAEL WEST is Riverfield's famous District Attorney. It was through his contact with a gang of racketeers that Michael became the victim of amnesia. It was during his illness that scheming Margaret McCarey, whom he once befriended, and who had fallen in love with him, took him to San Francisco and persuaded him that they were man and wife. Later, Michael regained his memory and returned to his position as District Attorney in Riverfield.
(Played by Richard Kollmar)

This serial, Bright Horizon, is heard every day from Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M., EWT, over the CBS network.

KEITH RICHARDS, who is in love with beautiful Margaret McCarey, weaves still another thread into the involved tangle of loves and rivalries which complicates the lives of the Wests and the McCareys. Margaret, whom Michael hired as his secretary after he had succeeded in getting her acquitted on a murder charge, has no time for Keith, for she is really in love with Michael.
(Played by Lon Clark)

MARGARET McCAREY is married to wealthy Charles McCarey, but is desperately in love with Michael West. When Michael left her in San Francisco, after she had tricked him into going there after his illness, Margaret lost her eyesight. Now Margaret has returned to Riverfield and her very presence there is causing Michael and Carol to drift apart.
(Played by Lesley Woods)

BARBARA WEST, Michael's niece, is studying singing under CEZAR BENEDICT. Barbara is the daughter of Michael's brother, Brian West, who has recently returned from Australia to claim his daughter, whom he deserted when she was a baby. The Wests, however, have reason to suspect that Brian is really not Barbara's father, but a clever impostor. Cezar Benedict, lovely young Barbara's singing teacher, entertains important artists who visit Riverfield. His faith in Barbara's eventual fame is strong.

(Played by Renee Terry and Stefan Schnabel)

CHARLES McCAREY, a millionaire who came to Riverfield to establish a PT Boat yard, is the husband of Margaret. A forthright and honest man himself, he admired those qualities in Michael West and helped Michael to be elected to the office of District Attorney. Charles married Margaret hoping to thwart her designs on Michael, although his real love was, and still is, Carol West.

(Played by Dick Keith)

MRS. ANDERSON, Margaret's mother, owns a chicken farm outside of Riverfield—the farm where Michael and Carol met. And it was also here that Michael met Margaret, who at that time was accused of murdering her husband. Convinced of her innocence, Michael, who had not been practicing law, took the case, defended Margaret in court, and won her an acquittal.

(Played by Irene Hubbard)

I had to stop to catch my breath. She was much more beautiful even than I remembered.

With you beside me

They were like two halves of a whole, Ruth and Johnny, neither complete without the other's love. How could he bear to tell her she must go away?

YOU'VE heard it said of people, "He can't see the forest for the trees," haven't you? I was like that.

The forest was the army and the war, and all the things we fellows are fighting for—security of our homes, safety for our families, continuance of our great, democratic way of life, peace for us all when the fighting is over. But the trees were in my way, keeping me from realizing what those things meant to me, personally. The trees were the restrictions of army life, the trouble I had adjusting myself to this new way of living, and—worst of all—my terrible loneliness, my crying need for Ruth.

The loneliness was something I couldn't seem to fight off. It kept coming over me like a physical sickness, and nothing I could do, or the few friends I'd made at camp could do, seemed to make any difference. Weekends were the worst—weekends when the other fellows, the single men and the men who didn't seem to care that they acted as if they were single, went off for leave. They tried to include me sometimes, but I had no desire to go along, somehow.

Bud Halleck was one of the more insistent ones.

"Aw, come on Marley," Bud said one Saturday afternoon.

I shook my head.

Bud shrugged. "Okay," he said, tilting his garrison hat at a snappy angle, "it's your loss. Sally said she could get a swell girl for you." He started out of the barracks, then he turned back. "Say, how's about a five? You don't need it."

I loaned him the five dollars. Tony Busoni put his head in the door and called that the bus was down at the station. There was a rush for the door, and Bud was carried along in it.

It's always like that on Saturday afternoons. You can't get near the showers, because the fellows with weekend passes are busy fixing up to go into town. You can't hear yourself think in the barracks, because they're all running around, borrowing things and yelling about "where's this and where's that" and talking about the dates they have, or hope they'll get.

Army routine is no fun and you have to get out of it once in awhile. I felt that way, too, but I'd tried one of those weekends with Bud Halleck and it hadn't worked out. We met some girls at a USO club and took them out. I did my best, but I'm afraid the girl that got stuck with me had a pretty dismal time. I kept thinking of Ruth all the time. I don't mean the girl wasn't nice and pretty and everything. She just wasn't Ruth.

Bud couldn't understand that. He thought I was afraid of Ruth and he got a kick out of ribbing me in a good-natured way. I suppose nobody could understand, who wasn't married and in

love with his wife, as I was with Ruth.

Sometimes, those first three months in the Army, I used to think I couldn't stand it. We'd come in from a long hike, or hours of drill and I'd fall on my bunk and wish I were dead. I'd long for Ruth until it was like a burning ache inside me. I'd think of her and it would seem to me that if only I could be near her, just hear her soft voice and feel her cool hands on my face and smell the sweet smell of her skin and hair, everything would be easier, would make a little sense. But Ruth was almost a thousand miles away and all I had was memories of her and the need of her.

THAT weekend was pretty much the same as most. I relaxed some and wrote two long letters to Ruth. That helped a little. It sort of gave me the feeling that I was close to her. And, as always, the letters were full of ideas on how we could fix it for her to come down to see me. We'd been making plans for that, almost from the minute I was inducted. Maybe we were dreaming mostly, because Ruth had a job back home, but it gave us something to look forward to. Dreams aren't much, but I think if I hadn't had those, I couldn't have gone through my basic training without breaking away. The hope was something to hold onto when things were too tough.

Mail call is always an event. This one, on Monday, was special, for me anyway. I opened Ruth's letter and after reading the first couple of words, I let out a whoop of joy. I couldn't help it. Ruth had finally managed to get a week's vacation and she was coming down to spend it with me!

Maybe the boys in my barracks didn't have a picnic at my expense those next two weeks. They nearly kidded me to death. They made up all kinds of stories they were going to tell Ruth about me. They clowned around when I was writing to the hotels in Summers, trying to get a reservation, but I didn't mind. I was too happy to mind anything.

Then the day came. I had to meet Ruth's train at six-thirty in Summers. The station was crowded and, at first, I didn't see her. I saw her, finally, standing off to one side with her luggage at her feet and I had to stop to catch my breath.

She was beautiful, much more beautiful even than I had remembered. It wasn't just the loveliness of her perfect face, or the shadowy depths of her dark brown eyes, or the way her hair fell softly to her shoulders. There was a kind of glow about her as she stood there, that made my heart turn over a couple of extra times and made me wonder how I'd ever been able to stand it away from her so long.

In another minute, I had her in my arms. It was wonderful, like holding all the world, close and warm for one breathless moment. She looked up at me and her eyes were very bright, as though she were going to cry.

"Let's go away from here," she said softly. "I—you look so—so different. It's—it's that funny haircut—I guess. It's almost as if I didn't know you—"

"It's me," I grinned.

When we got to the hotel, Ruth held me off at arm's length and studied my face and brushed back my short hair and ran her fingers over the muscles in my shoulders and cried and laughed at the same time. I had a sort of lump in my own throat. I don't know, those first few minutes together after all that time, you're dumb and helpless and all you can do is look at each other.

Then Ruth said, "Quick, kiss me, Johnny, the old way—so I'll know it's really you—"

After that it was all right. Ruth was there. She was mine and, in that room, there was no world, no war, no Army. There were just the two of us and the way we loved each other. There was only softness and laughter and the touch of gentle hands and lips.

How can I write down anything about those three days? Nobody could understand, except somebody who'd known the misery and emptiness I had known for three months. Maybe a man who's found a spring of clean water after wandering for days in a desert would understand. It was like that—like quenching your thirst and feeling yourself coming alive again.

Ruth did that for me, just having her there and being able to touch her and hear her voice. We did all sorts of things—danced and had extravagant meals and went sightseeing and loved one another. But, of all the things we did, I think what I liked most, what seemed to fill the deepest need, was the hours we spent in the darkness of our room, lying close together, holding hands and talking, talking long after we should have gone to sleep.

All the horror of those months seemed to fall away from me as I let go and talked about them, about the unnatural life, the rules, the orders and, most of all, the loneliness. And there isn't anything as terrible as the way you can be lonely, hemmed in by hundreds of people who don't belong to you, who don't care about you.

"I tried," I told Ruth, that one night. "I tried. Sure—I have some friends—well, sort of friends—but it's not the same thing. I don't know, it's like people you ride with in the subway—they're packed in close to you and you talk to them and laugh with them, or get mad, sometimes. But they don't have anything to do with you, really."

"I know," Ruth said softly. "Oh, darling, I know."

I moved closer to her and kissed her. "But you're here, now, and it's all right," I whispered.

Suddenly, Ruth pulled me close and her fingers hurt my arms as she clung to me. "Johnny," she whispered desperately, "I know what it's been like for you—because—oh, I didn't mean to say it, but I can't help it—it's been awful for me, too. I've felt like a ghost—like half a person. The days would pass somehow—but the nights, Johnny. You weren't there—but the memory of you was every place—in the apartment—on the streets and in the Park and everywhere. People—they were swell, but they couldn't take your place. No one ever could. Johnny, I can't go home. I can't leave you again."

And I knew, lying there in the darkness beside her, feeling her trembling body close to mine, that I couldn't let her go again. Maybe in the back of my mind I'd had the idea all the time, but I hadn't dared to mention it She had said it now and her saying it made everything different.

It seemed to me we had a right to something out of this. We hadn't asked for this war, but it came right into our lives and tore them apart. Sure, I wasn't the only one whose home had been broken up, but right that minute Ruth and I seemed to be the only ones that mattered. And it made me proud and happy that Ruth loved me enough

This story of army wives was inspired by Tom Slater's program, "This is Fort Dix," heard Sundays at 3 P.M. on Mutual.

to feel the same way.

We hardly slept at all that night, there was so much to talk about. We'd have to find a place for Ruth to live, but that didn't bother me as much as money.

"I'll get a job," Ruth said. She was full of plans. "After all, darling, I can do all sorts of things. If I can't get a job as a stenographer, I'll sell things, or be a waitress, or something. It doesn't matter what I do. The important thing is to be near you."

She snuggled against me delightedly. "It will be just like back home, darling," she said dreamily, "just as if you were going to the office. Remember? Remember how we used to walk down the street together and then you'd kiss me and go one way and I'd go the other—and then, after work, we'd meet on the same corner again and go home together?"

It didn't work out that way, of course—not quite. The Army isn't run like an office. It doesn't close up shop at five o'clock. There were nights when I had to stand guard duty. There were other nights when I had to go out on the range for night practice. There were other nights when I just plain couldn't get a pass to leave the Post. But it was a lot better than Ruth's being more than nine hundred miles away.

In fact, Ruth was only fifteen miles away. After steady searching she found a small room in a house where a lot of the wives of other men in my camp lived. It wasn't much of a room, just a sort of lean-to tacked on the house as an afterthought, but Ruth made it home just by her being there. Besides, it was only temporary, until Ruth could get a job and find an apartment or a house, maybe. That's what I would have liked, a house to go home to when I got a pass.

It worked out fine, at first. It felt good to be able to look forward to seeing Ruth almost every day. Nights when I couldn't get a pass Ruth would come into camp and we'd dance at the Service Club, or go to the Post movies, or just walk around until it was time for me to go to the barracks for bed check. Even the nights when I was on duty were better than before, because I could always find an excuse to take a few minutes off and phone the Service Club, and, at least, talk to Ruth.

I felt different about the Army, too. It was just like any other kind of a job, except it took up more of your time, maybe, and you worked a good bit harder. But with Ruth there, I had something to take my mind off the bad things. When the going was hard, I could always forget it by thinking of her and how I could see her soon. And, when things went wrong, she was there to make me feel better, to smooth over the rough spots.

Ruth was wonderful, too. She never complained, like some of the other women. She didn't find a job—Summers was pretty small and any jobs there were had long ago been taken by other Army wives. I used to worry about that, but she was very gay about making a budget to fit her allotment. She was near me and that was all that mattered. She didn't care about anything else, the money, the waiting, or the constant presence of the other women.

"They're company for me, darling," she'd laugh. "You should hear us gossiping on the front porch. It's like a club, almost." *Continued on page* 93)

Let it rain—

Let our money pour into bonds to bring our boys home, for "Back the Attack" is more than a catch-phrase. It is the very beating of human hearts today

By RALPH EDWARDS

WHEN I was a boy, out on the Colorado farm where I was born, the constant topic of conversation was rain. Draught was our enemy, even then beginning to burn the land into a huge bowl of dust, and we folks who loved our row-crops and depended on our harvest of beans and beets for life itself, knew that all our fields must give way to desolation—unless there was rain.

We hoped for it, we prayed for it, we blessed it when it came. Everything that we loved and needed in our little world depended upon it and if it failed us we would be destroyed.

These days, all over the country, there is a topic of conversation much like that of rain. It's in our newspapers, on the movie screens and the radio, and in the talk of people all about us. We too have a harvest—a harvest of guns and bullets, planes and bombs and tanks, of fighting men and women, of boats and trains to move them, of food to feed them, a harvest of fighting ships—the greatest harvest of its kind in the history of the world, one which the American people have planted with the indomitable will to make it flourish!

But without rain the harvest is useless. In this case the rain I mean is money.

I heard a woman say the other day that she wished there wouldn't be so much talk about buying war bonds and stamps. She said that it embarrassed her. She said it made her feel that Americans needed constant reminders to be true Americans. Well, there's some justice in her complaint but she's not entirely fair, it seems to me. Even people with their hearts in the right place are careless, forgetful, and most of all tied up with the many problems and harrassments of their own lives. People *do* need reminders, I'm afraid (I know that I do!) to make them realize what's at stake and how much their most personal and intimate lives are involved. They need reminders, too, of how other people are sacrificing and finding their own answers to the challenge.

Recently I went into a grocery store, all tied up with some problems of my own having to do with the many complex duties of putting on the "Truth or Consequenses" show every Saturday night. As I stood waiting to make my purchase I heard an elderly woman asking the clerk some questions. Presently I realized that she was asking him the price of canned beans, of canned peas, of several other vegetables I can't remember, and of some jellies and fruits. All the time she kept making notes in her little book but as far as I could see she wasn't buying anything. Finally she said, "Thank you very much," and abruptly left the store.

The clerk smiled at the expression on my face and explained, "Oh, she's all right. She has two sons and a grandson in the war; so to keep her mind off things she grew a victory garden last summer and took up canning for the first time in her life. She's bottled some vegetables and fruits."

"What's she going to do," I asked, "sell them?"

"Oh no," he explained, "she just was figuring out what they *would* have cost her so she can put the same amount into war bonds and stamps!"

The other day I read a story about a certain American soldier. He's in the Eighth Air Force, a staff sergeant whose monthly salary is about $175.

The story told how this Michigan boy, aged 32, had performed during his first bombing mission one of the most glowing acts of heroism in our military history. For an hour and a half he fought what the rest of the crew thought was a hopeless fire in a Flying Fortress returning from its objective. With ammunition in the Fortress exploding all around him and with the Nazi planes continuing to attack the wounded ship he alternately fought the fire, gave first aid to a wounded comrade, and fired the ship's guns at the attacking Germans. For his feat he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

But the part of the story that interested me most and seemed to me a most powerful "reminder" of the sort we were talking about is the fact that Sergeant Maynard Smith buys war bonds at the rate of $100 a month!

Yes, each of us must work out his own version of "Back the Attack." An acquaintance of mine, for instance, worked it out this way: first, he estimated the very minimum he and his wife and two children could live on. Then he put aside a budget for Christmas presents. He took every penny of the rest and turned it into bonds and stamps for the four of them. But he took one more step. He and his family sat down together and made a list of all the people, including themselves, whom they wanted to remember when the holiday rolled around. Then they made a division of the Christmas fund so that each one on the list received a fair share. The money was thereupon turned into savings stamps and each person on the list is to receive his amount of the stamps accompanied by the following note:

When the bond which these stamps will help you buy comes due, another Christmas will have rolled around, a Christmas which will be white with hope and peace and understanding among men, rather than a Christmas red with death and hate and danger.

When that time comes, may it be a better world with better spirit between the nations of the world and between men, and with better things to buy for your material welfare!

Today there is nothing better that money can buy than power for the present and hope for the future—and these stamps are a symbol of my wish that we shall share that future in which we now all have the privilege to invest.

Recently, at the Strand Theater in New York, one of our bond rallies brought in $51,000 in eighteen minutes. I was pleased with the results but a rather cynical friend of mine made a comment which I've heard from a lot of people: that it's too bad our American cities haven't been bombed. Far from wishing death and destruction on his own people my friend meant, of course, that if the war were closer to us, if we had a more personal acquaintance with its horror and sudden death, we'd have a more immediate, driving urge to sacrifice everything except the barest necessity to bring it to a close.

I disagree. I think all we need are "reminders."

We need to be reminded, for instance, of what the experts tell us, that buying bonds is *practical.* They remind us that (*Continued on page* 91)

RALPH EDWARDS is the master of ceremonies of one of radio's funniest shows, Truth or Consequences, but he is also one of Uncle Sam's best war bond salesmen. Twenty million dollars in bonds was the prediction of Treasury officials when Truth or Consequences set out on its coast-to-coast tour last spring but Edwards broke all existing records by bringing back $190,000,000 in bonds—not mere pledges, but real sales. Truth or Consequences is heard every Saturday night at 8:30, EWT, over NBC.

Thanksgiving

Here was a bond as strong as the pines, as great as the everlasting

THE chill, bleak sky of that November day seemed a reflection of the bleakness I felt inside. Everything was gray—robbed of color and warmth; the shabby little houses along our street looked uglier than ever. And as Jack and I stood by my front gate, huddled against the cold, waiting for Mr. Hobson to come by in his truck and give Jack a lift back to the farm, it seemed as if the cold had entered into my heart.

This isn't the way you ought to feel when you're in love, I thought miserably. Love should be a bright, singing thing. When people loved each other as Jack and I did they should be together all the time—not like this, a moment snatched occasionally when he could leave the farm, a moment dependent on getting a ride in a neighbor's car. When people loved each other as Jack and I did, there shouldn't be this waiting either—this endless, frustrated waiting for marriage that, to me at least, seemed farther away than ever.

I shivered a little.

"Cold, darling?" Jack asked solicitously. "Don't you want to go in the house? I'll wait . . ."

"No. I was just thinking. Thursday's Thanksgiving, and I was remembering how this time last year I thought we'd be having Thanksgiving together—in our own house." Then the words rushed out, almost desperately. "Oh, Jack, why can't we get married now? Why do we have to wait any longer? I don't mind being poor. I've always been—Daddy and I never had any money."

Jack's dark eyes took on the expression that always came when we talked of marriage—a look of pain and stubbornness against it. "You have never been my kind of poor, Katharine. You've always had enough to eat and a roof over your head; when you had to do without, it wasn't for important things—like medicine when you're sick and a coat when you were cold. You've never known the grinding-down poverty that I have, the kind that hurts people in their souls." His voice grew bitter. "And I won't have you know it! I saw what it did to my parents."

"But maybe—" I didn't want to say maybe his parents hadn't loved each other as we did (who else in the world could *ever* love as we did?) —"maybe they were—different. Love can make you rich if you're young and together."

"They loved each other, all right. Only trying to grub a bare living out of this worn out, burnt-over land around here robbed them even of that. Do you think I want to see you sicken like my mother, from too hard work, from too many stillborn children, until she died before her time? Do you think I could stand to see you embittered and —and hating?" The rough-edged violence of his words cut at me. "I—I'd give you up first before I brought that on you!"

"But the waiting—it's so hard." I thought of my small hopechest upstairs, filled with things I'd made myself, laid away against the time we would use them together. I thought of the plans, the dreams, the children I wanted in my arms. "When there doesn't seem any end to it."

He took me by the shoulders, pulled me toward him. "Do you think *I* like the waiting?" he demanded roughly. "Wanting you, needing you . . . Funny, I always swore I'd never fall in love till I was able to marry. And then I walked in here one day to see your father about the lumber and there you were—and after that, it was all over. I never had the right to tell you, I guess. And now I haven't got the right to ask you to wait—"

"Don't say that!" The very thought of losing him brought a sense of panic. "I'll wait, darling. I'll wait." Now was simply not the time to argue it out. But some day soon I'd make him see it my way, make him see that caution

hills where these two met and loved

had no place in the scheme of love . . .

". . . this land will come back some day, with the second-growth timber on it," he was saying. "And the pulp companies will buy it—only we'll cut it sanely a little at a time, instead of hoggishly like before. Your father believes in it—I believe in it. We'll never be rich, but we can keep our heads up. While if we got married now, with nothing—"

"I know," I said wearily. "I know."

The Hobson truck pulled up then and Jack gave me a hasty, parting kiss. "I'll be in Thursday for Thanksgiving," he promised. "But—sometimes a couple of days is a long time to wait!"

Yes, I echoed silently, a long time to wait.

Then, with a final wave, he was gone—back to the farm, eight miles away, where he lived alone in the house his dead parents had lived in, ekeing out the poorest living from ruined soil for his own needs, while we waited until he could interest someone in buying his pulpwood timber. Sometimes he walked those eight miles to see me, and then the eight miles back. Through cold and dark and loneliness—because "we can't get married yet."

Suddenly the thought of my own empty house was unbearable. My father was away on a business trip till

Thursday morning. As a rule, I didn't mind being left alone when Father had to go away. But today I did. Today I was filled with a sort of hopeless despair. I wanted to get married *now*—while Jack's kisses, his arms around me, filled me with fiery sweetness and set my pulses pounding. While we were young. Not later!

I started walking down to the main section of town. I'd stop in at the drugstore and have some hot chocolate. Maybe there'd be someone to talk to and that would cheer me up.

"A GOOD head on his shoulders." That's what my father had said of Jack Larrabee when he'd met him a few years ago, when we'd first come to Clifton to live. "Not like the rest of these shiftless farmers around here. He'll make something out of his land by taking the long view of its possibilities."

I smiled a little now, remembering the description. It had sounded dry and business-like and uninteresting. It hadn't prepared me for the Jack I met a little later when he'd come to discuss buying timber with Father. It hadn't prepared me for the dark, expressive eyes that seemed to hold a message just for me from the first time I'd looked into them. Nor for the proud way he held his head and the strong, capable hands that could be so tender in caresses.

"Stuck-up" was the way most of the townspeople described him. "Thinks he's better than the other farmers around here—though Lord knows why. The Larrabees were always dirt poor, as long as they've lived in the cut-over."

That wasn't true, either. They thought so only because he wouldn't allow himself to sink down into hopeless defeat like the rest of the poor farmers.

Years before, the "cut-over" had been rich with timber and good soil. Then the rich, greedy lumber companies had come in, taken the timber and burnt over the land. They'd robbed it of everything, leaving the few remaining natives living in poverty and sloth, growing only a few hardy vegetables, knowing hardship and misery on a land that had once been fruitful. That's what had happened to Jack's parents. That's why he was so bitter. I could understand that. But did bitterness at his parents' fate have to rob us of happiness now? Wasn't it better to snatch at happiness sometimes—instead of waiting?

After all, I was lonely, too. My father had brought me here to Clifton a few years ago, to be nearer the source of supply for one of the pulp mills he bought for, and although I'd tried hard, I never really liked it. Once a prosperous place, it was now a shabby, defeated little town—washed up in the wake of debris left by the big lumber companies. As I'd told Jack, we were poor, too. Since my mother's death, I'd kept house for Father, and I knew what it was to wash and cook and scrub and long for things we couldn't afford. There had been little in my life till my love for Jack had filled it—and now I couldn't bear the thought that it, too, might wither as we waited . . . waited . . . for the fulfillment that never came.

I turned in at the drugstore. There was nobody there except a group of eight or ten of the town's loafers crowded around the radio at the back, listening to predictions of the "Turkey Day gridiron classics" to be played Thursday. I suppose every small town has a group like that—boys and young men who for one reason or another never seem to amount to anything. Lazy and shiftless, they work at various jobs without ambition or don't work at all; these seem to spend most of their time hanging around Wilson's Drugstore, listening to the radio, reading the magazines off the rack, talking about girls.

I spoke to one or two who glanced up as I came in, and then I saw Tod Wilson among them. Tod wasn't really one of them although he went around with them. He took buying trips for his father to Minneapolis, helped around the store, and was supposed to be the best looking boy in town.

He gave his easy, self-assured smile and came over to me. "Hiya, honey. I just got back from a three-weeks trip. You didn't go and get married while I was gone, did you?"

He knew very well I hadn't. "No." I tried to be gay and offhand. "Not yet."

"Then there's still hope for me. I'm never going to quit hoping till the day I see you marching down the aisle." He was joking, of course, as he always did, but there was still that undercurrent that wasn't joking—that tone in his voice that took me back two years ago to a summer night—to a parked car on a dark road, with Tod's arms pinioning mine and his half-drunken voice whispering, "I'm crazy about you, Katharine, crazy about you . . ." till I'd fought free from his hot, seeking lips and made him, sullenly, drive me home. Afterwards, he'd apologized with his easy smile, expectant of forgiveness. "I was half cockeyed—I didn't know what I was doing," he'd said. But it was right after that I'd met Jack, and I hadn't had any more dates with Tod at all.

Now he leaned on the counter beside me and I had the feeling his eyes followed every movement as I opened my coat and untied the scarf knotted peasant-fashion over my hair. "I don't see what Jack's waiting for," he went on. "I know I wouldn't be doing any waiting if I had a gorgeous gal like you all promised to be mine."

My cheeks flushed. "We've got to wait a while," I said. "After all, we can't live on air and love."

"No?" He gave a knowing smile, and it was almost as if he touched me. "I'd rather live on air than take a chance on losing my girl by being too careful. Jack's a funny guy . . . he thinks more of that worthless land out there than anything else in the world. Even when he was a kid, he never ran with the rest of the gang, never had any fun, never did anything but work. Well—" he shrugged—"it takes all kinds. But I sure wouldn't be stalling if I were in his shoes."

Suddenly I was angry. "Well, you're not! And if you don't mind, I'd rather not talk about it."

"Aw, come on, honey," he said cajolingly, "don't be like that. I guess I've always been sore at Jack for grabbing you away from me and then keeping you out of circulation all this time. You'll get old and gray, just sitting around waiting for him to be the lumber king or whatever it is he's going to be." His hand slid caressingly over my arm. "Come on, go out with me tonight and we'll have some fun."

"No. I'm sorry but I—I can't."

"Okay. But you're making a mistake." He gave his cocky, half-teasing smile and strolled on back to the boys around the radio.

I finished my hot chockolate hurriedly. I had the feeling they were talking about me. Probably everybody was talking about me—the girl who was engaged and never got married.

I was angry and hurt and miserable. It wasn't that I wanted to go out with Tod. I didn't even like him very much. But the encounter had upset me because, in his rather coarse way, Tod had told the truth. If Jack really loved me with the great and devastating passion I'd envisioned would he—*could* he—be willing to wait like this? I didn't care how poor we were, just so we could be together. I had faith that our love would endure anything. Maybe—maybe he didn't love me as I did him. *He thinks more of that worthless land than anything else in the world.*

I walked on home, with a new re-

solve slowly taking shape in my heart. I wasn't going to stand any more of this humiliating waiting and explaining to people like Tod Wilson. I was going to tell Jack exactly how I felt and then—if he really loved me—he'd see it my way and we'd get married.

The next morning I hurried through my housework. There was a lot to do, preparing for next day's Thanksgiving dinner, and it was mid-afternoon when I finished. I put on my prettiest dress, a dark red wool I'd made myself, and my heaviest coat. It looked like snow, and my father's old weatherbeaten car was draughty.

I felt an odd sense of excitement as I drove the eight miles over the hard-rutted road out to the Larrabee farm. I'd been there only a few times before and always with Father. With the strict conventions of a town like Clifton, a girl didn't go alone to call on a man even if she were engaged to him.

The small frame house looked bleak and uninviting. Jack had propped up the sagging porch and repaired the fence and even planted a few flowers in the bare front yard. But it needed painting and fixing up. It needed, I thought, a woman's loving touch.

I made the sharp turn through the gate and pulled up beside the house. I honked the horn, and Jack came running from somewhere out back. As always, my heart turned over. His strong body moved with such easy quickness.

"Hello," I called. "I've come to pay you a visit. I got lonesome all by myself."

"Swell! Come on in the kitchen where it's warm."

He led me around to the back, where a few chickens picked forlornly at the hard earth, and opened the door. "If I'd known company was coming," he laughed, "I'd have 'redded up the place,' as Mom used to say."

I looked around—at the few dishes neatly washed and stacked after his midday meal, at the old wood range with the fire banked in it to be ready for supper tonight, the scrubbed, patched floor, the gay calendar on the wall near the door that led to the only other room, where Jack slept—and I felt the quick sting of tears.

I turned and buried my face against his shoulder. "Oh, darling," I whispered, "I want to be here. I want to do these things for you—cook your meals and keep you neat and—and—"

For a moment he held me close. "I want it, too," he said huskily. "More than anything . . ." Then with gentle firmness, he put me from him. "Some day you will be."

"Not some day! Now. I want to be here now. Oh, Jack, please, *please* let's not go on waiting any longer." It wasn't the way I'd intended to start at all. I'd planned to be logical and calm and make him see it my way, not just bursting out emotionally like this. But I couldn't help it.

The familiar expression came back to his face—that kind of stubborn resistance to pain. "You think now you could do it—now while we're young and strong. But in a few years it would be drudgery that would take the strength from you. And the hope. Look—" He threw open the door that led into the bare bedroom—"as a kid, I saw my mother lie in agony on that bed, having a baby that was born dead because we had no money for a doctor and there was no one to help her but an inexperienced neighbor woman. I saw her scrub and wash clothes and work like a horse a week later, before her strength came back. I saw it kill her!" Then he looked at the little window above the stove and his voice grew curiously sad and gentle. "Ever since I can remember, my mother wanted just one thing—some gay colored calico curtains for that window. They would have cost maybe fifteen cents. We didn't have the fifteen cents to spend. At the end, I guess, those curtains were a kind of symbol for all the things she never had because she talked about them just before she died. Do you think I'm going to let my wife go through something like that—"

"I know. But, darling, because it happened to her doesn't mean the same thing would happen to me. You're ambitious, you've got plans—everybody says so. You've let all these things you remember make you afraid—afraid of life." There, I'd said it. I'd said what I'd come to believe.

"No," he said stubbornly. "Only afraid of the living death that this kind of poverty can bring."

"But I can't stand going on like this! People are beginning to talk, to say things about us—"

"What people?"

"Well—Tod Wilson for one. And he's just saying what other people must be saying. That you don't love me enough to take a chance, that you think only of this land out here and what you can do with it and—and—"

"What do you care what a cheap loafer like him says? He was crazy about you himself—naturally he'd try

Jack got to his feet, his face contorted with fury. I realized that he didn't know what he was doing.

to run me down. *You* know I love you —and the only reason my heart's in that timber out there is for what it can give you—and us together."

"But I don't know it!" I cried. "If you really loved me, you'd take a chance. That timber's going to grow whether we're married or not."

"I can't support a wife while it grows and even then—" He broke off and stood staring at me, his dark eyes angry and hurt. "And if you don't believe now that I love you more than life iself, then nothing I can say will make you believe it. You've got to have faith."

WELL, I haven't any more! You've taken it from me. I—I don't want to see you ever again. Ever!"

I whirled and ran out the door. Tears were blinding my eyes so that I stumbled as I got into the car. I was trembling all over. I started the motor and turned the car, jerkily, and pressed down the accelerator. All I wanted was to get away where I could be alone and sob out my hurt and disappointment. Having to beg him to marry me!

The car leaped forward. Whether it was the tears that obscured my vision, whether my trembling hands wouldn't control the wheel, I never knew. I saw the narrow gate ahead of me—and then suddenly there was a crash, a kind of dizzying whirl when everything was upside down, and then blackness . . .

When I came to, I was lying on the bed and Jack was putting something cool against my temple. It throbbed excruciatingly. Everything was vague and hazy and only his voice seemed real. "Darling . . . darling . . ." he was murmuring over and over.

"What happened?"

"You hit the gate post and it knocked the car into the ditch, half on its side. You must have hit your head against the windshield. I can't find anything else the matter—except that your ankle seems sprained."

I realized for the first time that, under the covers, I was wearing only a slip. While I was unconscious then, Jack had examined me for broken bones or injury—and I knew he had done it impersonally and professionally, like a doctor, because he must. But I felt the blood heating my face, and I laughed hysterically to cover my embarrassment. "A sprained ankle—how can you get a sprained ankle falling out of a car?"

"Hush, darling . . . I'm afraid you're going to have to stay here tonight. We'll need a wrecker to get the car out —and I hate to leave you to walk over to the Hobson's for help. Without a telephone—"

"No, don't leave me! Don't ever leave me." Then I was sobbing in his arms. "Those things I said—I didn't mean them. I didn't!"

He soothed me as he would a child, cradling me in his arms till I grew quiet. The pain in my temple subsided. I reached up and drew his head down. Our lips met, and in the silence of that quiet little room, grown suddenly so very still, there was only the pounding of our hearts . . .

Jack pulled himself away. He laid me back, very gently, on the pillow. "I'll fix you some supper," he said in an unnatural voice and went out into the kitchen.

He brought it in presently, and fed me. I noticed that his hands were trembling and he still spoke in that unnatural way. I was drowsy from shock and pain, and the scene had a dream-like quality. The walls closed us in with intimacy, shutting out the world, and it was right. It was right that he should carefully hang my torn dress and my coat on the hook beside the bed, that he should smooth the covers, and, finally, blow out the lamp. It was right that we should be here like this, together.

"I'll bunk in the kitchen," he said from the doorway. And the dream that

had been so natural and so right was shattered.

Through the thin wall I heard him stirring—now he was shaking down the fire, now he was spreading a quilt on the floor where he would sleep, now everything was quiet and—somehow—breathless.

"Jack, my darling."

I must have spoken aloud, for suddenly he was there, in the dark, beside me, kneeling by the bed, straining me close. "I love you so," he said. "I love you so."

It was like being carried along on a torrent, faster and faster. Then, from somewhere, reason re-asserted itself. I took his face between my cupped hands and put him from me. "We must go to sleep now," I whispered. "Good night . . ."

"Yes." It was like a long sigh. "Good night."

He closed the door softly behind him. And then I slept.

Jack called me early next morning. I was already up and half-dressed, hobbling on my swollen, bandaged ankle. We both knew, without putting it in words, that it was important to get me back to town immediately before any one could know or guess where I had spent the night. Gossip can be ugly.

"I'm going over to borrow Hobson's truck," Jack said, "and take you home in that. Then I'll send a wrecker for the car, and we can tell people the accident happened early yesterday and that I thumbed a ride with a stranger and got you home that way. Only your father need know."

We were avoiding each other's eyes. It was so ugly, so sordid, making up stories to say that last night had never been . . . last night that had been so sweet—and so dangerous. But that danger had been between Jack and me and our love; this was the danger from a suspicious, gossipy world, and it was different.

"Surely now he can see that it's not right to wait any longer," I kept thinking. "Now he will understand how much we need each other and he won't be afraid any longer."

But neither of us mentioned the subject as we ate a hasty breakfast. We were just finishing when there were heavy footsteps outside and then a knock on the kitchen door.

I seemed to freeze inside. I wanted to run, to hide. My frantic glance took in the bare kitchen, the small bedroom beyond with its tumbled bed—there was nowhere. We stared at each other a moment, and then Jack slowly opened the door.

Tod Wilson stood there. He wore a leather jacket and there was a rifle in the crook of his arm. "Some of the gang are going duck-hunting," he said to Jack, "and we saw the wreck out by the gate. I thought I better stop and see what the trouble was. Looked like Mr. Laney's car . . ."

Then he saw me, and his expression slowly changed. It wasn't surprise, although he pretended it; it was a sort of sly triumph. And I knew, in that second of time, that he hadn't stopped to investigate out of neighborliness or friendliness, but out of vicious curiosity—and the hope of finding what he did find.

"Why, Katharine—what's the matter?"

Jack and I spoke together. The words tumbled out. ". . . ran the car into the gate . . . badly shaken up . . . just about to go home . . ."

Tod stepped into the kitchen. He let his eyes travel slowly over the two plates and coffee cups on the table and into the room beyond. "Isn't that a shame?" he said softly. "Too badly hurt to get home last night." Then he turned to Jack and his face was ugly. "Pretty convenient accident for you, wasn't it, Larrabee?"

Jack's face went dead white. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well," he drawled, "I can see now why you're in no hurry to tie yourself down getting married. Little accidents like this—after all, why get married—"

It happened so quickly I couldn't see it. Jack threw himself forward. There was a crack of bone on flesh and then Tod was on his back on the floor and Jack's hands were at his throat. His face was contorted with fury and I realized that he was beside himself—and that he really didn't know what he was doing. (*Continued on page* 79)

She knew by the way Bill told her his news that they must say goodbye. But when Lucille Manners lifted her face for his farewell kiss, she was smiling

When love must wait

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

WHEN you take your dog for a walk it's wise to keep your mind on the dog. Lucille Manners didn't. She was occupied with her own thoughts as she aired Tabo, her white husky, on Riverside Drive. Tabo, consequently, commanded solely by his nose, pulled to reach a spot where a squirrel had crossed the road or idled a leash's length behind, reluctant to leave a scent not quite recognizable.

Lucille had just signed a renewal contract with her radio sponsors. Her success, she reasoned, more than repaid her for the years when she had studied and worked hard to pay for singing lessons.

In memory she retraced her steps . . . The encouragement her singing teacher had given her and the audition he had arranged at the proper time with NBC . . . The small spot on the air she had been given as a result of that audition . . . The oil company executive who heard her sing and signed her to star in place of the vacationing soloist on their Friday night concert program . . . The contracts she had signed with that company, year after year, ever since. singing Friday nights over NBC . . . A successful Town Hall debut . . . Concert and operatic engagements.

She looked across the Drive at the big apartment house where she lived with her mother; located their windows flung open to the spring and a superb view of the Drive and the Palisades rising steeply on the other side of the river.

"Later," she thought, "I want a house in the country . . . an old house that I can do over . . . a big garden . . ."

Tabo pulled violently, startling Lucille out of her reverie. A big black police dog came running toward them. "Here, Lido . . ." called this dog's master. But Lido paid no heed. For an imperceptible instant the dogs paused to measure each other. Then they lunged. In the snarling scramble Lucille was thrown to the ground.

She was both dismayed and confused; dismayed for her new lime green suit which did as much for her as she did for it and confused because Lido's master had seen her fall. He had the nicest eyes, she discovered, when he bent, with genuine concern, over her.

"Tabo's a fool," she said straightening the lime calot which capped her bright hair. "He ignores dogs his own size and rushes at monsters . . . Like Lido . . ."

"Aren't you," he asked incredulously, "going to tell me I should keep my dog on a leash?"

"I should," she answered, rising with the help of his hand. "And you should . . . (*Continued on page* 80)

LOVE
(Won't You Be Good To Me)

By BILLY FABER (ASCAP
LARRY ROYAL
HENRY H. ENGEL

Moderato
Chorus

LOVE, —what have you done to me? LOVE, — I'm yearn-ing con-stant-ly.

mf

LOVE, — Won't you be good to me? —

You — have set my heart a-fire. You — have been my one de-sire.

LOVE, — Won't you be good to me? —

Copyright 1943 by Barton Music Corporation, 1619 Broadway, N. Y. C.

A dreamy new ballad, sung as only radio's sensational singing star, Frank Sinatra, can sing it—on the Saturday Night Hit Parade, over CBS at 9:00 P.M.

You have glad-dened man-y hearts; brought them ec-sta cy, when their hopes seemed

all in vain. Grant that bliss to me. LOVE,— you mean the

world to me. LOVE,— you are my des - ti - ny. LOVE,—

1.

Won't you be good to me?— me?—

RADIO MIRROR'S HIT OF THE MONTH

Soldier's Wife

Connie went to the station that morning torn between love and fear—love for Jim who was coming home at last and fear of what Carl might do to wreck that love

THE STORY

I WAS alone and lonely—so lonely, ever since Jim, my husband, went overseas. It was the loneliness that I used in trying to excuse myself for the complications my friendship for Carl Haggard had assumed. I'd liked Carl at first, warmed to him because he reminded me of Jim. And then Carl had fallen in love with me.

There were other complications, too, and I had to blame myself for them. I should never have introduced my friend Avis to Dr. Alec Holden, my boss. Alec had a reputation with women. Avis fell in love with Alec, planned to divorce her husband who was in the Army, and marry him. But Alec had no intention of marrying Avis. At least he didn't until that dreadful night when Avis came to me for help, came to tell me that she was going to have a baby—and then, in desperation, tried to kill herself.

IT SEEMED days later that I called the hospital. An impersonal voice said Mrs. Brooks was "as well as could be expected" and that Dr. Holden could not be called to the phone.

In reality, it had been little over an hour since Alec had carried Avis' unconscious body down the stairs. Carl had gone, leaving me with his bitter accusations echoing in my ears and the feeling of some intangible threat over my head.

Had I really done what he said—just used him, in my loneliness? No, that wasn't true. What I'd felt for him—the companionship and the sense of security—had been honest. It had cost me grief and worry, trying to sort it all out. And if tonight, in that moment of awful clarity, I *had* sorted it out, then he had no right to blame me.

After time had passed and he was calmer, I'd make him see it my way. If he loved me as he said, he'd understand that I hadn't meant to hurt him. "These things happen." He'd said that himself. He'd just been upset tonight, saying all those wild things about not letting me push him out of my life and he was there to stay.

Thank God, I thought, at least Jim need never know that, even for a brief moment, my loyalty to him had been divided. At least, he wasn't being made unhappy like Avis had made Jack. Wherever he was, whatever was happening to him, he was safe from that knowledge.

After a dream-tossed night, I got to the office early. Alec was already there, gaunt and hollow-eyed.

"She's all right," he said. "But—she lost her baby. We did what we could to save it—Doctor Barrett was there—but I guess it's better this way." He looked at me then, almost pleadingly. "I know what you're thinking—and I deserve it all, and more maybe. But believe me, Connie, last night—when she started for that window—well, I've been in hell ever since. I want you to know that I'm going to try and make it up to her in any way I can—if she'll let me."

I could almost feel pity for him, but it was the pity one feels for the weak. "Could I see her?" I said.

"Better wait till she gets her strength back. She's had a long period of strain and a terrific emotional shock. Don't worry—she's getting the best of care and nobody at the hospital knows the truth. At least, she won't suffer *that* way." He hesitated. "You think I'm the world's heel, don't you?"

"I don't know what I think about people any more," I said slowly. "It's as if the war had caught us all up in something too big for us, and it's only the ones who can learn to be brave and strong who will fight their way out. I ought to hate you for what you did to Avis—but, somehow, I don't. In a funny way, I feel sorrier for you than for her . . ."

I spoke more truly than I realized. I found out just how brave and strong, and in what curious, unexpected ways, one has to be, under the shock of what happened that afternoon.

When I got back from lunch there was an official telegram on my desk.

I remember seeing it, and the dryness in my throat and the ringing in my ears. I remember tearing it open. And then the next thing I remember is Dr. Rudd standing over me, bathing my temples and beaming at me, and the sympathetic murmurs of patients as they clustered around my desk.

I can't tell you exactly what that telegram said nor where it came from. But I can tell you it was from a port on our East Coast and that it reported Private James Ruell was now in a hospital there, wounded, and that he would be home on a given date, four days away.

Home. My Jim. *Home.* Slowly the impact of the words sunk in. Frantically, I turned to Dr. Rudd. "It couldn't be serious, could it?" I cried. "I mean, they wouldn't let him come home soon if it were serious, would they? If he were really badly hurt—but then if he weren't badly hurt, maybe they wouldn't be sending him home at all. Oh, Dr. Rudd—"

He took me by the shoulders and gently shook me. "Hush, my dear. Hush. Now I tell you what—you get in a taxi and go over to his mother's. I'll call the hospital long distance and find out all I can. Now just take it easy—you don't want Jim to find a hysterical wreck waiting for him."

Only those who have shared the same experience could ever understand what that afternoon was like . . . the way we cried with joy and thankfulness especially when Dr. Rudd was assured by the Army hospital that the wounds were not serious, the way all three of us talked at once planning for his arrival, and at last the way we sat silent, thanking God each in her own way. All the strain among us was gone; we were united again by

Jim tells me I am prettier than I used to be and I say it's because I love him more than ever before.

husband, son and brother.

As I was leaving, Cissie slipped her arm through mine and drew me aside. "I'm sorry for what I said that day," she whispered contritely. "About Carl Haggard. I know it wasn't true . . ."

I was glad she couldn't see my face. I had forgotten Carl Haggard. The memory of his words came back and touched me with something like fear. "I'm sorry, too—for all the misunderstandings we seem to have had between us," I whispered back. "Now that Jim's coming, everything will be different, won't it?"

I tried to forget that small touch of fear as I went on home, to talk it down. Why was I afraid? What, after all, could Carl do? Just the same, I hurried to put in a call to Camp Jackson as soon as I got home.

Just to tell him the good news, I assured myself. As I would any friend . . . Naturally he'd be interested . . . Oh, naturally.

I tried to be casual when he answered. ". . . and so he'll be home on Sunday. I know you and the Ruells must be mighty happy," he said.

There was a pause, as I waited for him to go on. Surely this wasn't all he had to say. Surely he would see now—

"And so," I said finally, and it sounded lame even to me, "I won't be seeing you for—for a while, Carl."

"Are you trying to tell me that I was all right to play around with while Jim was gone, but now he's coming back I'm to be put on the junk heap?"

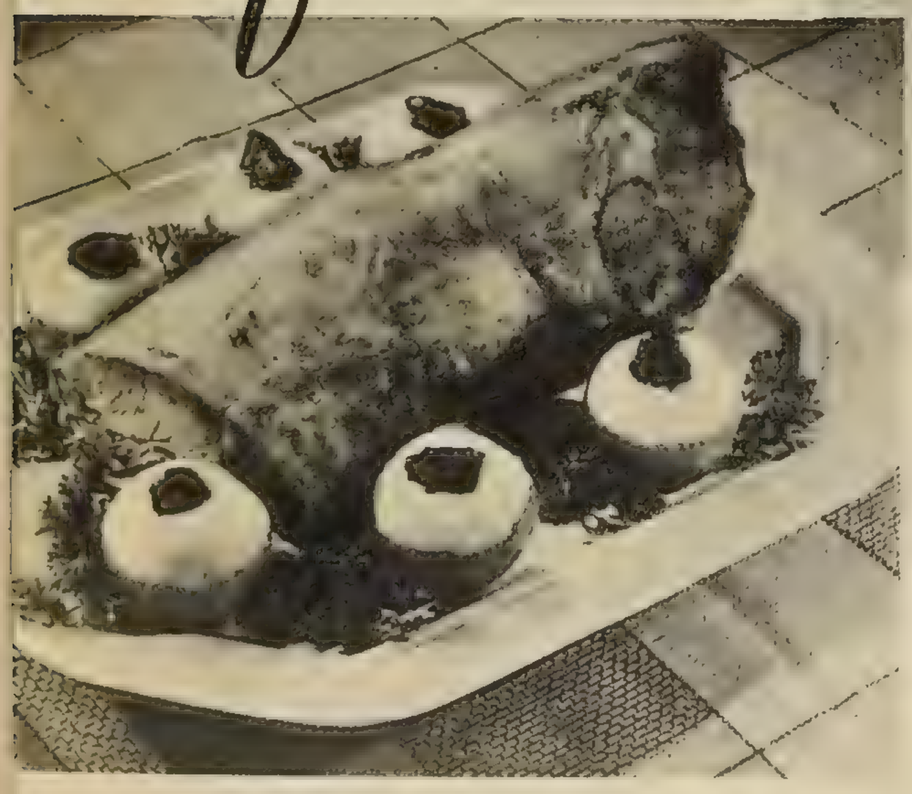
"Of course not! But surely you see that we can't go on—as we were before. I mean—"

"I told you once you couldn't make me dance like a doll on a string." His voice was low and somehow deadly. "You started something and you've got to finish it. I don't want to hurt Jim—but I'm not going to be hurt either." The operator interrupted then and there was an impatient buzzing on the wire. "I'll have to ring off now," Carl said. "But I'll be in Saturday." And he hung up.

I stood there holding the phone as if I could force him back to it, force him to listen while I said he *couldn't* come. He couldn't do this to me! Jim was coming home—Jim, my husband, whom I loved. And he would be confronted with a man who felt he had a claim on me. There would be no need to put it into words. Carl's attitude would reveal it all. And what would happen when Jim knew?

I put the telephone down with shaking hands. I was beating against that wall of hardness in Carl—and the small tremor of fear I'd felt before grew and (*Continued on page* 60)

Let's be thankful for —



For the traditional holiday feast, it's turkey, but this year, if you can't get turkey, a pleasant substitution would be a roast loin of pork, dressed up as above, or stuffed shoulder of pork, at left.

NOW is the time for all good housewives to start dreaming of Thanksgiving—of turkey and all that traditionally goes with it. Naturally we'd all like to serve turkey to our families on at least one of the holidays this year if we can manage it. But the government warns us that there may be a scarcity of turkey and even of chicken, with a consequent skyrocketing of prices and accompanying black market activities. And so, if we can't have turkey, we'll have to substitute something else—and pork, which will be plentiful, can be a much more exciting substitute than you realize for the holiday dinner.

That is one of the pleasantest substitutions I have ever heard of, for nothing could be better than a roast loin of pork surrounded with spiced crabapples or jelly filled baked apples. For an extra festive appearance, try a paper frill decked roast, like the one illustrated. Just ask your butcher to prepare it as he prepares a crown roast, but to leave it in a straight piece instead of rolling it. If you feel that no holiday dinner is complete without stuffing, get a fresh pork shoulder, have the bone removed and fill the cavity with the same sage flavored bread dressing you would use for fowl. No matter which cut you select, the cooking method will be the same.

Roast Pork

Allow ⅓ to ½ pound of meat for each person to be served. Wipe the roast with a damp cloth and rub with salt and pepper, allowing 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper per pound. Place in cold oven, and bring temperature slowly to 325 degrees. Cook, uncovered, at that temperature, basting occasionally, until meat "bleeds white" when pierced with a fork, allowing 30 minutes per pound for small roasts, 35 to 40 minutes for large ones. Additional seasoning may be added according to taste—a pinch of sage, a tablespoon or two of minced onion, of minced celery leaves. To keep the bone ends from charring during roasting, cover them with ordinary wrapping paper (you may have to renew it during the cooking period) which is to be replaced with white paper frills just before serving.

If your fall canning included spiced apples or crabapples, use them as a garnish around your roast. If not, try jelly filled baked apples.

Baked Apples

Select firm apples, free from blemishes. Remove core and part of the peeling. Fill centers with grape, currant or other tart jelly. Bake either in the same pan with the roast or separately until apples are tender, about ¾ hour. If jelly cooks away, fill centers again just before serving. These may be served either hot or cold.

The same government message that warns us against a turkey black market also contains the following suggestions for holiday dinners: (1). Serve vegetables which are in season and therefore plentiful. (2). Make good use of the vegetables you canned during the summer. (3). Serve sweet potatoes in place of white—that is because white potatoes will keep better in storage during the winter. (4). Use onions economically, as a seasoning rather than as a main dish. With these suggestions as a guide a typical—and delicious—Thanksgiving menu would be: Cabbage and tomato soup (home canned tomatoes and fresh cabbage), roast pork, pan roasted or fluffy sweet potatoes, sweet and pungent string beans, cabbage and fruit salad.

BY KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 8:00 EWT.

Cabbage and Tomato Soup

½ head cabbage
2 tbls. minced onion
4 tbls. margarine or drippings
1 pt. canned tomatoes
1 pt. boiling water
Salt and pepper to taste
Pinch basil (optional)
Sour cream (optional)

Shred cabbage and saute lightly, with onion, in margarine or drippings, using low flame. Add tomatoes, boiling water and seasonings and simmer until cabbage is tender, about 30 minutes. Allow to cool and press through fine sieve. Reheat just before serving and garnish each serving with a teaspoonful of thick sour cream. This soup may be prepared a day in advance and kept in a covered jar in the refrigerator.

Pan Roasted Sweet Potatoes

Select medium size sweet potatoes, peel and cook in the same pan with

(*Continued on page 92*)

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News and Organ
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS:	Musical Masterpieces
		8:30	Blue:	The Woodshedders
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson, News
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	News from Europe
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
	8:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Commando Mary
	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Marcia Niel
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	English Melodies
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Gypsy Serenade
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Guest Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Egon Petri, Pianist
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Josef Marais
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Olivio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Music Hall of the Air
9:15	11:15	12:15	Blue:	This is Official
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Sammy Kaye's Orch.
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	To be announced
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Wake Up America
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Rupert Hughes
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC:	Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow from London
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Coronet Little Show
		1:45	Blue:	Francis Drake, Aviation News
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	America—Ceiling Unlimited
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	Blue:	National Vespers
11:30	1:50	2:55	CBS:	The Muffet Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Those Good Old Days
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Reports on Rationing
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	Hanson Baldwin
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	The Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Hot Copy
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Al Pierce Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lands of the Free
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera Audition
		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony—Arturo Toscanini
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Where Do We Stand
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Musical Steelmakers
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Irene Rich
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Silver Theater
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Here's to Romance
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Great Gildersleeve
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Green Hornet
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Jerry Lester Show
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue:	Dorothy Thompson
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS:	Stars and Stripes in Britain
	6:30	7:30	CBS:	We, the People
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Roy Porter, News
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Edgar Bergen—Charlie McCarthy
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Calling America
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	That's a Good One
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
6:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Keepsakes
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Reader's Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Old-Fashioned Revival
7:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street
8:15	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater
8:15	8:30	9:45	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Thin Man
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
		11:10	CBS:	Everett Hollis
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Olga Coehlo & El Charro Gil Trio
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Saerchinger
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Unlimited Horizons

A PLEASURE TO ESCORT . . .

Lovely Betty Randall is the new sweet song section of the "Escorts and Betty" quartet heard on NBC's pixie "Everything Goes" program.

While at fashionable Miss Hall's in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Betty was singled out to lead the singing of "Here's To Our Dear Guests" whenever visiting teachers or students were present. She preferred humming and whistling to vocalizing and thought anyone who sang was a sissy. Nevertheless she finally took the advice of one of her teachers to study voice. But it was only to avoid doing Junior League work or getting a job. After finishing at Miss Hall's, Betty enrolled the following Fall at the Juilliard School of Music.

One evening while out dancing with a friend Betty was coaxed to enter a debutantes' singing contest at the Stork Club. Among the judges were Beatrice Lillie and William Gaxton. There were twenty contestants in all and Betty says she felt fine until she was called to sing her number. She can't remember going through the song, and only "came out of it" when she was pronounced the winnah.

During her engagement at the Stork Club, a contract for which was the prize, Betty began to think about going into radio. She wrote to NBC for an audition. She was given one, then a second, and still later a third. She was not sufficiently experienced and was told to work with a band.

Betty followed the advice and joined Ben Cutler's orchestra at New York's swank Rainbow Room. After that she returned to NBC and sang, spoke lines, and appeared in television sketches.

When asked about her method of studying a song, Betty says she strikes a note on the piano "and I take it from there." Her most ardent fans are her father, brother and grandmother. Her mother, who studied operatic singing, is her best critic even though she minces no words when she comments on Betty's performances.

Betty loves to buy clothes and can curb herself only by not venturing into shopping sections. She is extremely slender and indulges in ice cream sodas twice daily to put on weight. A good athlete, she plays tennis and golf when not riding or swimming.

For one who's not "particularly ambitious" the little girl from Garden City, Long Island, has made fast progress. It's a big jump from school books to scripts on a coast-to-coast network six mornings a week

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Chapel Singers
	8:45	9:30	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
		9:45	CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45	NBC:	Robert St. John, News
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
		10:15	Blue:	Roy Porter, News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The Open Door
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
2:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Love Problems
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	God's Country
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Sharp Corners
1:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernadine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Paul Lavalle's Orch.
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Light of the World
11:30	2:30	1:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies, Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
2:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Johnny Gart Trio
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:25	3:25	4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Perry Como, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	American Women
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry & the Pirates
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Tim Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Golden Gate Quartet
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Jeri Sullavan, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
		7:05	Blue:	Awake at the Switch
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Ed Sullivan
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Gay Nineties
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Johnny Morgan Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Doctor I. Q.
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Three Ring Time
		10:30	Blue:	Yankee Doodle Quiz
		10:30	NBC:	Information Please

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TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Melodie Moments
	8:45	9:30	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
		9:45	CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45	NBC:	Robert St. John, News
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The Open Door
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Love Problems
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Sharp Corners
11:15	10:15	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:15	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Air Breaks
10:55	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernadine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Light of the World
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies, Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Elizabeth Bemis
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:30	CBS:	Johnny Gart Trio
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:25	3:25	4:25	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
		4:30	CBS:	Perry Como, Songs
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Mountain Music
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	American Women
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry & the Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Healy
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	John B. Kennedy
3:45	5:45	6:55	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Cohen the Detective
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	Salute to Youth
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Horace Heidt
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Judy Canova Show
9:00	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Duffy's Tavern
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Burns and Allen
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Report to the Nation
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Suspense
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Red Skelton
		10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks

REVEILLE SWEETHEART . . .

Being anyone's sweetheart at that hour of the day is a big assignment for anyone. However, that's what the men in the Armed Forces call Lois January, who gets up at the gloomy hour of four in the morning so she can be at her microphone by 5:30 to help the boys start off their day right. To help them through that first, bleak period of the day, Lois plays records, sings, reads letters and just talks to the men to cheer them up.

There is practically nothing that Lois can't do in the way of entertainment—and practically nothing that she *doesn't* do on her own Reveille show. She sings, dances, acts and writes all her own radio material. All of which took some preparation and an early start, of course.

Lois was born in McAllen, Texas. By the time she was two, she was already studying dancing and at the age of eight she made her professional debut as a dancer with Jan Garber's orchestra at Coral Gables in Miami. She was good, too, good enough to be held over for two months.

Shortly after that her family moved to Los Angeles, California, and Lois attended the dramatic school at the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse. She continued studying dancing with Ruth St. Denis. When she was sixteen, Carl Laemmle, Jr., discovered her and signed her to a two-year contract. Her early days in the movies were devoted mostly to Western pictures. She was starred in over forty-five of them, with such well known Western horse opera heroes as Tim McCoy, Billy Steele and Johnny Mack Brown.

Between pictures, she worked in the theater—on the West Coast and Broadway—and in radio and night clubs. Among her hits were plays like "Yokel Boy" and "High Kickers" and the musical shows, "Meet My Sister" and "Low and Behold," which was done on the West Coast. She played opposite Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas in the Broadway hit "By Candlelight." She also had time for engagements at the Rainbow Room and the Versailles, two of New York's swankier night clubs.

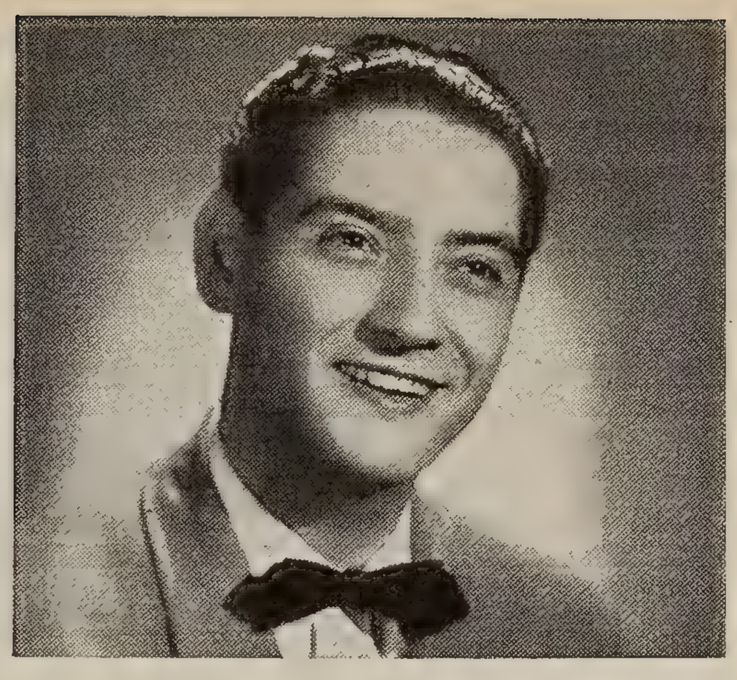
Night club work used to send Lois to bed, very tired, at about the hour when she now gets up. The OWI is so pleased with her reveille program that there are plans under way to send the whole show over short wave to the men overseas. The Servicemen really think of her as a sweetheart. In fact, one of her admirers has built up quite a little business, charging five cents for any of his buddies to take a look at a photograph of Lois. Which isn't really half high enough a price, at that, considering that Lois is one of the most beautiful girls in the radio business.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Time
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Chapel Singers
		9:30	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The Open Door
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Love Problems
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Sharp Corners
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernadine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	Blue:	U. S. Marine Band
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC	Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Elizabeth Bemis
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Johnny Gart Trio
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper-Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Your Home Front Reporter
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Perry Como, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	American Women
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry & the Pirates
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Jeri Sullavan, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Adventures of the Falcon
		7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:15	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Sammy Kaye Orch.
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Take a Card
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Battle of the Sexes
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Beat the Band—Hildegarde
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	The Mayor of the Town
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Fitch Bandwagon
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Jack Carson
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Cresta Blanca Carnival
		10:30	Blue:	Radio Forum

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	The Sophisticators
		9:30	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		9:45	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The Open Door
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Love Problems
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Sharp Corners
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernadine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Johnny Gart Trio
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:25	CBS:	News
		4:30	CBS:	Perry Como, Songs
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	American Women
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry & the Pirates
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	World News
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	The Three Sisters
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	John B. Kennedy
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
4:05	6:05	7:05	Blue:	Wings to Victory
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Maxwell House Coffee Time
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
		8:00	CBS:	Astor-Ruggles-Auer
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Aldrich Family
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Joan Davis, Jack Haley
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Dinah Shore
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Jimmy Durante
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Revlon Review
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News



LATIN SINATRA . . .

Know how all the girls swoon and scream and sigh when Frank Sinatra hits one of those low notes? Not so very long ago, Chucho Martinez was doing the same thing to the girls down south of the Rio Grande.

It took a little time, of course, before he got to that stage. He was born in Vera Cruz and by devious steps he reached Mexico City, where he started his wage earning career in the shoe department of that metropolis' equivalent of Macy's. He sold shoes for two years. He was honest and worked hard and smiled broadly and patiently at all the ladies. In short, he did all the things that should have brought him fame and fortune according to the rules set down by Horatio Alger. The rules didn't work. He didn't even get a raise.

As far as Chucho was concerned the store was no better than a jail, and, like any other prisoner, he started looking for ways to escape. One way was to invest some of his hard-earned money in singing lessons, which he took from a crotchety gentleman named Juan Villanova, who turned out to be a very good teacher.

Mexico has its own Major Bowes. His name is Pedro De Lille. Impatient for his freedom from the basement, Chucho took his courage in his hands and appeared on Señor De Lille's amateur hour. Chucho shocked everyone, including his teacher and himself, by not only winning the first prize but by bringing down such an avalanche of fan mail that, for a while, Señor De Lille had to feature him as the only permanent vocalist on a program made up strictly of one-timers.

Chucho was on his way. Two months later, he was singing over EXO, Mexico's top flight station, and impressionable teen-age girls were beginning to find in him the answer to whatever it is teen-age girls want. He was hounded and fan mailed and adored, by everyone but the mail carriers.

Next came a tour of South America, which broke all records and proved that, under the skin, the ladies of Cafe Society are not very different from teen-age girls. Riding on the top of the wave of his South American success, Chucho came to New York and turned his tenor voice and his latin charm loose on the patrons—and mostly and more importantly, the patronesses—of that swanky night club, La Conga.

Since he's been in New York, columnists have likened him to Frank Sinatra and Perry Como and Dick Haymes, all of which is very nice. But what's much nicer for the ex-shoe clerk, is that advertising executives and hardened sponsors have also fallen under his spell and he's been signed to one of the most lucrative three-year contracts in the history of radio.

In case you didn't catch the name, he's Chucho Martinez and he's to be heard as the star vocalist on the Gertrude Lawrence Blue Network Variety program, Thursdays at 9:30 P.M.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:15	2:15	9:15	CBS:	Chapel Singers
		9:30	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		9:45	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The Open Door
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Love Problems
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Golden Gate Quartet
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Sharp Corners
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernadine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Landt Trio and Curley
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Johnny Gart Trio
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Perry Como, Songs
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	If It's a Question of Music
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	American Women
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Capt. Midnight
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry & the Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Jeri Sullavan, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Archie Andrews, Sketch
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Our Secret Weapon
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Hour
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cities Service Concert
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Parker Family
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
	7:30	8:30	NBC:	All Time Hit Parade
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Philip Morris Playhouse
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gang Busters
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Harry Wismer
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	John Vandercook
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
		10:30	CBS:	Durante and Moore
		10:30	Blue:	What's Your War Job
		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
		10:45	Blue:	Elmer Davis

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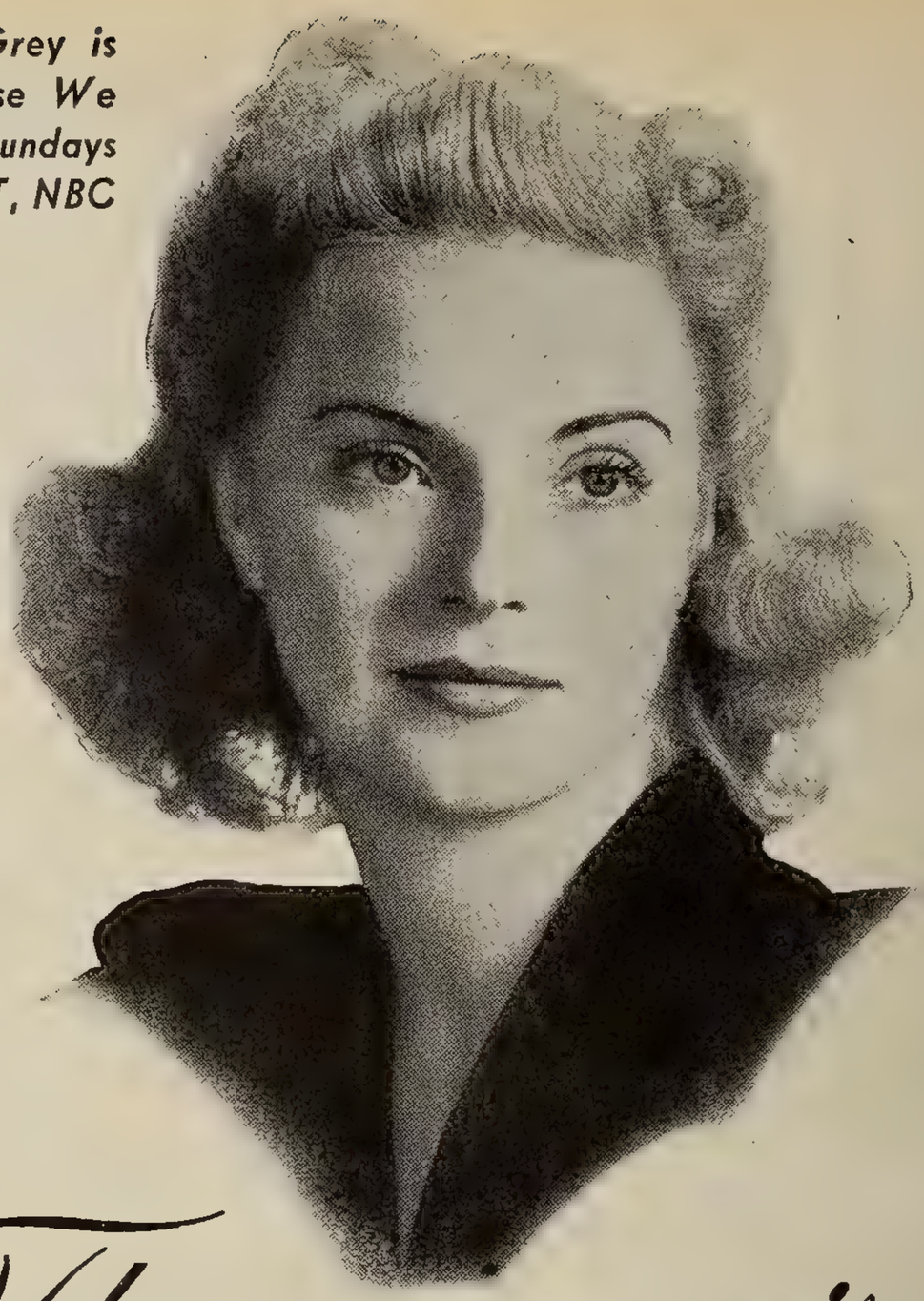
SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Ralph Dumke
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	Blue:	United Nations, News Review
		8:45	CBS:	Women's Page of the Air
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Red Cross Reporter
	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Garden Gate
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Of Men and Books
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Nellie Revell
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	John Freedom—Drama
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Babe Ruth in Person
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Warren Sweeney, News
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Xavier Cugart's Orch.
		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Fashion in Rations
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	U. S. Coast Guard Band
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Blue Playhouse
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Campana Serenade
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Swing Shift Frolics
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
		1:30	Blue:	Tommy Tucker's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	All Out for Victory
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Highways to Health
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	War Telescope
		1:45	Blue:	Singo
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	News
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Musette Music Box
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Roy Shield and Co.
11:05	1:05	2:05	CBS:	I Sustain the Wings
11:35	1:35	2:35	NBC:	Lyrics by Liza
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	People's War
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Football Game
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	George Hicks from England
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	News
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	The Marshalls
		4:00	Blue:	Saturday Concert
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Matinee in Rhythm
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Minstrel Melodies
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	It's Maritime
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Doctors at War
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Three Suns Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Chips Davis, Commando
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Ted Fiorita's Orch.
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	News, Alex Drier
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Message of Israel
		6:00	NBC:	John Q. Public
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Ella Fitzgerald
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	The Art of Living
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue:	Leon Henderson
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Rupert Hughes
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Man Behind the Gun
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	What's New—Don Ameche
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	For This We Fight
8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
5:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Roy Porter
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Ellery Queen
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Abie's Irish Rose
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Blue Ribbon Town
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Boston Symphony Orch.
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:15	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Band
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	John Vandercook
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Million Dollar Band
R		10:15	Blue:	Army Service Forces Present
M 7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		10:45	Blue:	Betty Rann
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News

Lovely Nan Grey is Kathy of Those We Love, heard Sundays at 2 P.M., EWT, NBC



The cover girl

MOST girls dream of Hollywood as a sort of Mecca, grow up hoping that someday they can try their luck in pictures. But to Nan Grey, growing up in Houston, Texas, where she was born on July 25, 1921, Hollywood was just a place where they made movies and acting as a career was so far from her mind that she never even got as close to dramatics as reciting a poem in the school auditorium.

Then, in 1933, Mrs. Grey, who had been a movie star before she married, took Nan with her on a visit to Hollywood. And there she met an agent who took one look at her, observed that she was fresh and delicate featured and lovely and reached for the telephone. Two weeks later, Nan was an actress, with a Warner Brothers contract.

Later, she moved over to the Universal lot and really began to make her mark. Remember her as one of the "Three Smart Girls" in the first Deanna Durbin picture? After that came "Ex-Champ," "The Under Pup" and "Tower of London."

Along about 1938, she made her radio debut on the CBS Radio Theatre in "She Loves Me Not," with Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell. Again, Nan wasn't thinking particularly of launching into a career as a radio actress, but again chance was definitely on her side. There was a radio producer in the studio audience that night. This time, it wasn't only Nan's blonde loveliness that registered. It was her young voice and her decided ability.

They registered very well, too, because it was some time before this same producer was ready to cast his radio show, "Those We Love," but the impression they had made was still so strong that he knew he wanted Nan to play the part of Kathy. Again a phone call. And he got what he wanted. Kathy is there for you to hear, every Sunday at 2 on NBC.

Chance—luck—whatever you want to call that peculiar business of being in the right place at the right time—has always played a big part in Nan's life. Even her marriage to Jack Westrope was more or less governed by it. Well, perhaps not her marriage, because that seems to have taken a bit of dogged determination, but her meeting him, at any rate.

Before Nan went to Hollywood she was taken out to the races at Epsom Downs in Houston. That was the beginning of Nan's great interest in horse racing—it's still her favorite sport. It was a wonderfully exciting day for her, for she was allowed to place her first bet and it was sheer, crazy delirium when her horse won.

To Nan it seemed that the horse hadn't really done all the winning by itself and nothing would do but that she must meet the jockey and congratulate him on his fine horsemanship. The jockey was Jack Westrope—and they made a date for the next evening.

Of course, Nan was rather young at that time. At least her parents thought so. So Nan went to Hollywood and she was discovered by the movies and radio and she was a success. But all that had very little to do with the thing Nan had made up her mind she really wanted. Look at her chin, pretty and delicate—but determined. Six years after their first meeting, Jack and Nan were married, just as she had planned right from the beginning.

Now, busy as she is with her picture and radio schedules, Nan manages to spend a great deal of time with her husband. That's one thing she doesn't leave to chance.

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY !

SHE USES POND'S !

Adorable Rosemarie Heavey's engagement to Pvt. Lee E. Daly, Jr., unites two Baltimore families dating back to colonial times

HER RING—has eight small diamonds either side of the solitaire. It is an heirloom diamond worn by Lee's mother and grandmother.

THIS YEAR, the carefree days of Baltimore's Cotillions seem very far away to Rosemarie and her friends. "All my crowd are war workers now," she says. "With our men in the services we feel *we must* do something, too."

She is training with American Airlines in Washington to fit her for any job around the airport that a girl can do. "I've never worked harder, but I *love* it," she says.

"And am I grateful for my Pond's Cold Cream when I come off my shift at 8:00 A.M.! It's wonderfully refreshing to smooth that nice cool cream over my tired, grimy face. It leaves my skin with *such* a clean, soft feeling."

She "beauty creams" her face like this:

SHE SMOOTHS on Pond's snowy Cold Cream, then briskly pats it over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well.

SHE "RINSES" with a second Pond's creaming to help get her face *extra* clean and *extra* soft—swirling cream-coated fingers around in little spirals —over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off.

Do this yourself—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups.

ROSEMARIE HEAVEY HAS ENDEARING SOUTHERN CHARM . . . a halo of gold brown hair . . . a complexion exquisitely soft and smooth. "I just trust my face to Pond's Cold Cream," she says. You'll love this soft-smooth beauty care with Pond's for *your* face, too.

LEARNING TO BE A HANGAR HELPER . . .

Rosemarie clears baggage being loaded on a plane. She will soon take over a man's job at one of the big airfields.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE—In many areas women are needed to fill men's places—in stores, offices, restaurants, utilities, laundries, community services. Check Help Wanted ads—then get advice from your U. S. Employment Service about jobs *you* can fill.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT lovely engaged girls like Rosemarie, beautiful society women like Mrs. Victor du Pont III and Britain's Lady Doverdale prefer this soft-smooth cream. Buy *your* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

R M

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creators of the beautiful Duart Permanent Wave

offer a

NEW RINSE

that actually

COLORS HAIR

*Forget your experience with other rinses. Drab hair need no longer dim your beauty. Your beautician can add glamorous, natural looking color to your hair quickly, safely. DUART Liquid RINSE actually **colors** hair of any shade. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach. Color rinses in; stays 'til your next shampoo. Helps cover stray grays, blend streaks or faded ends. Applied only at Beauty Shops; costs no more than other rinses. 12 Beautiful Shades to match or tone every color hair.*

DUART LIQUID RINSE

R M

DUART MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.
SAN FRANCISCO • NEW YORK

This Is My Secret

Continued from page 25

what people might say if they found out, and worse, the chance that Dave himself might think less of me. But it was something more than fear. Everything I had ever been taught to believe and to be, everything of innate goodness and rightness inside me was crying out against what I was going to do. It was wrong. Never in my life had I deliberately done anything I knew to be wrong, and this hurt—hurt more than many other things might have done, because this was the beginning of a whole new life for me, and I wanted it to begin right. I felt cheated, and I knew that I was cheating myself. I didn't want an incidental, after-thought sort of marriage, next day. When you love anyone as much as I loved Dave, you expect only one wedding in your life, and you want it unmarred by any flaws.

Some of my feeling must have showed in my face, because Dave kept glancing at me anxiously, and when we reached the bottom of the hill he let the creeping car slow to a stop. "Look, Marianne," he asked abruptly, "would you feel better about this if we were married—I mean, if we had a ceremony today, as well as tomorrow after we get the license?"

MY HEART lightened a little. "But how—"

He seemed to be pondering it aloud. "It might be done. If a minister understood about us, and the situation, and everything, he might perform a ceremony without a license. I noticed a church and a parish house on the way out—the least we can do is ask."

I was pleased and touched and a little surprised. My feeling for Dave amounted to hero-worship, but if I had admitted to one fault in him, I would have said that he was self-centered. I knew that he didn't mean to be selfish, but that determination of his, that almost childish single-mindedness about getting what he wanted, often blinded him to the thoughts and the wants of others. He wasn't especially religious; his thinking of the ceremony for my sake made him doubly dear.

The Reverend Furness was understanding. Even if he hadn't been, I think Dave's persuasiveness would have overruled him. Sitting in the little old-fashioned parlor of the parish house, Dave told him about our long-deferred wedding plans, about his sudden furlough which had given us no time to think, about our forgetting that the day was a holiday. "And you see, sir," he concluded, "I have my orders to leave in the morning; there won't be time to get the license. It may be a long time before I come back, and I want to go knowing that Marianne's my wife."

"You'll be sent overseas?" Reverend Furness questioned softly. Dave nodded.

I bit my lip and fastened my eyes on the jar of peacock feathers on the mantel. Dave would be going overseas, but not as he let the minister think—into combat. And there would be time for a license in the morning. Reverend Furness turned to me. "And this is your wish, also, Miss—"

"Harvey, Marianne Harvey." I looked from the peacock feathers to him, letting him see in my eyes how much I wanted it. "Yes, oh yes! Please—"

"How old are you?"

Dave spoke quickly. "Marianne's twenty, sir, and I'm twenty-three."

That was a needless untruth. Actually, I was nineteen and Dave twenty-one, but we couldn't have known our minds more certainly if we'd been years older.

Reverend Furness rose. "I have a son over there—somewhere. I have business to attend to this afternoon, but if you wish to come back early this evening, or let me come to you—"

We left the parish house, feeling almost as light and as free as we had been when we set out from Middleton that morning. I was still a little uncomfortable over Dave's misrepresenting the circumstances so that the minister thought them more urgent than they really were, and then I reproached myself, remembering that he had done it for me. I looked up at him almost shyly. "I do feel better, Dave," I said. "Thank you."

He laughed and gave me a quick hug. "Foolish! I want those words said over us as much as you do. And tomorrow we'll do it over again—with a license."

"And with the same minister?"

"Maybe." He grinned. "We'll figure it out in the morning. Right now, I'm hungry."

I was hungry, too—we had had neither time nor thought for food all day. We went back to the hotel for an early dinner—as festive a meal as Dave and the dining room hostess could manage in a hurry. There was a great bowl of cut flowers on the table; the cook outdid himself on chicken Maryland, and he took the trouble to cut our ice cream in the shape of a bridal shoe. There was even champagne, a small bottle presented by the desk clerk, who confided that he had been saving it for a special occasion.

IT DOESN'T sound attractive—being married in a hotel room, without music or flowers, without your family and friends to wish you well. But I still think, after two years, after the heartbreak and the tangled events that followed, that it was the most beautiful wedding anyone ever had. Reverend Furness came just after sunset, when the sky was that strange, tender blue that comes when daylight fades; there was a tree outside our window, and above the dark lacework of its leaves a single bright star hung. And there was music, after all—not the grand, rolling notes of an organ, but the sweet, sleepy chirp of birds at evening.

I made a quick, involuntary objection when Dave went to turn on the light, and Reverend Furness, with an understanding smile at me, stopped him. "I have read this service before," he said. "I hardly need the book."

I loved him for it, and for saying, as he crossed the room, "After all, there is no better altar than an open window."

It was the altar before which we were married—that window looking out upon a part of the world which was still at peace and the serene sky.

Continued on page 58

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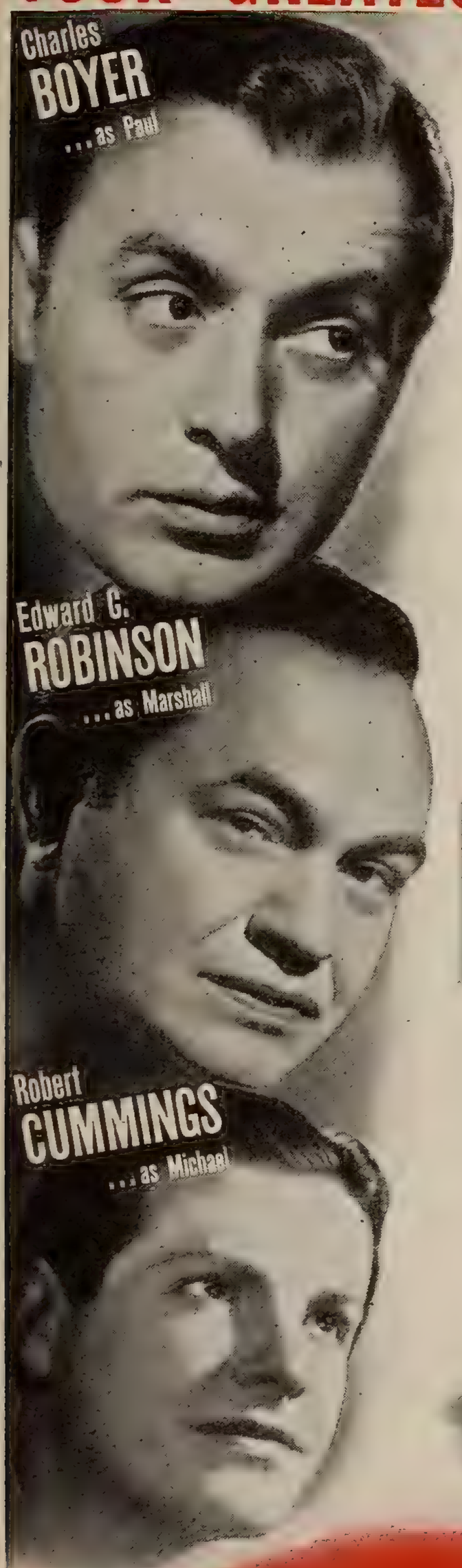

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Without precedent . . .
Beyond compare. A drama of love...
of hate...of terror...of volcanic emotion
...Unfolding with all the terrifying
realness of your own life . . .

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starring in the order of their appearance

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with EDGAR BARRIER

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C. AUBREY SMITH
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A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

NOMINATED AS THE PICTURE TO BE SEEN TWICE!

"He said something about soft, adorable hands—and I think time and my heart stood still when he took my hand in his."

Get These New Benefits For Busy Hands

Give your busy hands *new* benefits—the kind that will help them to become adorably smooth and tempting to romance. It's so easy with the new Campana Cream Balm.

Lusciously creamy and smooth, this new creation of the famous Campana Laboratories contains *lanolin*—to help prevent skin dryness. Scientists have found that lanolin is the substance that most nearly duplicates the functions of the natural oils of the skin.

Campana Cream Balm

You can distinguish the new Campana Cream Balm by its pure white color and distinctive yellow and white carton. Sold by drug, department and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.

Campana Laboratories also produce the Original CAMPANA BALM in the green and white package.

R M

Continued from page 56

The birds' chirpings were grace notes to the deeper, solemn tones of the minister. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God—"

Dave's hand trembled as it brushed mine, and his voice broke as he repeated the simple words, "I, David, take thee, Marianne, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward—"

From this day forward. The phrase lingered in my mind, prophetic, reassuring. I was no longer Marianne Harvey, but Marianne Knowles, Dave's wife, in the sight of God, if not by law, into eternity.

Then the ring was on my finger, and the minister was joining our hands. The familiar words took on a special, deeper meaning—"Those whom God hath joined—"

It was a real wedding. After Reverend Furness had gone, Dave and I stood a moment, not speaking, feeling holiness in the room, holding to the moment and all that it had given us.

I AWOKE later that night remembering the ceremony, thinking about it. I was Dave's and Dave was mine completely, irrevocably, and from that day everything would be different. I felt different. The stars through the window were very high and far away; looking at them, lying close to the long, lean length of Dave, I felt very small—and secure. It was a new feeling for me, who had been so often afraid, uncertain of so many things. I was Dave's now, part of his flesh, part of his strength and courage. "Dave," I whispered, "I'm not afraid any more."

He didn't hear the words. I hadn't meant him to hear them. But he heard the sound, and he turned to me, brushing my face with his lips, drawing me closer into the circle of his arms.

I should have realized that I would also be a part of the violence and the drama that was Dave's life. I was awakened rudely in the morning—Dave's hand was on my shoulder, shaking me imperatively. As I blinked sleep from my eyes, I saw that his other hand held the telephone. "The seven forty-five," he was saying, as if repeating a direction. "Thanks, Lenny. Want to talk to my bride?" He thrust the 'phone at me.

It was Lenny Hill, the boy who had flown with Dave when we'd all been in Middleton High, and who was still flying with him, in the Air Transport Command. "You'll hate me, Marianne," he said, "but I'm taking your husband away. The Army wants him for special duty—they've been trying to reach him in Middleton. Stanford's farther, and he'll have to hop to make it. Don't cry, honey—the sooner he leaves, the sooner he'll come back to you."

I didn't have time to cry. Lenny hung up, having wished me happiness as an afterthought. "Good old Lenny," said Dave. "He even looked up trains. Got to make the seven-forty-five. Hurry, if you want to drive me down." Helpfully, he tossed my shoes at me.

I dressed and packed while Dave went downstairs to check us out. There was no real need for me to hurry about leaving the hotel, since I would drive his car back to Middleton, but I didn't want to go back to the room if Dave wouldn't be there. We had a moment on the station platform, a moment in which to stop and look at each other and to realize what had happened to us. Dave's face was strained, and so unhappy that it frightened me. "Honey, I'm sorry—" he began huskily.

I put my hand on his arm. "Dave! I'm not."

He looked at me without speaking, and his face smoothed, and the smile came back to his eyes. "I'm not, either, about last night. But—we should have got to the courthouse."

WE WILL when you come back." It was strange that I should be reassuring Dave.

"It'll be soon," he promised. "After recalling me like this, they'll give me another leave, and a long one."

I didn't think that I'd cry. I didn't feel like crying until he kissed me goodbye. It was a hard, hurting kiss, and it touched off a deeper hurt inside. The tears started, and my arms tightened convulsively on his shoulders. "Brave girl," he whispered, and as he swung himself aboard the train, I saw that his eyes, too, were wet.

It wasn't an easy parting for me, but I had prepared myself to see him leave that afternoon, and I had done other things that were harder. Besides, there were already little things to do for him, ordinary, every-day things that made me feel—well, wifely. I was to drive his car back to Middleton,

Continued on page 60

Bernadine Flynn, Sade of Vic and Sade, has turned newscaster and is heard Monday through Friday, with Durward Kirby, 1:30 P.M., CBS

As Smooth as a Waltz

The full, fine flavor of Schlitz is loved all the more because it is neither harsh nor bitter. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, America's most distinguished brew achieves the smoothness so greatly desired by those who want fine beer without bitterness.

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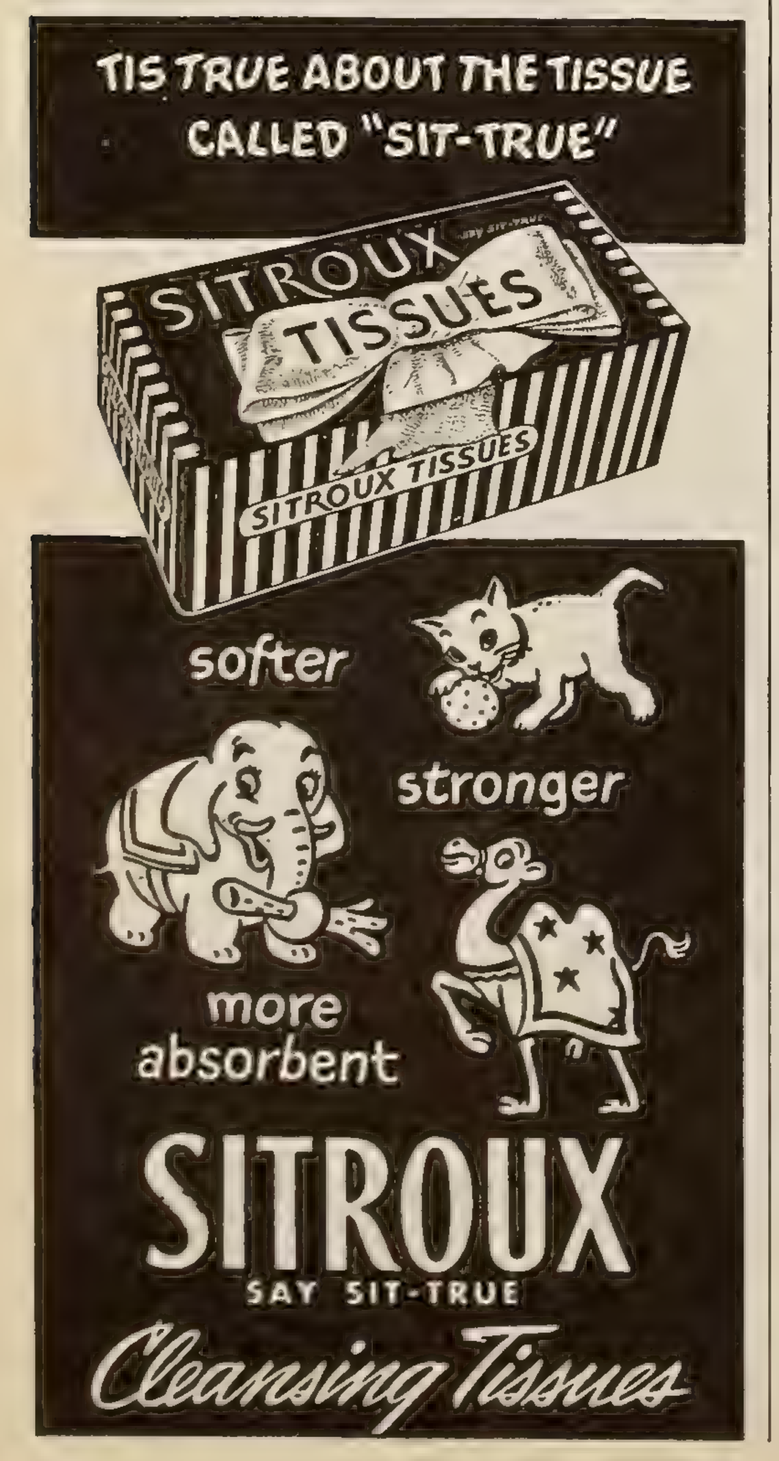
JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

RM



Continued from page 58

and leave it in the garage and see that it was cleaned and properly stored. He had given me money, asking me to open a joint account for us.

When I reached home, I didn't tell my mother that Dave and I hadn't been legally married. She asked if we'd had trouble getting the license on a holiday, and I gave her a partial truth—I told her that Dave had taken care of it. I went back to work as Mrs. David Knowles. Dave wrote regularly, and the money he sent I put into our bank account.

THERE is a special kind of happiness in first love—a magic, unalloyed happiness that comes only once, before you have had real trouble, before you learn that struggles won and disappointments overcome must be present to make your happiness strong and lasting. I moved in a lovely dream in those weeks of waiting for Dave, never doubting that he would return. His job was dangerous, but he had always lived with danger; it was part of him and it would not harm him. As for me—there must be other women like me, many of them, and for each one the end of all roads is in the arms of the man she loves. I belonged to Dave; my life was fixed to his star. Everything else was subordinate.

We were very sure, Dave and I, sure of ourselves, sure of the future, and at a time when no one was sure of what the next day would bring. Toward the end of October, when I knew that I was going to have his child, I felt that all I had ever wanted of life had been granted me. I kept my secret for a while, hugging it to me, dreaming over it, and then I wrote to Dave. As I wrote, I tried to picture his face when he read the lines, the way his eyes would shine, the way delight would tug at his mouth—even though I wasn't sure he'd get the letter. His last letter had said that he might surprise me on Hallowe'en; he might even now be on his way home.

Hallowe'en passed, and the pasteboard pumpkins in store windows were replaced by turkeys, and the turkeys gave way to the red and green of Christmas wreaths. I welcomed the passing of each day, serenely confident that the next would bring my husband home. Wherever he was, he was safe and on his way to me.

I came home from work one snowy afternoon in December to find Lenny Hill waiting on the porch, stamping and swinging his arms in the cold. I recognized him from the walk, and I ran forward, my heart seeming to race ahead of me. Lenny and Dave usually managed to stay together; if Lenny had reached Middleton, surely Dave was on the way. "Lenny!" I cried. "Isn't Mother home? Why didn't you call me at the office—"

And then I saw his face, his funny, freckled, snub-nosed face that had always looked fifteen. It looked fifty now.

I stared at him, disbelieving what I saw. "Dave?" I questioned finally, incredulously.

Slowly he raised his eyes to meet mine. "Torpedoed," he said, "on his way home. They—they've given up trying to find him, Marianne."

And so Marianne's life with Dave is over almost before it had begun, and she must face the complications of her life alone. Can she find peace, perhaps even happiness, in the unknown future? Read the gripping second instalment of this exciting new serial in

January RADIO MIRROR

Soldier's Wife

Continued from page 49

rushed over me now until it blotted out everything.

For the next day and the next, I lived under a sword of Damocles. News of Jim's coming spread fast. Comparative strangers stopped me on the street to say how glad they were. Friends called constantly. The newspaper wanted an interview as soon as he was strong enough. And everybody said, "You must be just about out of your mind with joy. You must be just counting the minutes."

Yes, counting the minutes while what should have been the supreme happiness of my life was turned into a threat against the one I loved. What a travesty of homecoming!

I went to see Avis at the hospital Saturday afternoon.

Her face was still drawn and white, but there was a new quality of serenity about it. I couldn't understand it. She motioned me to sit beside her on the bed.

"I've given you—a lot of trouble," she said. "I'm sorry, Connie."

"Don't think about it. It's all over now, dear."

"Yes, it's over." She closed her eyes a moment as if shutting out the memory. When she looked at me again, it was as if she saw beyond me, beyond the hospital room, into a place where I couldn't see at all. "You get a lot of time to think in a place like this—more, I guess, than I've ever had before. Lying here, I've gotten a good look at myself—like looking at a movie—and the picture I've been seeing isn't very pretty. But then—" and she gave a faint echo of her old smile—"let's not talk about me. It's wonderful Jim is coming—simply wonderful! You know, I used to think you were silly, to spend your life just sitting there waiting. But you were more right than I was."

"No, I wasn't," I said miserably. "I made mistakes, too—horrible mistakes. Carl thinks he's in love with me and I—well, I suppose I sort of wanted him to be for a while, and now he won't take no for an answer and—"

"And you're afraid Jim will find out."

PUTTING it into words made me feel more wretched. I got up and walked over to the window. "You see—I've never had to hide anything from Jim before and I won't be very good at it. He'll *feel* something's wrong and he'll think—heaven knows what he'll think. It's the sort of thing that trying to explain makes you look guiltier than ever. It isn't that Jim doesn't trust me—I know he does—but he's coming home after months of hell, sick and weak and needing everything to be as it was, and it won't be . . . Oh, Avis, I

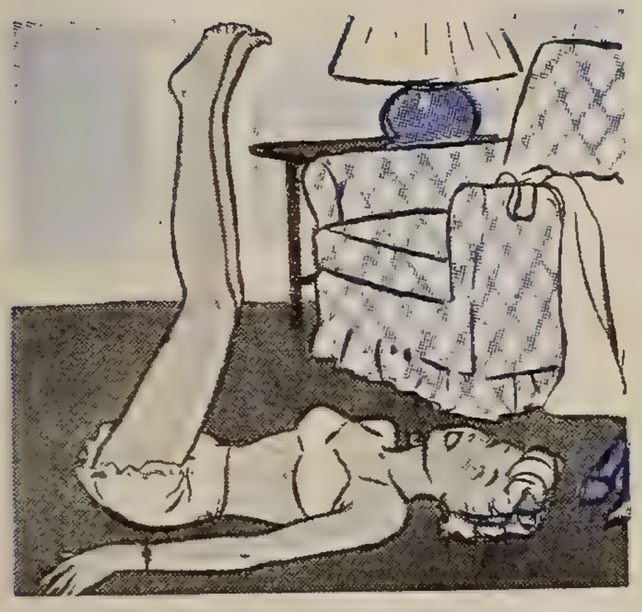
Continued on page 62

Quiz for Women Absentees
who can't keep going on "problem days"

Do's and don'ts to help you feel better and stay on the job!

A WAR PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX *that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days". She asked "Can you help these women — and a million like them?"*

We take pride in being able to bring you this authoritative information on how to feel better and stay on the job. It's especially important now, when there's no time for lost days. And we take pride, too, that more women choose Kotex sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!*



Do you exercise for cramps? Setting-ups can be worth their weight in hot-water bottles to relieve cramps and congestion (help posture and beauty, too). For complete directions get the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Free with compliments of Kotex.

Do you lift like this? This is the dangerous way! There's a knack in avoiding strain. Bend knees, keep back straight, tummy in. Get close to object, under it if possible. Lift up, parallel with body. In carrying, divide weight evenly or shift from left to right.

Do you get your feet wet? Avoid wet feet . . . chills . . . catching cold . . . at this time of the month, especially! When you have a stormy-weather date, you needn't take a rain check if you remember to wear your rubbers and carry an umbrella.

Do you take showers? Put warm showers on your "Do" list (not cold, not hot). That goes for tub or sponge baths, too. Luke-warm water's not only relaxing . . . it's a daily "must." At this time, particularly, perspiration glands work overtime!

Do you get plenty of sleep? Sleep, sister, sleep . . . at least 8 hours. Plenty of shut-eye is important, not only now but every night. And after a hard day's work, stretch—yawn—relax—when you turn in. It helps "unknot" tense muscles.

What about cocktails? Too much stimulation is bad for a working girl at any time. "High" today means low tomorrow. (Nature drives a hard bargain). And on "problem days," especially, that logey, let-down feeling is just what a woman should avoid.

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

TO WAR PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS

We'll gladly send you (without charge) a quantity of the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again" for distribution to your women workers. Please specify the number you require.

Also available, at no cost to you—a new manual, "Every Minute Counts." It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes. In addition, specify whether you want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to:

Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

FREE! Send for it today—

Just off the press—easy-to-read, 24-page booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Gives the *complete* list of do's and don'ts for a war worker's "problem days." How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to pin your Kotex pad for greater comfort. To get your copy with the compliments of Kotex, mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MW-12, Chicago 54, Illinois.

R
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FOR THAT COLD-

ANTIPHLOGISTINE!

If you have a chest cold — do what millions are doing. Get **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** and apply it at once, comfortably hot!

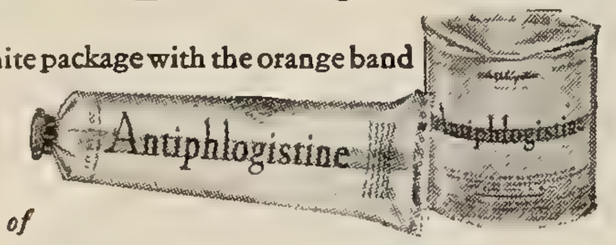
You help yourself to immediate relief. You help ease those disturbing cold symptoms—cough, tightness of the chest, soreness of the throat due to a cold.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE is a ready-to-use medicated poultice. It maintains Moist Heat for many hours. This Moist Heat helps speed recovery—makes you *feel better fast.*

For best results apply **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** promptly.

Antiphlogistine

The white package with the orange band



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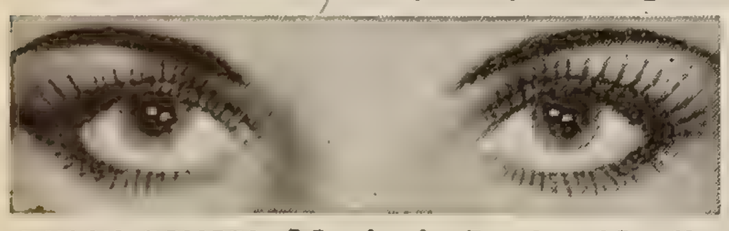
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES

Continued from page 60

don't know what to do."

"At least," she said slowly, "you didn't lose your head as I did. You haven't got to tell him what I've got to tell Jack." At the question in my eyes, she nodded. "Yes, I've decided. As soon as I get out of here, I'm going to him. I'm going to tell him the whole thing."

"But honey—"

"I've got to. If he'll take me back, then I'll be happier than I ever deserved to be. If he doesn't—well, I'll start over somewhere all by myself. I can do it now." She looked at me with that calm, serene gaze and I, too, knew she could. "Something happened when I—nearly went out that window. I was through with life because the one I had was ruined. You can't be like that. You've got to have the courage to take what's coming to you and start over. And that's what I'm going to do—either with Jack or with myself."

"What about Alec?" I asked softly.

"He wants to marry me now. It's strange, isn't it—when a month ago that would have made me so happy. But I told him what I just told you . . . I can't put it into words very well, Connie, but it's as if I were taking the excitement Alec made me feel as people take marijuana, like a kind of drug that makes you forget yourself and what's wrong with your life. And then you get to be an addict and you can't stop . . ."

Again, I felt sorrier for Alec Holden than for Avis. Out of anguish and tragedy, she had discovered herself. She might never find easy happiness again—too many people had been hurt for that—but she had found strength.

"You've found your way," I said softly. "You're brave enough to tell Jack and ask him to take you back. Whether he does or not, you'll be all right—inside. And that's what counts."

"Yes, only—dear God, let him take me back . . ." Then she smiled at me and whispered, "You'll be all right, too, honey. You'll see."

I wished that I could be so sure. For in my way, I had been an addict like Avis, seeking forgetfulness any way I could, and Carl was right when he said I'd used him. How could I make up for that without letting Jim know the truth? Would I have to pay for it at the cost of Jim's happiness and my own? I was suffering enough in recognizing the claim Carl had on me, and his right to it. I couldn't suffer the final penalty of losing Jim when I'd just got him back—losing his faith in our marriage and his trust in me. I couldn't . . . I couldn't. . . .

That night with Carl remains in my mind like an old phonograph record played over and over. We said the same words till they seemed to lose all meaning and become just sounds. But I had to keep on saying them, even though they never got anywhere, because I had to make him see. I had to make him free me.

"I can't let you go," he repeated. "I love you too much."

"But you must! I've told you: I love Jim."

"I don't believe it. You only feel sorry for him. You can't say you don't love me—not after the way you've turned to me when you were in trouble. And not," his voice quickened into urgency, "—after that kiss."

"I've told you," I pleaded, "I was lonely and lost. I was desperately unhappy. And out of that, I let you think I might love you—because I let myself think so. Oh, Carl—I've hurt you and I'll have that knowledge all my life. But let *me* suffer for it. Don't make Jim suffer, too!"

"What about my suffering? Don't you know you've put me in hell, wanting you, loving you?" He pulled me roughly to him. "I can't let you go to another man's arms, no matter what you say—without fighting for you. I can't."

"You can't *make* me love you," I cried. I backed away from his encir-

Continued on page 64

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FAST 3-WAY RELIEF FROM COLD DISTRESS

Continued from page 62

cling arms and sank down into the chair. "You're only hurting someone who's done nothing to deserve it—except to go and fight for his country."

"You should have thought of him before," he said harshly. "It's a little late to bring Jim in now."

It was hopeless, hopeless. I turned from him and beat my clenched fists against my knee, in mute protest.

And suddenly I saw another girl, doing just that. I saw the look on her face, like the trapped animal who has no way to turn. I saw the window where she'd sought one path of escape and heard that scream of almost unendurable pain . . . And then I heard that same voice, vibrant with wisdom and with courage, saying, *You have to take what's coming to you and start over.*

I looked up at Carl standing there with all he was feeling bared on his face—the passionate will and the passionate longing. I drew a deep breath.

"All right," I said quietly. "We'll tell Jim the truth. We'll tell him tomorrow—right after he comes. You'll tell him that you love me and that I knew it and never denied loving you. And then *I'll* tell that I love him and always have—only I didn't know it for a while. And then we'll see—what he says."

For just a second, his eyes wavered. "You mean, right after he comes?"

"Yes. So there won't be any false pretenses. So he won't feel so betrayed—afterwards. People say, 'the kindest use a knife.' That's what I'm going to do. He'll know anyway and I'd rather he knew in words and from the first . . . Well? That's what you want, isn't it?"

HE GAVE a short, hard laugh. "Okay," he said. "I'll call your bluff—if you are bluffing. I'll be here tomorrow afternoon." And then he was gone.

I felt a strange, uplifted peace. I hadn't been bluffing. Avis had told me I'd find my way and I had—like hers. I knew very well what I faced. Jim would be shocked and shaken, but it would be less cruel than having him find out, more slowly, later, piecing it all together. If it ruined his faith in me, if he didn't want to go on, then I'd know. And I'd do what Avis would do: somehow find the strength to build my life alone. It was better than living a coward's half-lie with him. And Carl would know, too, in the only way I could make him believe it, that I loved Jim above happiness, above life itself.

The peace did not desert me, and I even slept that night. And in the morning, as I dressed to go to the train, I think I felt the calm of a condemned man who knows, in his heart, he is paying for what he has done.

Only once did I weaken, and that was when I took a last look around the apartment to see that everything was ready and welcoming—our little apartment that once had been home and now had been empty for so long. As I touched the things we'd bought together, the bronze bowl on the table, the big chair Jim loved, I had one frantic rush of terror. "I can't go through with it. I can't bear not being here with Jim." And panic-stricken, I prayed for the last minute reprieve. But I knew there wasn't any. I'd made the only choice there was. I went out quietly and closed the door.

At the station, Mom and Cissie were

**MORE WAR BONDS—
SPEEDIER VICTORY**

waiting for me. I think they'd been there for hours. With rare generosity, Mom had said, "We'll all meet him, but then you take him home alone, Connie. You have him the first day—I'll wait for the next."

Cissie was incoherent with excitement. "Oh, I can't wait! I'll die—I know it. Connie, how *can* you be so calm?"

I couldn't tell her it was the calm of resignation. Nor that it was the only thing that kept me from an hysteria far worse than hers . . .

I heard my name called. "Mrs. Constance Ruell—Mrs. Constance Ruell." We whirled around. A telegraph boy was threading his way through the crowd.

I called him. With icy fingers I tore open the yellow envelope. I read the message at a gulp. *You win. I can't go through with it because you really love the guy. Best luck—always. Carl.*

The train whistle half drowned out Mom's question. "It's from Carl Haggard," I shouted as we pushed toward the gate. "It's—just congratulations."

AND then the train was slowing to a stop and the doors were opening and the white-coated porter was helping someone down the steps. And then I saw him—tall and tanned and tired. But Jim. And I was running, blindly, with the tears streaming down my face—running straight into those outstretched arms, and thinking, "I'm the one—not Jim—who has come home."

He's still with me. He's recovering fast and, thank God, he won't be disabled. He'll be leaving soon again—where, we don't know—for he is still in the service, still able to be of use. But this time when he goes, it will be different.

I'll still have my job, but that will be different because I'll be trying to learn things in the office to help me with the Nurse's Aide course I'm going to take. You see, I've learned I want to be useful, not just fill in my time and earn some money. Alec Holden is still there, subdued and older-looking, and I still feel sorry for him because he will never change.

And I'll go back to the USO, but that will be different, too. Now I can understand what I can give those boys and, through them, the women at home.

Jim sits in his favorite chair and looks at me and says I'm prettier than I used to be. And I laugh and say, "That's because I love you more." That's true, and he knows it.

I've never seen Carl again. The guilt of what I did to him will always be on my conscience, for he was deeply hurt, but I hope some day I'll meet him again and he will say he's forgiven it and forgotten it.

There was a letter from Avis the other day. "Jack is wonderful," she wrote. "He understands. He wants me with him. It's unbelievable, but it's true. God bless you, Connie . . ."

Yes, God bless us all—all us soldiers' wives who must be left behind. For we have our fight too, as surely as the men fighting for us. We have to fight to do what Dr. Rudd said that day in the office, to keep from rushing around to fill up the emptiness instead of figuring out what we've got to give. And maybe that's the hardest fight of all, I don't know. But it's the only way we'll win. Or keep the faith.

The End

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Penthouse Heaven

That's where servicemen go Sunday nights —it's the home of radio's Lester Damon

By NORTON RUSSELL

SUNDAY evenings Lester and Ginger Damon are at home to servicemen. Boys in khaki, drab and blue stream through their penthouse's open door. Officers one week, enlisted men the week following. The parties, however, are always wonderfully similar. There are nice girls for the boys to dance with and talk to. There's a buffet table laden with good things to eat and drink. There's a recording machine and stacks of blank records because it's such fun to make recordings. There's a terrace under the soft starlight where everybody sings. . . .

"It was," Ginger Damon says, "Lester's recording machine that let us in on this Sunday evening fun. . . . "

Ginger leaps from one conversational peak to another. Lester explains. "Originally," he explained in this instance, beaming at her the while, "the Sunday night parties for servicemen were Everett Crosby's idea. He does the broadcasts OWI beams to the boys overseas. He and his wife have the other roof apartment just across the hall. They began asking a few boys in Sunday evenings. The boys brought their buddies. . . . So, deciding finally if it was going to be Christmas let it be Christmas, the Crosbys set every Sunday evening aside for as many boys as they could accommodate. When they needed more room they asked if it would disturb us if they left their door open and the boys danced in the hall. Ginger had a better idea. She opened our door too."

Recently, however, in spite of the large area the Damon and Crosby penthouses, terraces, and adjoining hall provide, many requests for invitations have to be refused every week. The boys mob the Service Desk at a certain hotel to get the little pasteboards on which "Introducing Sergeant So and So" is centered and the Damon-Crosby address together with Sunday, 7-11, appears below.

It all began for Ginger and Lester several years ago in Chicago when she called him on the telephone. They had played together in several radio shows and from the first day she saw him he was a challenge to her. She couldn't understand why anyone with his success should look so dour.

She telephoned him from a drug store. "This is Ginger Jones," she said. "If you were me would you go to New York to do a radio show?"

"It depends," he said, "upon what show it is and who directs it." Then he asked her where she was and exacted a promise from her to remain there until he could join her.

"You are an innocent," she told him when he arrived. "Making me promise to wait here for you. Nothing short of an explosion could have removed me from this spot once I heard you were coming over. The purpose of my telephone call actually was to get you across a table from me—*like this.*"

"It would all be very wonderful," he said, "if I could only believe you."

"You can—absolutely!" she insisted. "You may as well hear it from me, as discover it for yourself. My life work from this day is going to be to teach you to relax and have fun."

"Sounds attractive," he said quietly. Whereupon Ginger, close enough at last to catch the twinkle in his eye, decided her life work probably wasn't going to be difficult at all.

In the end she didn't go to New York; but he did. Most week-ends, however, if he didn't fly to Chicago she flew to New York. They were in New York when he proposed. . . .

The subway train on which they were bound to a matinee of "Louisiana Purchase" roared into Times Square. But she held him down with both hands.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said. "The romantic mood you've been in for the last three minutes is, in fact, marvellously right. However, I know how quickly a mood can change. Just getting off this train could ruin it! So we're going to stay on this train until you finish what you started and propose to me."

"We'll miss the matinee," he warned.

"That doesn't matter in the least," she said. And at the next station she pinned him down with both hands a second time.

Their train eventually reached the end of the line. The motorman eyed them curiously. "Darling," Ginger said quite loudly, "don't be so self-conscious. He's seen lovers before. More ardent lovers, no doubt!"

The motorman grinned and Lester's flush deepened, but as soon as the train got underway again he said, "Miss Jones, will you do me the honor to be my wife?"

"I will," she promised promptly, "as soon as I can find the beige dress I've decided upon for our wedding. It shouldn't take me more than a day."

"Fortunately," he murmured, "I've never been partial to indefinite women. . . ."

Far too late for any matinee when they reached midtown again, they went to a cocktail lounge instead. En route in the cab Ginger got her ring, the gold seal ring Lester wore on his little finger.

"I'm so happy," she sighed. "But it's just as I always knew it was. . . . Happiness is no self-starter. God helps those who help themselves."

They were married at high noon and at four o'clock they sailed for a honeymoon in Haiti. Lester's dog was on the pier to see them off. "Someone has to cry for us," Lester said. "And we know practically no one this side of Chicago. . . ."

WHAT we appear to need is additional room," Lester told her upon their return to Manhattan. "You, Pooch and I don't seem to fit too well into the quarters which belonged to my dear-beyond-recall bachelor days."

Whereupon they moved to a penthouse. There the pooch would have a terrace to lie in the sun. There Ginger could grow a Victory Garden of beans, tomatoes, parsley and chives in boxes and pots painted, appropriately, red, white and blue. There Lester would have room for a bigger and better recording machine.

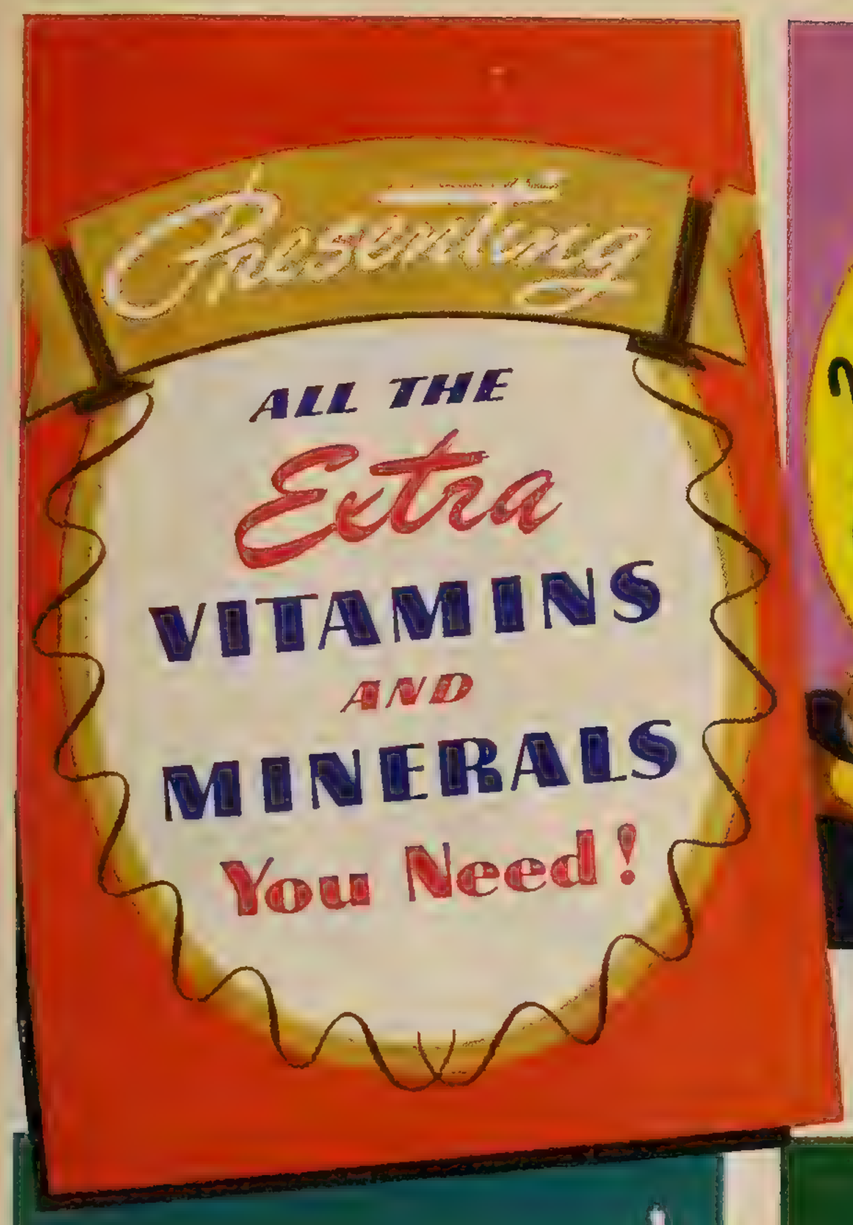
"It's nice for Pooch," Lester said one evening.

"It's nice for us, too," Ginger said.

"*When we're home,*" he grinned.

They're not home much. They are too busy in radio. Les, Nick Charles in The Thin Man (CBS), is also in NBC's Portia Faces Life, Light of the World, and The Right to Happiness, and Ginger graces the cast of A Woman of America (NBC).

Two nights a week Lester's stage manager at the Stage Door Canteen, where he puts Broadway headliners through their paces for the entertainment of the boys. Two nights a week Ginger is Junior Hostess there. Several days a week she also works as a Nurse's Aide at Beth Israel Hospital, where she was capped. And the Sunday evenings have to be carefully planned in advance; records have to be ordered, girls have to be invited, menus have to be decided upon. It takes considerable effort to turn a penthouse into Heaven. And, of course, the delicious, delightful madness of the Damons, too.



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In cold print, the trio sounds like a weird combination—a violin, a harp and a Hammond organ. Before you allow yourself to become skeptical, though, listen to it. Or better still, listen to some jitterbug's ecstatic ravings. What comes out is swing.

Johnny's musical career began very early in life. He was the youngest student ever admitted to the Moscow Conservatory—just seven years old. He was an honor student and, by the time he was ten, he was accompanying his father, who was an opera and concert singer. And, when Papa Gart was signed up for a concert tour of the United States, Johnny was part of the contract.

Unfortunately, no sooner had they got here than the elder Gart was seriously hurt in an accident and Johnny was on his own. He was sixteen then, but that wasn't too young for him to land a job as an organist in a Loew's theatre. A year later, he was appointed musical director and chief organist of the entire Loew's theatre chain.

In the next eleven years, Johnny held down this job as well as directing the orchestras of several musical shows on Broadway. That gave him the idea of forming his own dance band, which he promptly did.

One thing at a time was never Johnny's way. While he was building his band into a top flight attraction, Johnny was also doing a bit of radio work. It wasn't long before his engagements on the major networks kept him so busy that he gave up the dance business to devote himself entirely to radio.

Johnny plays many instruments besides the Hammond organ. He plays the novachord, the piano and the electric guitar. But he likes the organ best of all and can imitate almost any instrument in an orchestra on the organ. He's by way of being a composer, too, having written a Concerto for Accordion and Piano, a piece called "Shadow Boxing," dedicated to Jimmy Braddock, and the theme of the Eleanor Roosevelt program, "Our Lady," for which program he also supplied the musical background.

There is probably a little Cossack somewhere in Johnny's background, because practically his only interest besides his music is horses—not the racing or betting kind of interest, either. He rides regularly.

Goodbye Is Not Forever

Continued from page 21

of the house facing the street. One change led to another, and by the time the workmen had all packed up their tools and left we had a house that had been redecorated inside and out, from top to bottom.

I say "we," but I was the one who did the planning and saw my ideas carried out. "I'm a doctor, not an architect or interior decorator," Ray said good-humoredly. "You go ahead and do what you like with the old place, and I know it'll be good."

Oh, I thought, I was lucky, lucky! I had a husband who adored me, a home that would be lovely when I'd finished with it, a perfect life. I went a little drunk with the knowledge, I guess, because when the bills came in Ray whistled with the nearest approach to shocked surprise I'd ever seen in him.

"Gosh!" he said. "Things *do* cost money, don't they?"

I rubbed my cheek against his shoulder. "Ye-e-es," I admitted. "Sort of. But it's really a good investment, dear. A doctor needs a nice place to live, you know."

HE LOOKED down at me. "You like *things*, don't you?"

"Things?" I asked, puzzled. "Oh, you mean a pretty house and good furniture and so on. Of course I do—don't you?"

"Not much," he said. "They have a way of tying you down—and I was never very good at being tied down."

"Oh, you're so restless," I said impatiently—but not in anger, because I couldn't believe he really meant all he was saying. "Why do you work so hard, if you don't want to have a good house and money in the bank and—and security?"

"For the fun of working," he answered. "An easy job's a dull job—and when a job gets dull it's time to start looking for a harder one. That's why I want to quit some day and study and then specialize."

It always made me uneasy when he talked like this—not that he did, very often—and I reached up and kissed him. "I've bought all the new things and made all the changes I'm going to," I promised. "From now on, not another rug, not another coat of paint!"

Ray laughed. "You're so cute when you set your chin and bob your head like that." He seized me and whirled me into his arms, burying his face in the hollow of my throat, kissing it again and again.

I did try to spend as little as possible, after that, but it wasn't easy, and gradually I slipped back into the habit of knowing that my husband was prosperous and indulgent. And besides, I reminded myself, if I was extravagant, so was he! He was still an easy prey for any medical or surgical supply catalogue with something new and shiny in the way of gadgets.

It was so wonderful to feel, for the first time in my life, that I needn't count every penny! Wonderful to give Mama clothes of a kind she'd never owned before, to buy other clothes for myself, to decide with Ray that we needed a new car!

Our first year slipped by, and our second, most of our third. December, 1938, Mama caught a bad cold which developed in a few days into pneumonia. Ray did his best, but he couldn't save her. For the three years since Papa's death she had lived quietly with us, never intruding, missing Papa but not making a point of it, finding her pleasure in my happiness and in the way we had improved the house. Now, just as quietly, she stopped living.

Her going made little difference in our lives. They went on being as pleasant and uneventful as before—for a while, surrounded by material things, I was happy. I thought vaguely that soon we should have a child—but we were young, there was no hurry. Meanwhile, we had each other. If Ray occasionally was abstracted and thoughtful, not at all like his usual exuberant self—why, maybe he was working a little too hard, and I would bring him comfort and rest with my kisses.

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Sally Barclay

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This November, Sally Barclay and the thousands of other girls who are wearing the Coast Guard's silver shield are celebrating the first anniversary of the SPARS. Sally is a Carpenter's Mate Third Class in the Engineering Division and does drafting work in connection with design and repair of ships. The man whose job she's filling is now fighting at sea. Her shipmates are filling jobs essential to victory, too—gunner's mates, radiomen, pharmacist's mates, laboratory technicians, cooks and bakers, drivers, storekeepers. There's a place for *you* in the SPARS if you're an American citizen, between 20 and 36, physically fit, and with at least two years of business or high school. For full information, fill out this coupon and send it to RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

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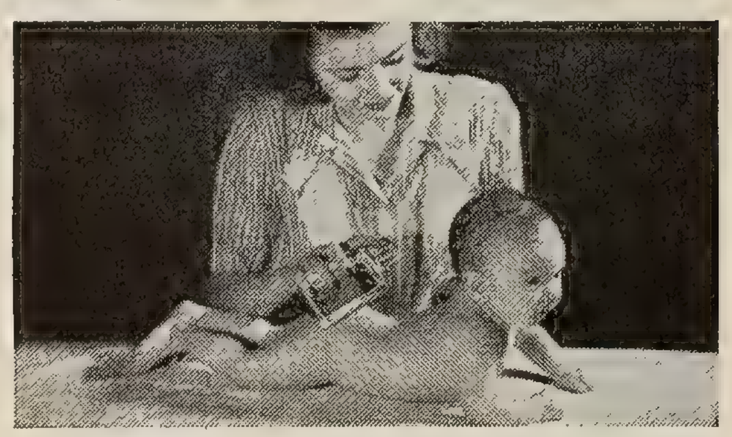
These vital questions *about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:*

QUESTION: ***"Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"***

ANSWER: Over 95% of physicians said *yes.* Hospitals advise the same (almost all hospitals use *Mennen* Oil—because it's *antiseptic).*



QUESTION: ***"Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"***

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—*antiseptic* oil helps protect skin against germs).

QUESTION: ***"Should oil be used after every diaper change?"***

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes. (Antiseptic* oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of *germs* in contact with wet diapers).

QUESTION: ***"Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"***

ANSWER: Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.

ANSWER: 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be *antiseptic.* Only one widely-sold baby oil *is* antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also *gentlest,* keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the *best* for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

the warm Sunday afternoon in spring when Ray spoke again of his wish to give up his practice and specialize—spoke of it, this time, not as something for the indefinite future, but as something he wanted to do now—next month, next week, tomorrow.

"Everything's too easy," he said. "I've learned as much as I ever can as a general practitioner, and it's time to make the change. Three years isn't so very long, and even if we *are* a little pinched for money it'll give us a chance to get out, live in a big city, meet new people— You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

No, I thought, I'd hate it. We were safe here. We had everything my father and mother had struggled for and never achieved. If we gave it up, there was no assurance we'd ever get it back again.

He was too full of his new project to notice my silence, and he went on talking, trying to infect me with his enthusiasm. But I was cold and numb with fear. Never until now had I faced the truth that Ray was serious about this. I hadn't permitted myself to face it; I'd been too ready to think it was all restless man-talk, dreams.

AND at last he stopped. He stood in front of me, looking down at where I sat with my head bent.

"You don't want to," he said in a dead voice. "You want to stay right here, in Malverne, all your life."

"But why not, Ray?" I cried. "We're happy here. We have a nice home—"

"Oh, it's nice!" he broke in bitterly. "It ought to be— We spent money on it we should have saved to carry us through in comfort while I studied!"

"If you needed the money so badly," I said, "you shouldn't have let me spend it. I didn't know . . ."

"You *did* know! Long ago, even before we were married, I told you that some day I'd want to give up the practice here. Did you think I was just talking to hear myself talk? And as for letting you spend it, it's never been easy for me to refuse you anything—and I suspect you know it."

"Ray, that's not fair!" I said hotly. "If you'd really told me—if we'd ever really talked things over—"

"Oh, well, the money doesn't matter," he broke in impatiently. "I've managed to save a little in the last two years, and if we rent the house it will bring in enough for your clothes."

"Has it occurred to you that I might not want to rent the house?" I asked. "It's so big, the only people that would want it would be a family with children, running through it and breaking everything up—in three years they'd have it ruined!"

"Oh, Lord!" he said explosively. "Is *that* all you think about?"

"No, it isn't! If it were really necessary, if we had to move, I wouldn't

FOR A *Merry Christmas*

GIVE WAR BONDS

say a word. Even if you were really trying to better yourself . . . But you're not. You're always saying that nothing's any fun if you don't have to work hard for it, and as soon as the hard work of learning brain surgery was all over you'd be bored with it, too—you'd want something else. You'd—"

I stopped, suddenly shocked at my own loud voice, at the things I was saying, at the fury in Ray's black eyes. This was a quarrel, the first quarrel of our marriage, and it was horrible. But I couldn't let him do this insane thing—I couldn't!

At the thought I began to cry, and once started, the tears wouldn't stop. I was crying because I was afraid, because the smooth, satin texture of our life together had suddenly been ripped apart, because . . . yes, I suppose because I was selfish and spoiled. And then I felt Ray's arms holding me, felt his big hand caressing my hair.

"Don't, Penny—don't cry. I—I'll give up the idea for now. Maybe you're right. At least, I'll wait until we have more money to tide us over. Maybe it's just my restlessness. Let's not talk about it any more. And don't cry . . . don't cry."

I HAD won. We would stay. I lifted my face, and he kissed the tears away, and I told myself that probably he was secretly relieved, too, at being able to retire from what would have been a reckless gamble. Because it would have been that, and no man in his right mind could sincerely want to carry through anything so dangerous to his whole future. It had been only a gesture, a whim. Conveniently, I forgot that a whim doesn't usually stay with a person throughout three long years.

But although I had won, I had lost too. Subtly, I felt Ray's love slipping away from me, in a hundred different little ways. Once, if I wore a new dress, he would have noticed and admired; now his eyes slid over me, unseeing. Once, he'd been apt to pick up his office telephone in the middle of the afternoon and call me, simply to chatter nonsense for a minute. Now he never did. Once, I'd known that my beauty was a shrine at which he worshipped; now even when he kissed me there was a part of him that stood aside, waiting impersonally until this interlude was over—as if, instead of being one man he had become two, one who loved and one who did not.

I tried—pitifully, I guess—to win him back. I cooked the things I knew he liked to eat, I suggested picnics and fishing trips for Sundays because he loved to be out of doors. I was quiet when he wanted to read one of the medical books or journals that he brought home more and more often these days. I was careful, as I'd never been before, not to let a word of complaint slip out over the small inconveniences of being a doctor's wife. And I filled the empty hollows in my life with *things*—the things Ray had laughingly accused me of loving so much . . . clothes, the house . . . preening, yet hardly knowing why . . .

And, from being perfectly willing to wait for a child, I now longed to have one. If only we had a baby, I reasoned, Ray would forget that he

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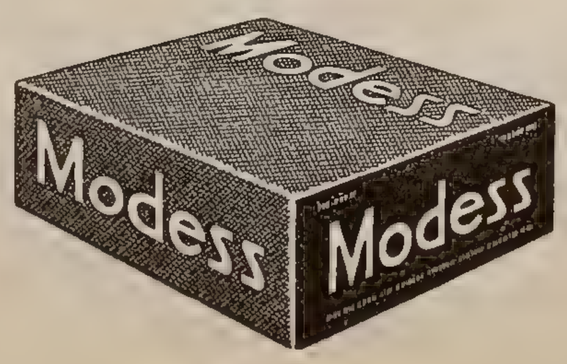

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had wanted something very much and I had kept him from having it. He would remember only that I was his wife. But one month melted into the next, and this hope too was unfulfilled.

Ironically, when at last I knew I would have a child, it was too late.

The war guns had begun to pound in Europe, but I scarcely heard them. Europe was far away, Poland was far away—this new life that was budding within me was the only reality. I waited, not daring to tell Ray until I was quite certain. He'd been more than usually moody lately, reading the newspapers and listening to broadcasts from London, Paris, Berlin, but this news would bring the old tenderness back into his eyes, the old vital excitement into his voice.

At last I was sure. I pictured how I would tell him. I'd wait until after dinner. It was late in November, and an early winter storm was frosting the bare branches of the trees with snow, so we'd have a fire on the hearth. And I'd say, "Dear, I've got some news—good news. We're going to have a baby."

Only it wasn't like that.

We had finished dinner—a dinner in which all my efforts to start a conversation had been swallowed up in silence like stones dropped into a deep well. Ray had eaten very little, and one of his surgeon's hands turned, ceaselessly, the stem of his water glass. But he'd change soon enough, I thought exultantly, when he knew.

HE RAISED his eyes. "I've got some news," he said. "I've applied for a commission in the Army Medical Corps."

I stared at him, while my own beautiful and lovely secret died within me. I couldn't answer.

"It will probably come through in a month or so," he went on. "I wasn't going to tell you until it was definite, but I decided you had a right to know."

"But—but we're not at war," I said stupidly.

"Not now, but I expect we will be eventually. Anyway, I want to go into the Army."

Suddenly, as I looked at him across the table, he began to get smaller. It was like a nightmare. He was small, and very distinct, just as if I were looking at him through the wrong end of a telescope, and his voice was far away too.

"I don't know where I'll be stationed," he was saying. "Probably nowhere you'd like to go. You can stay here—in this house," his eyes traveled around the room, in distaste, "and I'll send you enough money to keep it up, of course."

"I don't want any money," I said.

He smiled, unbelievingly, and said, "It won't be a great deal, anyway. I'm hoping for a captaincy, but of course I may not get it."

I put both hands against the edge of the table to steady myself. "Don't you want me to go with you, wherever—wherever you're sent?"

"I told you I don't think you'd like it," he said levelly.

"But don't you *want* me with you?"

"No," he told me. "No, I don't think I do."

At that, the nightmare—the optical illusion or whatever it was—ended. I could see him normally once more, and I knew why he had applied for a

Continued on page 74

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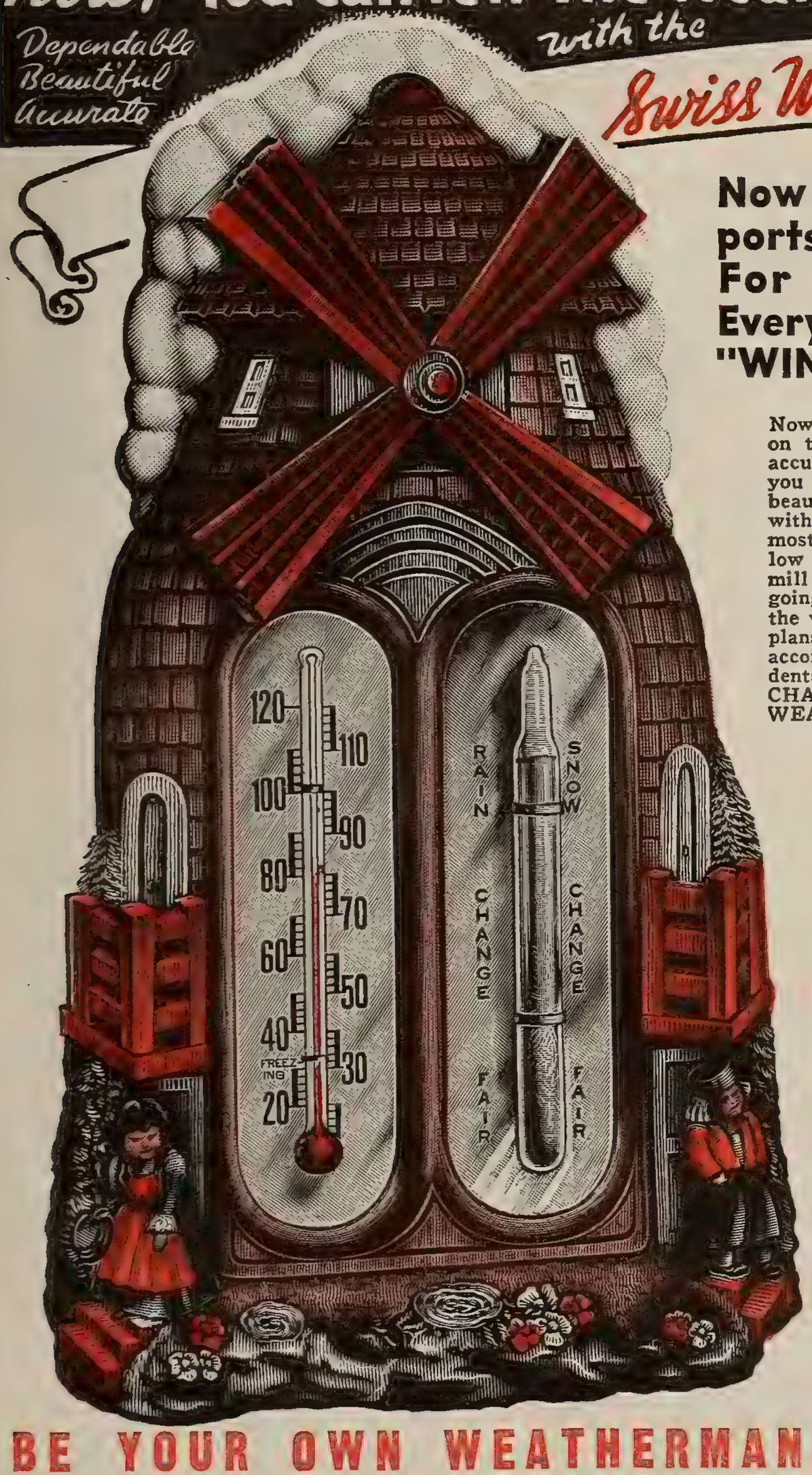

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Continued from page 72

sort of sick, vicious desire to hear him say it.

"You're tired of living with me," I said. "That's why you're going into the Army. To get away from me."

For an instant he hesitated. Then he shrugged indifferently, and in that one gesture I saw how he'd changed from the man I'd married. That man wouldn't have shrugged, couldn't have been indifferent.

"PARTLY, I guess," he said. "Funny—I can hardly believe it myself, when I think how much I loved you. I still loved you last year, when you wouldn't let me give up the practice. But I don't now . . . I used to think you were so practical, and you are. You're practical about getting the things *you* want."

I jumped to my feet, my chair making a thud against the rug as it overturned.

"If you want to go," I said, "go right now—this minute! If that's the way you feel about me, I don't want you in the house. I don't even want to see you again!"

I ran past him upstairs, not into the room we had shared, but into my mother's old one, and flung myself across the bed. I was shaking with anger. And yet perhaps it wasn't just anger. Perhaps it was humiliation, too, the awareness that I could no longer enchant Ray, that I had no power over him any more.

There was one way I could keep him with me, of course, but I wouldn't use it. I wouldn't tell him about the baby—not now, not ever. With fierce possessiveness, I thought of it as *my* baby, only mine. Ray should have no part of it. If he sent me money, I'd send it back. I would have the baby by myself, support it myself, and he'd never know. It gave me a bitter pleasure to think that I was depriving him of his child. It was my revenge for the moment when he had told me he no longer wanted to live with me.

Revenge may be ugly, but it can make you strong. It made me strong enough to lie there quietly, in my mother's old room, listening to the faint sounds Ray made as he packed his two suitcases, went down the stairs and out of the house. It sent me, dry-eyed, to bed, and kept me awake most of the night, planning and deciding. And in the weeks and months that followed it brought me a new way of life—one in which all the things I had once valued became worthless.

The house for which my mother and father had saved and sacrificed, the house I had cherished so much that I had let it come between me and my husband—I let this house go without a pang. Through a real-estate agent, I sold it to an elderly couple who planned to make the second floor into an apartment to rent and live on the ground floor themselves. The furniture, all except a few pieces, went with it.

I COULDN'T look for work, of course, until after the baby had been born, so with some of the money from the sale of the house I rented the smallest and cheapest one-room apartment I could find—and waited there, quite alone except for my bitterness. Again I learned to count every penny I spent, just as I had before my marriage. I bought food and cooked it over a rickety gas-plate in the corner, and washed the dishes in the bathroom sink. I looked up a doctor that Ray had known slightly but I'd never met, and went to him, giving my maiden name—I said I was Mrs. Clay—and telling him my husband and I were separated. I didn't know or care whether or not he believed me. It only mattered that he was capable and that his fee was reasonable.

FOR a while, every month brought an envelope addressed in Ray's handwriting and forwarded to my new address by the elderly couple who had bought the house. I opened the first one—to find that it contained no message, nothing but a money-order for two hundred dollars. At the sight of it my fingers twitched with an almost uncontrollable urge to tear it up, but instead I folded it into another envelope and sent it back to him, at the California Army camp where he was stationed. Two more came later, and I returned them unopened. After that they stopped.

My baby—a little girl—was born late in June. When the hospital nurse laid her in my arms I wanted to shout in triumph. She was mine, now and forever! I looked down into the crumpled, sleepy little face, feeling tenderness stirring in my heart for the first time since Ray had left me. For her, I would do any work, anywhere. I would go without food, if need be. Only one thing I would not do: tell her father that she existed, ask for his help, give him any share in her.

The story of the next three years would make dreary reading, just as, at the time, it made dreary living. Yet, looking back, I can see that each day in itself was not so bad. What darkened them all was not poverty or struggle, but their purpose—because that purpose was simply to prove to an unseen, unknowing Ray how little I needed him. I was still living my revenge.

THE hospital helped me to find a place to go when I left—a day-nursery, where I could take care of little Anne and a dozen other children besides. I stayed there until Anne was a year old, and then I got a job clerking in a department store, leaving Anne in the nursery by day, taking her home with me at night. I took a larger apartment, and later I rented a little house on the edge of town, with a soldier's wife who was glad to take care of Anne in return for a home. I found that I liked to work, and I was promoted. A year after Pearl Harbor my section-manager went into the Army, and the store gave me his job.

Lois Britton, the soldier's wife who lived with me, said once, "You're funny, Penny. You're perfectly self-sufficient. It's not so much that you never speak of your husband—but you don't even seem to miss him, or any man."

"I don't," I answered warily. "I can get along nicely without men." And I made myself believe that I meant it, forced myself fiercely to believe it, unwilling to admit that without Ray I was lost.

Then, on a breathless summer afternoon, Ray found me.

It was Sunday, and Anne and I were alone. Lois had gone to spend the weekend with her soldier husband. I had played with Anne and put her to bed for her afternoon nap when the doorbell rang. Unthinkingly, a little irritated in my fear that the noise would waken her, I went to answer it.

"Hello, Penny," Ray said.

I clutched the doorknob to conceal my start of amazement. For I hadn't recognized him in that instant before he spoke—hadn't known him in his worn tan uniform, with his black eyes dulled and lines around his lips.

"Ray!" I breathed. "How—how are you?"

"Pretty well, thanks," he said, smiling briefly. "And you, Penny?"

"Oh, I—I'm fine." I forced back a desire to laugh. How ridiculous it was for us to be standing here, talking like two polite strangers! Still—not so ridiculous, perhaps. We weren't much more than that. I stepped back. "Won't you come inside?" I asked, my voice high and stilted, as if I were inviting a stranger in.

THANKS." He bent down, and I saw with consternation that he had a small suitcase with him. He must have seen my expression, because he remarked, "I came straight from the station. I'll go to a hotel later."

"How did you know where I was?"

"A little detective work. I tried the phone book, and you weren't in it. Then I went to the old house and asked there, but they didn't know. Finally I got smart and looked in the phone book again—and there you were, under your maiden name."

I felt myself flushing, although there hadn't been any criticism in his tone. And the beginnings of resentment were stirring in me, too. Why did he have to come here and upset me, now that things were going so well? Why couldn't he leave, before Anne woke up?

Then I saw that he limped, and swift compunction struck me.

"Ray—you've been hurt?"

"It's nothing much," he flung over his shoulder. "Piece of shell in my leg—I'll be all right in a few weeks."

"Where were you?"

"New Guinea," he said quietly.

"Will you—be going back?"

I SAW a flash of the old Ray in his smile. "They'd have a hard time stopping me!" But he was anxious to drop talk of himself. He glanced around the room and said, "Nice place, Penny. And you're looking well. Tell me what you've been doing."

It was surprisingly easy. Everything was easy as long as I remembered that he and I were only casual acquaintances, not husband and wife—as long as I told him only about my work and about Lois, and didn't mention that there was someone, asleep in the next room . . .

"I'm glad," he said simply when I'd finished. "I'm very glad you're getting along so well. I just wanted to see you, to be sure—" His mouth fell open. "What's that?"

So he had to know, since our voices had wakened Anne. He had to know, but it wouldn't make an difference.

"I—I was going to have a baby when you left," I said. "I didn't tell you." Without looking at him, I left the room. When I returned, leading an Anne who was still rosy with sleep, he was standing in the middle of the floor, quite still.

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by medical authorities

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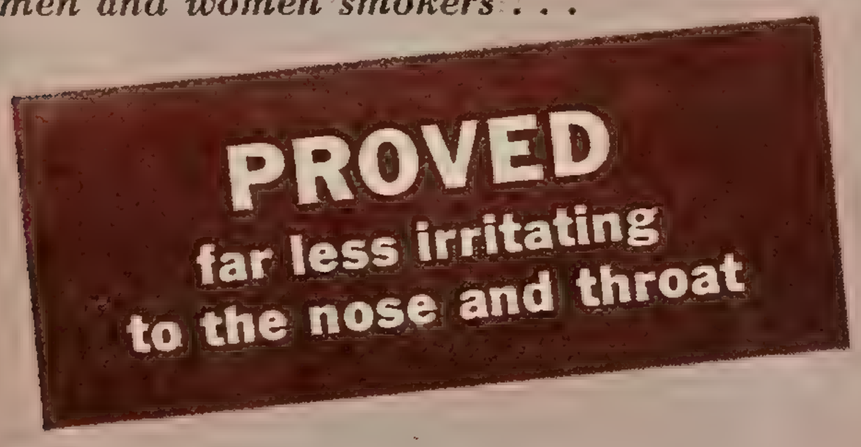

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"Anne," I said, "this is your father."

It meant nothing to her. She was only three, and she hadn't known there were such things as fathers. She only stared, round-eyed, while he squatted down in front of her.

I think he said something to her—something inconsequential, the sort of remark people who aren't used to children always make to them—but I don't remember very well because I was too busy trying to silence the roaring in my ears. I hadn't wanted him to see her, but now that he had, he ought to tell me that she was beautiful, that she looked like me (although she didn't; she looked like him), that he was proud of her. And, I supposed, he ought to be angry because I'd never told him of her existence.

He wasn't angry, and he didn't say any of the things he should. When, a minute later, Anne went out to play, he stood up and said, "It's too sudden, Penny. She's a darling, but I don't have any feeling that she's mine."

I might have said, "She isn't. She was never yours. She's all mine." Instead, I turned my head away so he couldn't see my face. I'd never thought I would pity him.

HE TOOK an uncertain step toward his suitcase. "Well . . . I guess I might as well be going. Is there any way to get a taxi out here?"

Still pitying him, I said impulsively, "There's no reason you can't stay here, Ray, if you like. Lois won't be back until morning—you can have her room."

As soon as I'd spoken, I hoped he'd refuse. What in the world would we find to talk about, all the rest of the afternoon and all evening? But my hopes were shattered when he smiled.

"Thanks, Penny—I'd like that. The truth is, I've been on a train most of the last two days, and I'm tired."

So it was settled, and we'd have to get through the time the best way we could.

"Would you like to—to bathe and maybe rest a little before supper?" I asked desperately. Imagine asking Ray Adamson if he wanted to rest!

He glanced at me. Maybe he felt the same discomfort as I, or maybe he really did like the suggestion. Anyway, he said, "Yes, I guess I would."

When we'd taken his suitcase into Lois' room, and I'd shown him the bath and provided towels—then it was hard for me to believe that he was in the house at all. Ray—why, when Ray had been anywhere in the old, big place, anywhere at all, with a half-dozen doors between us, I'd known he was there. His vitality had spread out around him like radio waves. But now—he'd gone into the bathroom and shut the door, and although I could hear the faint sound of the shower I had the crazy notion that it was running by itself, with no one under it.

New Guinea, he'd said. It was the war, of course. The war that had put those lines around his mouth, had smudged his old brilliance until he was shadowy and indistinct. This was what I said to myself, but in my heart I knew it wasn't all the war.

The clock said four o'clock. I might expect him to rest until five. Feeding Anne and putting her to bed, having our own supper, would keep us busy until eight. At ten I could say something about having a hard day tomorrow—so altogether that left only two hours of trying to talk to each other without treading on the toes of the past. Two hours—a hundred and twenty minutes—they'd pass, and then this episode would be over.

Up to a point, that was the way the time-schedule worked out, too. He came out of his room a little after five, looking more comfortable in trousers and shirt, and watched me gravely while I gave Anne her supper, stood in the doorway when I tucked her into bed. We had a cold meal of fried chicken—I was thankful that some was left over from Saturday—a green salad, pudding and coffee, and afterwards we sat at the table in a queer kind of stiff companionship, talking impersonally.

He stubbed out his cigarette and got up, rather abruptly. "I'm supposed to take a walk about now," he said.

While he was gone, I cleared the table and set the kitchen to rights, lingering over each task as if by doing so I could postpone the moment of his return. Yet I needn't dread that moment so much, I reminded myself. We were safe, quite safe, as long as we moved in this clear, cool atmosphere of politeness.

I passed the door of his room—and all at once I felt myself being pulled inside. Something had been tossed across the foot of the bed. A robe—a man's robe of light cotton cloth. It had been new when I gave it to him—how many years ago? It had been brave with stripes of red and green and white. Now it was old, and sun and dampness and time had dulled it.

I picked it up, and all around me the icy bubble in which I had lived was shattering, like thin glass. I was warm and moving again, and I strained the shabby garment to me, holding it against my face, wetting it with my tears. I'd thought I didn't need him—I'd proved I didn't. Yes, but I did. I needed him, not to give me the things he once said I loved too much, but to fill the house with his presence, to laugh at me and kiss me and let me love him. I needed him to follow and help when he got restless. I needed him as I needed this worn robe to hang in the closet beside mine.

There was the sound of a sharp, indrawn breath behind me, and I turned—knowing that he had come into the house, that I would find him in the doorway, watching. And there was no shame in me at having him find me like this. I wanted him to see how I loved him. Even if he scorned my love, I wanted him to see it.

It was Ray again who stood there. Not the shadowy man who had come home from the war, but Ray—his black eyes blazing, his arms stretched out to seize me, his lips saying in a great shout, "Penny! You—you were going to let me walk out of here, thinking you didn't want me around. *Come here!*"

And I did. Oh, I did, without even stopping to drop the robe I still held against my breast.

John J. Anthony symbolizes to those who have problems which seem too great for solution, a kindly, intelligent, sympathetic listener. That is the purpose of the Good Will Hour. Mr. Anthony is an able domestic relations counsel as well as a humanitarian, so that his advice combines authenticity with common sense. For drama that is exciting and heart-warming because it is true, listen to the Good Will Hour, Sundays at 10 P. M., EWT, over the Blue.

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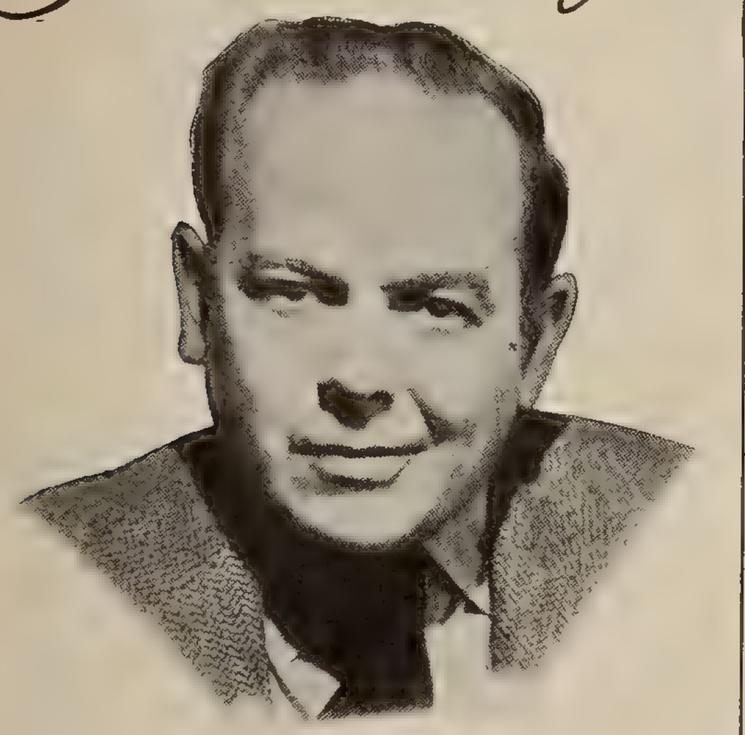

RAYMOND PAIGE

PERHAPS it's the memory of his own dogged determination to become a professional musician despite the well laid plans to the contrary of his family that has made Raymond Paige, noted concert, radio and recording conductor, a champion of youthful American musicians.

His father, who wanted Paige to be a lawyer, cleverly arranged auditions with leading music teachers whom he instructed to dissuade his black sheep son from attempting a "long haired" career. No sooner had Paige met these assorted maestri than they began to show the lad the seamy side of a musician's life. "Why, you'll have to live in a boiled shirt," they said, or, "No more steak for you, son,—stew is all you'll ever be able to afford." None of this nonsense daunted him—he just placidly followed through for Pop and family, studied law but kept right on with his violin. Today, and ever since he finished school, the only court career he pursues is his tennis.

It is in "Salute To Youth" that he has found realization of his lifelong ambition, and the story of how it came about has an almost fairy tale quality. Early in 1941 Paige felt that the time had come for him to get down to making his dream of a youth orchestra come true. His sincerity of purpose was severely tested when he was offered the coveted conductor's spot on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour. He turned it down, regretfully but firmly, and opened an office in a New York hotel, announced to all and sundry that he would now audition any young people who wanted a professional career in music.

There were only two qualifications—they had to be American citizens and they had to be between 18 and 25. Paige auditioned throughout that very hot and sticky summer, from nine in the morning to ten at night most days! He found not only the forty boys and girls he needed for his "Young Americans" orchestra, he also amassed a replacement backlog of 250.

After a period of intensive rehearsal, Paige felt that the group was good enough to take to the road on a bravura cross-country tour. Alas for well laid plans! Came December 7, 1941, and railroad and bus travel for such a project was quashed immediately. Plans had to be called off, Paige had to disperse his orchestra.

Early in 1943 however, radio executives, who had heard rehearsals of the group and mentally filed them away under "to do later," finally caught up with themselves. Out of their homes from coast to coast came the forty kids—none of them the worse for wear. And a grand new program was born—"Salute To Youth."

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OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE

American Women! In many areas you are urgently needed to fill men's shoes in necessary civilian jobs. Check your local Help Wanted ads for specific needs in your area. Then get advice from the local United States Employment Service.

Recommended Listening

SOMETHING a little bit different and a whole lot of fun in the way of audience-participation shows is Who, What, When and Where, heard Saturday nights 10:30 to 11:00 EWT on NBC. Frances Scott, whom you'll probably remember from last year's Let's Play Reporter, is mistress of ceremonies—called city editor—and members of the audience, usually four service men, are cast in the role of cub reporters and there's plenty of excitement and laughter as they fulfill their assignments. Two regular characters appearing each week are Jim Dandy, the reporter who never gets anything right, and Telya Fortuna, advice to lovelorn editor.

* * *

For all of you who like to follow the lives of the daytime serial characters — and who doesn't?—The Open Door, a new five-times-a-week drama on NBC at 10:15 A.M., EWT, is about the best thing that has happened for a long time. Written by Sandra Michael, who did the prize-winning serial, Against the Storm, this is the story of the kind of people we all know, living the kind of lives we lead, facing problems just like ours.

* * *

Fibber McGee and Molly are back again at the old stand, and every bit as funny as ever. Listeners from 'way back wouldn't miss a Tuesday night session (NBC, 9:30 P.M., EWT) for anything, and if there are any listeners left who haven't become acquainted with Wistful Vista and the people who live there, they have a treat in store. But Wistful Vista, like every American community, has shouldered its burden of the war, and some of the old faces are gone. Mayor LaTrivia reported to the Coast Guard at the end of last season, for instance, and Rad Robinson, of the King's Men, joined the Ferry Command. But the Little Girl, Doctor Gamble, Wallace Wimple and Harlow Wilcox are all there.

* * *

Gracie Fields is back from a two-month command performance tour of Army camps in England and Africa, and her new Victory Show is in full swing over Mutual, Mondays through Fridays at 9:15 P.M., EWT. Victory Show is all Gracie Fields—and if you like her, you'll like the program. She sings the songs and tells the stories that have set her apart from other performers, and is singing and joking her way into the hearts of millions.

Thanksgiving

Continued from page 44

"Jack," I screamed. "You're killing him—let him go! Let him go!"

As if my words recalled him to reality, those strong hands suddenly stilled. He shook his head as if to clear it. Then he got slowly to his feet.

"Get out!" he choked. *"Get out."*

Tod was gasping for breath. "You're going to pay for this!" he panted. "I got some friends out there on the road, and we don't like men like you—playing around with our women-folk!"

He rose and stumbled out the door.

I HAD a horrible, hysterical desire to laugh. The hypocritical self-righteousness of Tod Wilson trying to protect his "women folk!" Tod, of all people! He'd always hated Jack because Jack was everything he wasn't. He was jealous of me. And he'd just had a bad physical beating. Now his small soul was burning for revenge. What better way than inflicting the disgrace of a public scene—the grotesque mockery of Tod and his gang seeing that Justice was done.

I looked out of the front window and the hysterical laughter died. Eight or ten of his gang were gathered around their car on the road outside. They all had guns. And I knew what they were like. Idle, shiftless, easily inflamed, they could look on cruelty as sport.

"Jack!" I cried. "They're coming toward the house. They'll—they'll make us go through with it—"

"No," Jack said quietly, "they won't."

"But the guns—they might even kill you. We're helpless. Maybe—" I forced the words out—"maybe we better go along with them—"

Roughly he grabbed me in his arms. "You little idiot, do you think I'd let a bunch of hoodlums force me to do something I've denied myself all these months for your sake? Now look—stay in here and keep out of the way *no matter what happens!*"

He gave me a brief hard kiss and pushed me into the bedroom. Then he stood in the kitchen door—and waited while the angry, purposeful footsteps of the men grew nearer.

He just stood there and looked at them. Tod was in the lead and he stopped, suddenly, a few feet outside the door. Maybe the memory of those fingers at his throat was still too close.

"Come on, Larrabee," somebody yelled. "Get your wedding clothes on."

"There's not going to be any wedding," Jack said.

"Who says so? Who do you think you are, playing around with a girl like Katharine Laney—"

Jack's strong straight figure blocked off part of my view and I never saw who threw the rock. But suddenly, with a swift, painful intake of breath, I saw it arching through the air. I saw it glance off Jack's shoulder. I saw him stagger back. Now was the moment—now was the time to rush him, while he was helpless and off-balance. And then it would be too late. In my mind's eye, I could see them lead us ignominiously to the car, herd us in, drive us to the preacher's house . . . I could even see the preacher's startled face, the avidly curious stares of the neighbors . . . and my father. I think, at that moment, I prayed harder than I ever had in my life. A wordless prayer, and for a miracle of help.

There could be no miracle. There was only Jack. He threw out his arm to steady himself against the shock of the stone. And then he took three slow steps forward.

"Who was the damn fool who threw that?" he said loudly.

Nobody answered.

"Let him come up here, without his gun, and fight it out. And after I've finished with him, I'll take on the rest of you—alone or all together. Who wants to start the trouble?"

Nobody moved.

NOBODY but me. I found myself running limpingly across the kitchen, through the door, until I was standing beside Jack. Where I belonged. I took Jack's hand.

"Look," I said conversationally, and I think I even smiled, "there can't be a wedding without a bride—and there's not going to be any bride. I don't want to get married till I can have a decent place to live in—not this hovel. As for last night—you've only got to look at that car out there and at me right this minute, and you'll see why I couldn't go home. Now you all go back to town before I get there first and spread this story that will make you look like bigger fools than you already are . . . And next time, don't listen to what Tod Wilson makes up to tell you—use your brains."

It worked. A crowd like that is always brave only when somebody is afraid of them. They had been whipped up to a false excitement. Then Jack had backed them down and now the whole thing had turned flat and silly for them. They shuffled uneasily. Then somebody said:

"Aw, nuts! Let's get on with the duck hunting."

"Don't let 'em talk you out of it!" Tod yelled. "I tell you—"

"Shut up, Tod. Come on, let's get going."

And they melted away, Tod still sullenly muttering with nobody to listen to him. We stood where they left us until we heard the car drive down the road. Then I turned and threw myself into Jack's arms. . . .

JANUARY RADIO MIRROR ON SALE

Friday, December 10th

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, coming issues of RADIO MIRROR Magazine will appear upon the newsstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for January will go on sale Friday, December 10th. On that date your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with your copy. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.

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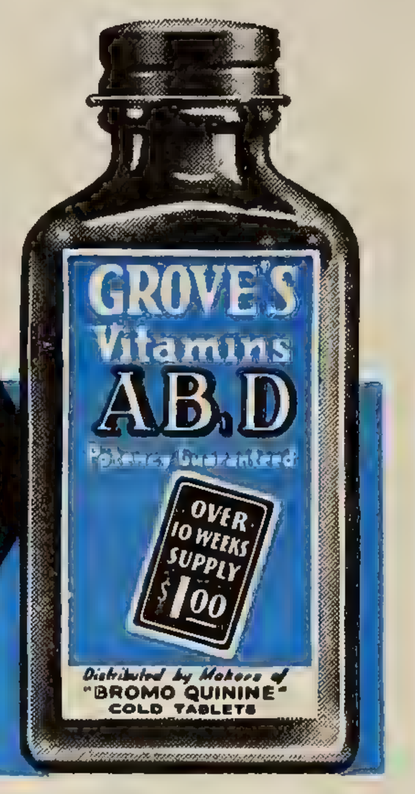

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*Externally-caused.

R M

It was a strange Thanksgiving dinner we had that afternoon. The strangest of my life—and the most thankful.

There had been the ride into town, the telling of the whole story to my father, the visit from the doctor who pronounced my injuries unimportant. But mostly there was Jack and the new feeling for him in my heart—the feeling that I knew would grow stronger and more binding as time passed.

For my impatience had gone. Humility had taken its place. Humility because I was beloved with a love that was greater than mine—greater than any I'd dreamed of—because it was strong enough to know true unselfishness. Strong enough to wait because waiting was right.

We aren't married yet, Jack and I, and it will be a little while before we can be—but not too long. Perhaps a kindly Providence has rewarded me, now that I have learned my lesson, for it was only a few days after Thanksgiving that a mill made Jack an offer for the pulpwood from his land. The deal is nearly completed, which means that we can be married very soon.

But the waiting isn't hard, now. You see, I realized something that day. I realized that in all this time, in all the time that Jack had pleaded with me to wait, I had heard only just that one word, "wait." I hadn't heard, really, all the rest—all the reasons—nor had I understood what was in his heart. With that understanding, peace and patience came to me. And I think that Jack learned something that day, too—that there can be, there must be, an end to waiting, before swift time tarnishes the beautiful love that waits to be fulfilled.

Always I will remember that Thanksgiving day, and my father's voice, gravely intoning as we sat down to the table ". . . for what we are about to receive . . ." Silently, then, my head bowed, I repeated after him, as I touched Jack's hand, "For what I *have* received, make me truly grateful . . ."

When Love Must Wait

Continued from page 45

But I know why you don't. Dogs love to run free . . ."

They said goodbye holding Tabo and Lido at leashes length. A month passed before they met again. This time they spied each other before their pets did. And they were exceedingly careful to make the dogs' leashes short by wrapping them tightly about their hands while they stood talking.

"I've wanted to telephone you," he said, "and inquire if you were all right after your tumble. But I thought you might think I was taking advantage of a situation."

"I like your honesty!" She laughed. "But I don't see how you could call me. You don't know who I am . . ."

"I do," he protested. "You're Lucille Manners! One day when you were walking through the apartment lobby—before our dogs introduced us—a friend nudged me and whispered, 'Know who that is?' When I didn't he told me, 'That's Lucille Manners!'"

She laughed. "Whereupon you said, no doubt, *'Who is she?'*"

His face and neck flooded with color. For that was how it had been—exactly.

"It's about time," he told her, "that you know who I am. William Walker's

my name. I'm in the advertising game. And I'd like—very much—to take you to dinner."

They went to a Chinese restaurant famous in the neighborhood. Over pork sweet and savory, Canton lobster, water chestnuts and soy bean sprouts they told each other their life stories. They had planned to go to a movie but by the time the little almond cakes and bowls of tea came to their table the second shows thereabouts had started. So there was nothing to do but order fresh tea and talk longer.

They danced that summer and autumn to the best bands. They motored and swam and played innumerable games of tennis. They went to the theater to see Ethel Barrymore, Lunt and Fontanne, Fredric March, Katharine Cornell and Ethel Merman. They went to the opera to hear the world's loveliest voices sing of the love of Tristan and Isolde, Marguerite and Faust. And they talked of all they did and saw and heard with the zest which marks good friends, not lovers. For about six months. Then it changed. Then, to prolong an evening, they would stop on the way home for a soda or chow mein or a cup of coffee. Then they began manufacturing excuses for telephoning each other and arranging a date for that same evening.

He went with her to her broadcasts while executives and enthusiastic audiences crowded around. He was so understanding and patient.

The following February, on St. Valentine's Day, Bill gave Lucille a small, heart-shaped box of red satin. It held her engagement ring.

In the spring they began house-hunting on Long Island and in New Jersey. Along roads shaded by Revolutionary elms they drove through wooded hills and along stretches of sound and sea coast. They stopped at Long Island duck farms for duck dinners. They chanced upon a thatched cabin on the North Shore famous for double chops stuffed with kidneys and broiled over charcoal. New Jersey inns, in turn, offered soft shell crabs, apple pie and home-made ice cream. Poking around houses sometimes older than these United States they found forgotten closets under steep stairways, Dutch ovens, fireplaces wide as rooms, and once they came upon a secret passage.

Evenings, when Bill came to call, they read aloud from books which dealt, both romantically and practically, with old houses. They became equally well informed regarding insulation and architectural periods, heating systems and herb gardens.

While they house hunted and planned a future together, Hitler took Poland . . . England fought with her back to the wall . . . Norway and France fell before their Quislings . . . Dunkerque was evacuated . . . The shadow of all this hung over them. The reality of all this oppressed them. Lucille knew, inevitably, the day must come when Bill would be in khaki.

It was autumn when they found the house, in Short Hills. Lucille knew it was her house instantly she spied it—an old Tudor house of red stone, built in 1872—with fireplaces in every room and the music room walls panelled in wine damask.

Lucille and her mother moved in al-

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"I use Arrid deodorant cream every day and I wouldn't think of going anywhere without it. I have personally recommended Arrid to loads of people because I like it so much."

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Star of Broadway's Musical Hit
"Something for the Boys"

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At any store which sells toilet goods

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THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

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WAR BONDS ARE TRUMPS

Uncle Sam needs more women working. Apply: U. S. Employment Service.

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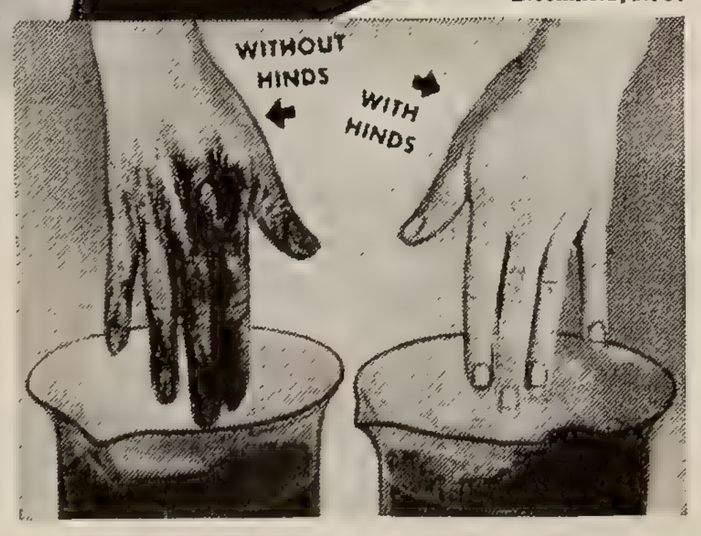


PHOTO AT RIGHT *shows results of test.* Hand at left did *not* use Hinds lotion before dipping into dirty oil. Grime and grease still cling to it, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up. Whiter-looking!

BEFORE WORK—smooth on Hinds hand lotion to reduce risk of grime and irritation which may lead to ugly dermatitis—"Absentee Hands"—if neglected.

HINDS HAND CREAM IN JARS—QUICK-SOFTENING, TOO! 10¢, 39¢. PLUS TAX.

AFTER WORK—and every wash-up—use Hinds again. Even one application makes your hands feel more comfortable, look smoother. Benefits skin! On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

R M

HINDS *for* HANDS at home and in factory!

most before the masons and carpenters and painters moved out. Living in the house Lucille could better determine whether it should be English chintzes or brocades for the living room, mahogany or oak for the dining room, hooked or broadloomed rugs for the bedrooms. Besides, on Christmas she and Bill wanted fires burning on every hearth and a flaming plum pudding brought through the pantry door.

One Sunday early in December, when the house was almost complete, Lucille and Bill were in the music room. Lucille, at the piano, was singing Bill's favorite song . . . "None but the lonely heart can know my sadness . . . alone and parted from joy and gladness . . ."

Immediately they saw Mrs. Manners in the doorway they knew a blow had fallen.

"The Japanese," Mrs. Manners told them "have bombed Pearl Harbor!"

They ran to the radio in the library. No need to hunt for a particular commentator or a particular news broadcast. Over every station on the dial came the shameful news. The aggression which had begun when Mussolini assaulted Ethiopia, when Hitler had his way at the Rhine bridgeheads, was still on the march.

All over the land hearts cried out with horror and then with resolve and courage. Women drew closer to the men they loved. Plans long made were put aside. Some who were in love thought it best to marry quickly. Others, Bill and Lucille among them, decided to wait.

"I figure," Bill said, "fighting this war will be a full time job!"

He came to the old house in uniform like generations of men before him. Very straight and fit and handsome he looked too. Then he had a citation for intelligence work he had done, the details of which he couldn't tell even Lucille. That, however, didn't stop her from being properly proud.

When he was stationed at Atlantic City, Lucille went to visit him. All their plans began "When the war's over . . ." as they walked along the boardwalk blacked out so no light could shine against the sky and reveal convoys putting out to sea to the U-boats which prowled there.

"I'm leaving for Miami, for Officer's Candidate School," he told her suddenly one day not long ago. They were in her garden. She was cutting late roses, creamy white, for the table. She knew by the way he blurted out his news that he had been seeking the best way of telling her a real separation was upon them ever since he had arrived and finally, in despair, had sought only to have it over and done with.

"I'm glad," she said. "I know that's what you've wanted . . ." She bent over the roses for some time. But when she lifted her face for his kiss she was smiling.

Just as Radio Mirror went to press we received the exciting news from Lucille Manners that Bill has been graduated from OCS, that he is stationed in Pennsylvania, near enough so that she can see him often, and that—best of all—they will be married very soon, probably by the time this magazine reaches the newsstands.

The Greatest Fight Is Still Ahead—

Invest All You Can in War Bonds

Somewhere There Is Love

Continued from page 29

given me, but tears of sorrow, too, because he would never know how much he meant to me. No, nor care.

His eyes opened. He was watching me. "Lona—" he said softly, and while I still cried, unable to stop, he put his arms around me and kissed me. I clung to him—clung with all the despair of long loneliness, all the passion of emotions that had been stifled and stunted.

After a while he let me go.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"It was as much my fault as yours," I said miserably—ashamed that he should have seen my love in my face, and yet glad, too, with a fierce, exultant gladness. "You mustn't worry about it. I know you don't love me—"

"That's the terrible thing about it," he said. "I do."

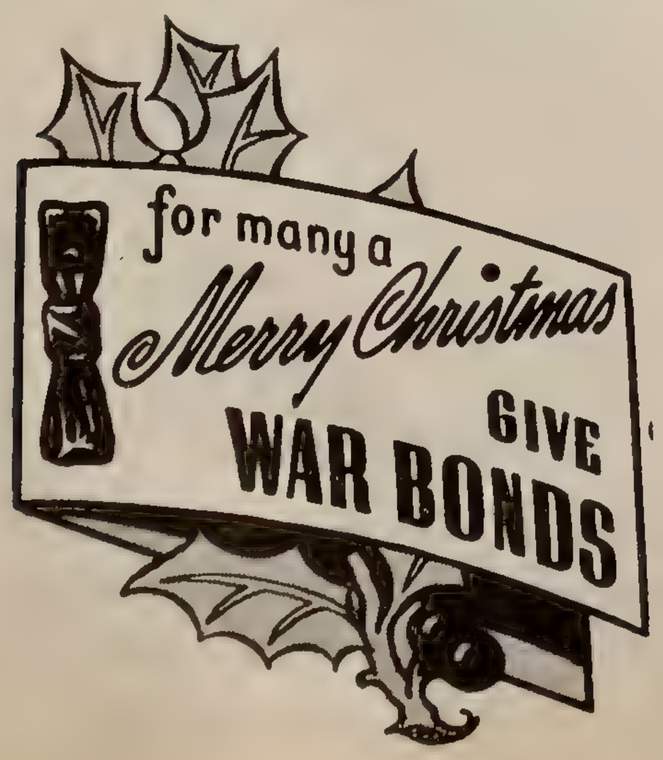
IT WAS as if those two small words hung suspended between us, reaching out to both of us to draw us together. I didn't think of anything then, in that moment, but the fact of Tom's love. I had forgotten, for a few heavenly seconds, everything else in the world—the fact that Tom was married, that what we felt for each other had no right to be; I even forgot, just for that moment, Blair and his love. I was suspended between heaven and earth, in pure, untouched, untouchable happiness.

Abruptly, Tom rolled over, seized a stalk of grass and shredded it with nervous movements of his fingers. The spell was broken.

"I don't know if I can make you understand," he said, slowly, as if feeling his way. "I—well, I love Myra, too. You mustn't think that I don't, that I've stopped loving her. But now—now that I've met you, I've found out that the thing you sometimes read about and wonder about can really be—that it's possible to love two women at once.

"Myra is—well, she's so little and funny and sweet, and so terribly understanding and—and *good*. She's just right for me. We have a wonderful time together, and everything is laughter and brightness and . . . But, you, Lona—you're so beautifully quiet, like—like music. When I'm with you I'm relaxed and comfortable. And so, in your special way you're right for me, too. Oh, it's so—so mixed up. Do you understand, Lona?"

I nodded. "Yes, I understand," I told him. "I understand, but it doesn't



A recent portrait of CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN by Maria de Kammerer

DOING DOUBLE DUTY?

I Suggest a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick!

—says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

If shouldering new wartime duties—in addition to your day-in, day-out activities—has made you long for a lipstick that stays *smooth* and stays on...I sincerely recommend our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

Here is all you've ever longed for in a lipstick. Glorious color, of course. And, as well, an exquisite grooming...a luxuriously soft and satiny sheen...only possible with Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish. Not too dry, not too moist—the Tangee Lipstick of your choice will seem to "smooth" itself on to your lips and, once on, stay for hours.

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NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

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help much, does it? You're . . . still Myra's husband."

He met my eyes squarely. "I'm Myra's husband," he agreed. "And I would never hurt her. No matter what happened between you and me, I'd never hurt her. Lona, you'll have to see—to see that whatever is between us—you and me—you'll be the one who must be hurt by it, my dear."

It took me only a few seconds to grasp his meaning. He loved me—I believed that. But he loved her too, and he had loved her first. So I was the one who would be hurt if I accepted his love. In a little while—two weeks or so—Myra would come back from Modesto, and then he would leave me and return to her. He could offer me only a little while of happiness; and after that his life would go on as before, and I would be alone again.

He was a man, and according to a man's standards he was playing fair in this situation we faced. He wouldn't hurt Myra—for how could Myra be hurt by something she didn't know?

All at once, I was afraid to stay here with him any longer. I had to be alone, to think things through—to know what was right and what was wrong. I couldn't do that, here where I could see him. I scrambled up.

"Take me home, Tom," I begged. "It's late, and I— Please take me home."

Without arguing, he began to gather together the few things we'd brought—books, sun glasses, a sweater. We walked to the bus stop almost in silence; when we did speak it was only of trivial things, never of what was uppermost in our minds. Tom would not speak of it again, I knew. It would be part of his code to let me make my own decision, without urging from him.

It was purple dusk when he left me in front of the house where I lived. "Will I see you tomorrow, after work?" he asked, and I answered, "Yes." We both realized that I must tell him then whether or not that would be our last meeting.

Then he was gone, and in my tiny, neat room, I fought my battle. All my training, all the instincts implanted in me since I was old enough to reason, told me that it would be wrong to take Tom's love. But was it wrong? How could it be wrong to be happy? To know again the ecstasy that had been torn from me when Blair died?

Blair! Was loving Tom an affront to Blair's memory? No, it couldn't be—for in Tom I saw Blair himself, brought back to me as if by a miracle. I remembered the instant of our first meeting, when breath had been driven from my body by the conviction that I was looking into Blair's eyes. And Blair would have wanted me to live again—he would have been the last to wish my prison existence to go on.

So I argued, but when morning came I had made no decision. I went through the day mechanically, my hands busy with their work, but my mind aware of every ticking second, aware that when five o'clock came Tom would meet me, asking for his answer. He passed me several times, and I knew he was there, but I didn't look up.

At last five o'clock came and I washed and changed from my gingham work apron into street clothes. At first I moved slowly, but then impatience

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More War Bonds—More Weapons—MORE VICTORIES!

seized me and hurried me along—impatience to see him, even though I still did not know what I would say.

He was waiting beside the entrance door, and he saw me coming toward him. But he did not smile. He stood perfectly still until I had reached him, his lips pressed together so tightly they were pale. A nameless dread struck me. Was he angry? Or had he, himself, reached the decision he had left to me?

"Tom!" I cried. "What's the matter?"

"I—" He glanced around in desperation. Other workers were streaming past, looking at us curiously. "I hate to tell you here," he said in a low, hurried voice. "But I have to. Lona—Myra came home, unexpectedly, this morning."

"Myra came home . . ." I repeated it after him, but I didn't understand the meaning of the words at all. "Myra came home?"

Tom said nothing. He just stood there, looking at me.

Then comprehension swept over me, engulfing me. The decision was not to be left to me, after all. I wasn't to be given the chance to decide between love and loneliness, between joy and bitterness, between hope and despair. There were to be no moments of happiness, however brief, however stolen from the world of happy people, for me. I must go back again, back to the bare, sunless, cheerless room my life had been before Tom opened the door.

I COULDN'T do it. Oh, I was a coward then, I know, but I couldn't. Perhaps if it hadn't happened so swiftly, if those words, "Myra came home," hadn't been said to me just as I was rising to meet a happiness such as I had only dreamed about during the long, dreary months, I might have realized that what I intended to do was an insane thing, after all, and that Tom's words were rescue, not rebuff. But it was so sudden, so like a door slammed in my face, closing out the bright world beyond, the world where no loneliness would touch me for a little while. I couldn't bear it.

"So it's all over?" That was my voice, dry, like paper rustling. "So it's all over? We—we can't see each other any more?"

He nodded, repeating the words after me, and his eyes closed then to shut out the sight of me. "It's all over. We can't see each other any more."

My hand went out to his arm and held it so tightly that my nails bit into his flesh. "Tom—why? I was so happy, yesterday. I was—oh, why did she come home so soon? *Why did she come home so soon?*"

A woman's pride is really her keeper. It's a woman's pride that keeps her head high, that stays her tongue when she is about to say something she will regret, that dams back tears that threaten to flow, that throws up a protective barrier around her, a shell that keeps her safe. I have no excuse for what I did then, except that somehow, my pride was gone, and all my hard-held control with it. I know now that it was not so much losing Tom that mattered, as losing my chance for happiness, my chance to live and love again. Tom was a symbol of the things I wanted of life, the things I hungered for, the things of which my own grief

How can you "re-style" a dull-looking complexion?

What's the secret of smoother make-up?

"a 1-Minute Mask!"

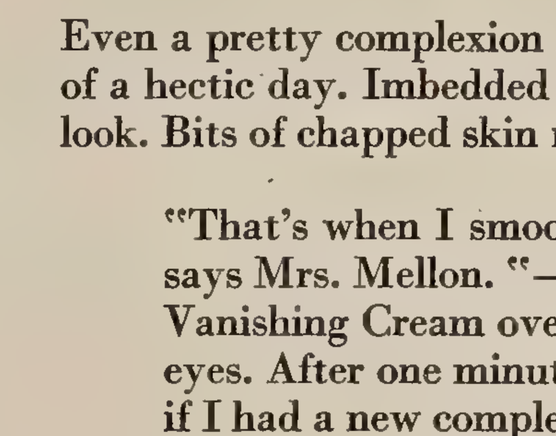
—says KATHARINE MELLON

—New York society favorite with unusually lovely amber eyes and a creamy complexion.

Even a pretty complexion may "slump" at the end of a hectic day. Imbedded specks of dirt give a dingy look. Bits of chapped skin ruffle up—snag make-up.

"That's when I smooth on a 1-Minute Mask," says Mrs. Mellon. "—A white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my whole face—except eyes. After one minute, I tissue off—and feel as if I had a new complexion!" The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves dirt and dried skin particles!

"I love the fresh, softer feel of my face after a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Mellon says. "My skin has just the smooth, dewy finish that takes make-up evenly and easily. And my coloring seems so much brighter and clearer!"



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Mrs. Mellon uses Pond's Vanishing Cream two ways—"For a 1-Minute Mask beauty pick-up 3 or 4 times a week. Then every day, before make-up, I use a light film of this same cream for light, greaseless powder base."

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE

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TAYTON'S six Cake Make-up shades were created to harmonize with natural skin tones. Many tests were made with Technicolor movie films—as well as tests in both daylight and artificial light, to assure the most flattering effect. Choose your own lovely shade today. Be sure you get TAYTON'S CAKE MAKE-UP, the favorite with so many in Hollywood.

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and the hiding of that grief had deprived me. I felt as a starving person must feel if bread is offered him and then snatched away, as a man dying of thirst must feel if a cup of cool water is held to his lips and then spilled on the ground, wasted.

Do you understand—can I make you understand how it was? Do you understand why I began to cry then, without pride, there by the gate, with people passing all around? Do you understand why I began to cry and then couldn't stop, how all the bitter, imprisoned tears in me began to flow and I couldn't keep them from flowing?

Poor Tom! I could see the indecision on his face, the warring emotions—pity for me, and all a man's deep-seated embarrassment at a public scene. He stood undecided for a moment, watching me cry, hearing me cry, and then he swept me into his arms, picked me up bodily and carried me across the parking lot to his car, put me inside. He came around quickly to the other door and got in himself, started the car and began to drive swiftly away from the plant.

My voice was something apart from me, a high, thin thing that beat on my ears, saying senseless, meaningless things over and over—things my mind had no part in forming. "Tom, I'm so lonely—I've been so lonely all along until you came. That's why I'm crying—because I don't want to be lonely. Tom, don't leave me—I'm afraid! I was so happy, I was so happy . . ."

I DIDN'T see where we were going, didn't notice the passing of time until I felt the car jolt to a stop and realized that we were parked in a lonely spot by the river. I felt Tom's hands on my shoulders, pulling me up, and I let myself slump down again, let him bear the weight of me on his wrists. At last I quieted the fierce sobbing a little, so that I could see his face, understand what he was trying to say to me.

"Lona, honey, listen—please listen to me. This is all my fault. I'm a—I'm anything you want to call me for getting you into this. But you've got to get a grip on yourself. You've got to stop crying like that. You'll make yourself sick. You'll—"

I shook my head. I suppose that when you cry like a child you're really being a child, that you think that way and react that way. I did then, I know.

"I don't care, I don't care! Oh, Tom, I—"

His arms were around me then, but it was comfort and pity that kept them close about me, not a lover's embrace. "Lona—listen, my dear. Remember what we said yesterday? Remember how I said that if there was anything between us it would be you who would be hurt? You see that now, don't you? I'm glad, so glad, for your sake, that it never happened, that Myra came home before we really had a chance to find each other. This parting hurts us, Lona—how much worse it would have been to part later, wouldn't it?"

I nodded, and he pulled me closer into the circle of his arms. But part of me was still rebellious. "It wouldn't have mattered so much then," I argued foolishly, childishly, "as it does now. I would have been happy for a little while. I would have had days and days of happiness with you behind me to give

Another War Bond is Another Crack in the Axis Armor

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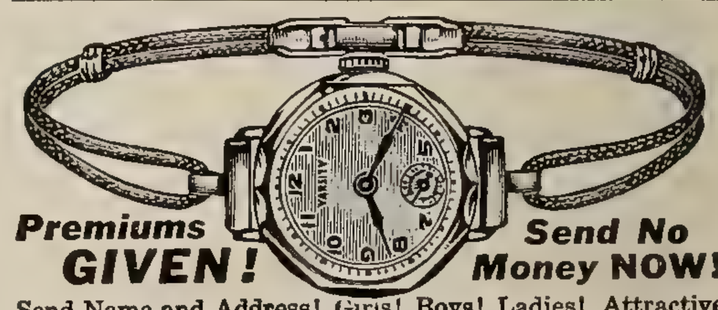

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SAYMAN SALVE

me strength, Tom. Now I've nothing but loneliness behind me and loneliness ahead of me, and—"

I felt the tears beginning again, and I did nothing to stop them. I wanted time to stand still, I wanted the very beating of the heart of the world to cease and leave me there forever, there in Tom's arms, safe and protected and loved.

Now I know that those tears were in me, that they had to be cried out before I could face the world again. But then I didn't care, I hardly knew that I was crying, hardly knew when Tom slid me gently out of his arms and started the car once more. I was laughing by then, too—laughing at my own weeping, laughing and crying by turns, and hearing Tom's quiet, stern voice telling me to stop without being able to stem the flood of pent up crying and laughing that had to be let out.

I didn't see where Tom was going, didn't know or care what was happening when the car stopped, when he picked me up and carried me into a strange house. By then I was tired—tired of crying, tired, even, of living. I wanted to close my eyes and shut out the world.

ALL I remember is a woman's voice, saying, "Tom—what on earth—" and then nothing after that.

It couldn't have been very much later that I felt consciousness creeping back. I fought it down—I didn't want to be awake, to remember. Voices came to me mistily, Tom's, and a woman's. Tom's, saying, "And that's the whole story. That's how it is. I can't tell you how sorry I am, or make any excuses for myself. But she's frightened and mixed up and—"

The woman's voice was clear and light. "You don't have to worry about what I'll say to her. I'll—I'll help her all I can. Now, get out of here, will you? Leave this to me, darling."

I opened my eyes, slowly, lazily. Tom was gone. I was in a strange room in a strange house, and a woman with a little, heart-shaped faced and warm brown eyes was bending over me.

"Lona?" she said, softly, and then, "Oh, good. You're awake. Just lie there a few minutes and don't try to talk."

I struggled up, propping myself on my elbows. "Who—?"

"Who am I? I'm Myra Norton. Please—everything is all right."

I sat up then. "Oh—I—I must go."

Myra Norton smiled at me—a smile full of warmth and kindliness and goodness. The kind of smile that can brighten a whole room. "No—not yet. Rest a little while, won't you? Tom brought you here. Men are no good in a crisis at all, are they? He didn't know what to do, so he brought you home to me, and told me all about it. I—I'd very much like to help you, Lona, if I can. I—I understand."

I might have cried out then that she couldn't understand—she, protected and loved and safe. But I didn't. I didn't want to. Somehow I knew that she *did* understand, that she *did* want to help me. And I knew, too, by those tokens, why Tom loved her, why he had said, "I could never hurt Myra."

She was quiet for a moment, and then she said, "Maybe you'd like to go into the bathroom and wash your face and freshen up a little?"

Gratefully I accepted, following her into the pretty little green-and-yellow tiled room. I splashed cool water over my swollen eyelids, combed my hair, powdered my nose. And then I stood

THE *Tragic Truth*

This is not a story for smug complacent wives! It is for you who cherish happiness . . . and seek to keep it!

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Those two had been the town's gayest, most devoted young couple. But now you seldom saw them together—and she went about with smiling lips but tragic eyes.

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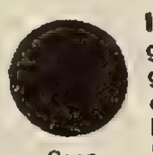
My wedding day was only a week away! And my hair hung dull—lifeless—and worst of all, thickly sprinkled with ugly dandruff! I was frantic! Then on Sunday evening, I heard the FITCH BANDWAGON* over the radio. The announcer said, "Fitch Shampoo is the only shampoo whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application bears the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms." I bought a bottle of Fitch Shampoo that night. I found that even in hard water it is effective. It really goes into the tiny openings of the scalp. And it certainly rinses out easily! I believe it actually reconditions the hair! "The season's loveliest bride!" they said of me. And today, my husband says Fitch Shampoo keeps my hair as lovely now as it was the day we were married!

GOODBYE DANDRUFF



Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.

Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

*LISTEN to the FITCH BANDWAGON, presenting your favorite orchestras and five minutes of World News every Sunday at 7:30 p. m., EWT, over NBC.

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inside the door for a moment, steeling myself to go outside and face Myra Norton again.

She was bending over the coffee table, and there was a steaming tea pot there, and a plate of golden brown, buttery toast. I acknowledged to myself that I was hungry, and at the same time I was ashamed of being hungry.

Myra turned when she heard me. "Come along and have a cup of tea and some toast. I'm a great believer in tea and toast to make the world look brighter." She poured a fragrant cup, passed it to me, and then, with one for herself, sat down on the sofa and patted the seat beside her.

"Come and sit down, Lona, and let's talk. There's hardly a thing in the world that can't be talked out." And then, when I was seated beside her, "Tom told me all about you—about Blair, and all that you've been through, and about how foolish he'd been, too. I—believe, me, Lona, I don't blame you at all. It's a small thing to say in the face of all that's happened to you, but I'm sorry—awfuly sorry."

I didn't know what to say. If she'd been bitter or unkind, I might have found words to fight back, but I had nothing to say to kindness and sympathy.

Myra's clear voice went on, quietly, almost like low music in the room. "Often a stranger can be more help than your best friends, don't you think that's true? I mean, strangers are removed from a problem, and what looks frightening to you can seem simpler to them, because they have a better perspective. I can just about tell what's been wrong with you, Lona. You've been like—well, like a person who's been very ill, and who's never entirely recovered. But I think you're going to be all right, now. I think tonight—the crying and all that—was what you needed to clean out the corners of your mind and heart and get you ready to face life all over again with a clean slate.

"Think this through with me, Lona. Honestly—isn't it true that when you fell in love with Tom you were falling in love with what he represented—freedom from loneliness, laughter and life and all the things you'd missed so much? Didn't he *mean* love to you, instead of *being* love—wasn't he a symbol of the wonderful feeling you'd had for Blair, the real, true, forever-and-forever kind of love?"

I sat very still, listening to her words even long after she had stopped talking. I couldn't answer her, because my heart cried out now for Tom, even though my mind admitted that she might be right. But I couldn't believe it—not now, not tonight when I was still so close to it, when I could still feel Tom's arms around me. Still, remotely I knew, somehow, that in time I'd come to believe it true, in time I'd acknowledge that what Myra said was right.

"I know how hopeless you feel right now, Lona," she went on after a while, "and I know that anything I say will sound smug and foolish to you. But—oh, Lona, believe me—somewhere in the world there's another man who will seem as wonderful—not as Tom does, but as *Blair* did. I think you've been hiding from that man. No wonder you fell in love with Tom—he's the only man you've let yourself get to know in all this time. You can't hide. You can't wait for that man to come and find you—you've got to go out and meet him, you've got to look for him, too.

"Lona, as surely as I believe in love and in life and in goodness—in God—I believe that for every woman who has lost the man she loves, who has had all the joy drained from her heart, there's another man somewhere to fill his place. I know that—because, you see, Tom is—my second husband."

She slipped her hand into mine and we sat for a long time, first in silence, then talking again. I listened to her voice telling me, "You've got to give yourself a chance to find the man you'll love, the man who will love you," and—and I believed.

Then Myra drove me home at last, and I went up the stairs with the feel of her hand still in mine, the sound of her voice still in my ears. I didn't think that I could sleep, but I did. I was so exhausted that I could hardly get my clothes off, and I tumbled into bed and fell into a deep, dreamless, untroubled slumber.

It was the sun that awakened me in the morning. I'd been so tired that I'd forgotten to draw the shades, as I always did, and the sun was pouring in all around me, warming the room, touching the furniture and the curtains and all the things I'd thought so dreary with a new brightness.

I lay there for a moment, not thinking at all, letting the sun warm me. It touched my body like gentle, soothing hands, and it seemed almost as if it were searching out my mind and cleansing it, finding the bruised heart in my breast and promising it peace.

The first thing I remembered was Myra's words. "For every woman who has lost the man she loves there's another man somewhere to fill his place . . . give yourself a chance to find the man you love . . ."

Facing the Music

Continued from page 4

Clothes conservation is the order of the day at the Ozzie Nelsons': Harriet Hilliard Nelson does some much-needed spot mending for sons David and Eric

of skeptics that his City Slickers had potentialities. Even Spike's pretty wife, Patricia, a former band vocalist, had doubts. "She was finally convinced when we bought our new eleven-room home with the money the City Slickers have earned."

The home, a French Provincial type, is a stone's throw from the homes of Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor. Queen of the household is Spike's four-year-old daughter, Linda. The child amazes her kindergarten teachers with a professional show business jargon. One day she announced in class that "My daddy just smashed the box office record on a Milwaukee one-nighter."

Spike's real name is Lindley Armstrong Jones. He was born in Long Beach, California, spent most of his childhood in small California railroad way stops like Calexico and Niland. His father was a depot agent for the Southern Pacific and that's how the City Slickers creator got his nickname. An ingenious railroad chef first interested Spike in music, fashioning drum sticks from the rungs of a chair and teaching the lad to keep time to an old tune, "Carolina in the Morning."

When Spike was thirteen he not only had his own four-piece band, the Jazzbos, but was drum major of his high school band.

"The high school outfit had ninety pieces," Spike recalls, "but I was the worst drum major in the state. The school authorities found that out one day when I gave the wrong signal. The band went down one street and I strutted down another."

Then Spike caught on with a number of top bands like Everett Hoagland's and Earl Burtnett's and eventually wound up as a crack Hollywood radio musician playing on the Fibber McGee and Molly and Bing Crosby shows. It was then that Spike got bored and developed his City Slickers.

But Spike, shrewd business man and a realist, didn't give up his regular jobs until he had his own combination safely launched. He kept playing in studio orchestras and on occasional one-nighters, and kept up a relentless correspondence with juke box operators and show business executives, telling them about his unusual band. Because he worked doubly hard, Spike's City Slickers investment never once became a financial liability.

It was while doing a free-lance chore with Al Lyons' band that Spike met Patricia. She was then Al's vocalist.

"She couldn't help notice me. I was

Which . . .

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or

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DO WE HAVE TO DIE?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," reveals the story of a remarkable system that often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Many report improvement in health. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

The man, a well-known explorer and geographer, tells how he found these strange methods in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wisdom and long hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which enabled many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so that they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intelligence.

He maintains that man, instead of being limited by a one-man-power-mind, has within him the mind-power of a thousand men or more as well as the energy-power of the universe which can be used in his daily affairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind-power, when awakened, can make man capable of surprising accomplishments, from the prolonging of youth to success in many fields. To that eternal question, "Do we have to die?" his answer is astounding.

The author states the time has come for this long hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world, and offers to send his amazing 9000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy address the Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 517-F, Los Angeles 4, Calif. Readers are urged to write promptly as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.

the only guy in the band without a bow tie. I lost mine and had to use shoe strings instead."

They made several dates, fell in love and set the wedding date, overriding some opposition from the girl's mother.

"I won over my mother-in-law when I praised her cooking," Spike explains.

The City Slickers got one real lucky break. They recorded "Der Fuehrer's Face" just before the recording ban. The tune catapulted the band into a top attraction and Spike was astute enough to follow it up with a succession of other sure-fire novelties. Among these were "Hot-cha-Cornya," a take off on sad Russian songs, "A Goose to the Ballet Russe," and such gag soloists as "The Saliva Sisters—who are the spitting image of each other," and "Yascha Ingle—who was concertmaster with Abe Lyman's all-youth orchestra in 1911." All these madcap tunes were accompanied by such weird sound effects as pistol shots, hiccups, sneezes, snorts, auto horns, and wild skirmishes between the musicians.

Spike is proud that all his ten men are accomplished musicians and possess good humors. He believes his twin singers, the Nillson Sisters, are headed for stardom.

Spike and his wife recently celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary but they still act like a pair of newlyweds. Spike bet his wife that one of his recordings would sell over 100,000 copies. She didn't agree. The record was a smash hit and Mrs. Jones stopped Beverly Hills traffic paying off her bet. She had to push a peanut with her nose across the ample lawn of their home.

The Joneses live for their home—which Spike says realizes one fourth of his ultimate ambitions—but they haven't let it intimidate them. It carries no fancy name. Realisically and with humor they call it "Cornegie Hall."

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Let It Rain—

Continued from page 39

when we buy bonds we are not only paying for the war, but are also helping in the fight to hold down the price of war as well as the price of everything, because by putting dollars into bonds we are keeping them out of the inflation spiral. Experts tell us that the lower we keep prices now, the easier it will be for us after the war to buy new peacetime goods with the bond money we have saved.

I know that's all true but I'd much rather be able to show you as a "reminder" the expression on a face, an expression I saw at a recent Truth or Consequences broadcast.

We had learned the names of two service men, one from North Dakota and the other from Illinois, who were due to come home from abroad on furlough. We decided to surprise their families by bringing them east to appear on the program, one on the broadcast and the other on the later rebroadcast.

THE mother of the boy from Illinois was on our first show. She didn't know yet about her boy's furlough. On our program, as you are aware, a participant has to agree that if he doesn't give the correct answer to a question he must "take the consequences." The mother missed the question and we told her that her "consequence" was to talk to her son on the telephone. We put through the "connection" and they began talking. She had just about asked him where he was, her voice trembling with excitement, when they were cut off—and then, the curtains were parted and her son, in uniform, was revealed on the stage. She looked at him, unbelieving, and then a flood of such uncontrollable joy swept across her face as she realized that he was really there, that I felt, looking at her, that this was the happiest moment in anyone's life I had ever witnessed. That expression told me what it meant to mothers everywhere to see their boys again.

That expression would make you want to get that mother's boy back to her soon—and alive.

Of course, those to whom war is a living reality, either through actual participation or through loved ones who are in the battle, don't need reminders that without enough rain there can be no harvest.

But the rest of us must remember that just because we don't *see* the fire doesn't mean it's out. I don't think we need bombings to teach us that.

Yes, there is a fire—a terrible one—and the rain I spoke about when I began is the very rain that can put that fire out. That's the truth, and if we forget the truth we shall *all* have to take the consequences.

So let it rain! Fellow Americans, let it *pour!*

Cover Girl tells—"How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

says alluring PAT BOYD
"We must be glamourous"

"Even under the tropic heat of photographer's 1000-watt lights I have to look exquisite!" Cover Girl Pat Boyd says. "What's more, I simply can't risk injury to the expensive clothes I model in. So believe me, it was a load off my mind when I found a deodorant that even under these severe conditions, *really* did the job—Odorono Cream!

"The point is, Odorono Cream contains a really effective perspiration-stopper. It simply closes the tiny sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days.

"Odorono Cream is safe, too. For both skin and clothes. Even after shaving it is non-irritating—it contains emollients that are actually soothing. And as for delicate fabrics, I've proved that Odorono Cream won't rot them. I just follow directions and use it as often as I like.

"And think of it! Velvety, fragrant Odorono Cream gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorant creams. What a saving!

"So to every girl who'd like to be 'Cover-Girl glamourous' . . . here's my heartfelt advice: use Odorono Cream. You'll be delighted, *I know.*"

Winsome Pat Boyd

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DR. MILES NERVINE has been bringing relief to nervous people for sixty years. Why not try it when tense nerves make you Cranky, Wakeful or Fidgety? Dr. Miles Nervine is now made in two forms, liquid and effervescent tablets, both equally effective.

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Get a bottle or package of DR. MILES NERVINE at your drug store. Take it according to directions. If you are not entirely satisfied go to the druggist and get your money back. Read directions and use only as directed. Effervescent tablets 35c and 75c, liquid 25c and $1.00.

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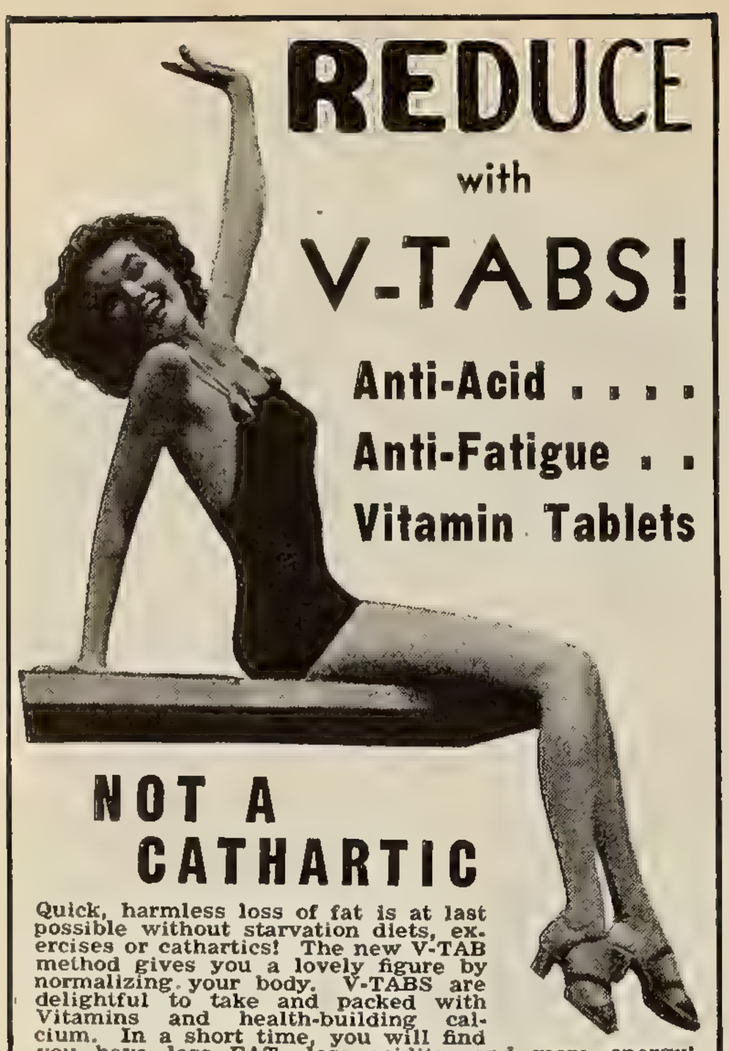

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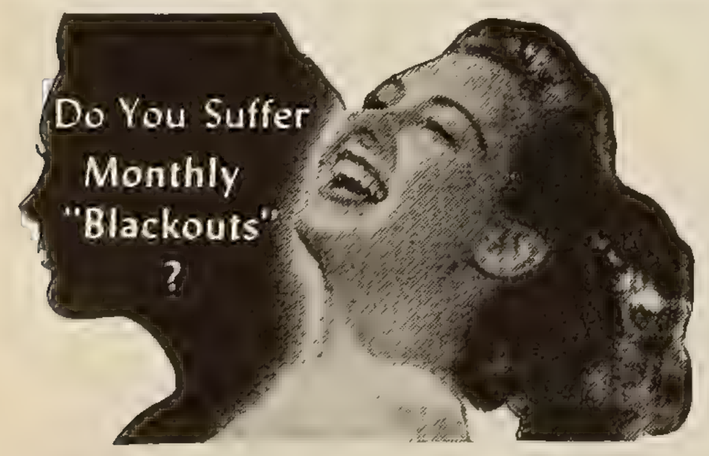

Do functional periodic pains upset you? Try the preparation that's specially compounded for functional distress—the *new* Chi-Ches-Ters Pills. They've worked wonders for thousands of women. They should help you. For they do more than merely deaden pain. One of their ingredients tends to aid in relaxing the cramping and tension that causes distress. The added iron factor they contain is intended to help build up your blood, too. Ask your druggist today for a 50¢ box of the *new* Chi-Ches-Ters Pills. Then try them, as directed, for next month's "difficult days".

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

Let's Be Thankful For—

Continued from page 50

the roast for 1 to 1½ hours, turning occasionally.

Fluffy Sweet Potatoes

8 medium sweet potatoes
4 tbls. margarine or drippings
24 marshmallows
Salt and pepper to taste
½ tsp. nutmeg (optional)

Cook potatoes (unpeeled) in water to cover. Remove skins and run potatoes through ricer. Melt together margarine (or drippings) and marshmallows. Add to hot riced potatoes with seasonings and beat until fluffy. Serve as is, or pile lightly into margarined casserole, dot with margarine and brown in moderate oven.

String Beans

1 pt. canned string beans
1 bouillon cube
1 tbl. margarine or drippings
Salt and pepper to taste
¼ tsp. ginger
⅛ tsp. dry mustard
1½ tsps. brown sugar
1 tsp. lemon or lime juice

Cook beans briskly in their own liquid for 5 minutes. Strain off liquid and measure. Return ½ cup liquid to cooking pan (if there is more, use it for gravy; if less, make up the difference with boiling water). Melt bouillon cube and margarine (or drippings) in liquid and stir in seasonings. Add beans and simmer until beans are hot through and sauce is rich and thick.

Cabbage Fruit Salad

½ head cabbage
2 carrots
1 tbl. minced onion
2 tbls. French dressing
1 to 2 cups diced apple, pear or orange or white grape halves
Mayonnaise

Shred cabbage and carrots, combine with onion and allow to marinate in French dressing for at least an hour. Just before serving, add fruit and enough mayonnaise to bind the mixture together. This salad may be made as sweet or as tart as you wish by adding brown sugar or lemon juice to the mayonnaise.

Uphold tradition if you like by serving pumpkin or mincemeat pie, but make individual pies, baked in your muffin tins.

I can't let even a Thanksgiving menu go by without suggesting a leftover recipe, so here it is—a one dish meal of savory lentils.

Savory Lentils

1 lb. lentils
1 onion, minced
2 tbls. minced celery leaves
1 bayleaf
Salt and pepper to taste
Bones and gravy from roast pork
Cold roast pork, cubed

Use either the bones from your roast or the uncooked bone taken from a pork shoulder. Wash lentils, cover with boiling water and simmer for 1 hour. Add all other ingredients except cubed meat (if there is any leftover soup put that in, too) together with sufficient boiling water to cover. Simmer until lentils are tender (1½ to 2 hours), adding more boiling water occasionally if they get too dry. Remove bones, stir in cubed meat and continue simmering until meat is hot.

HAVING A BABY ?

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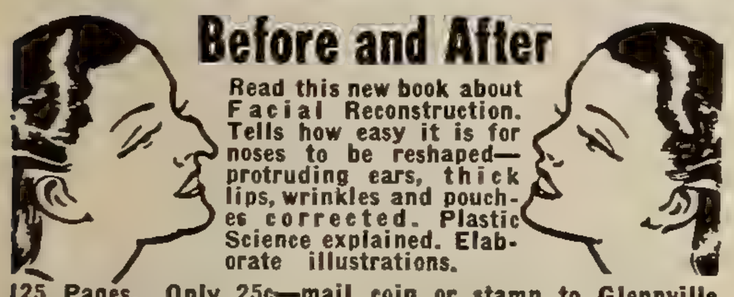

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With You Beside Me

Continued from page 37

I was glad that Ruth had some friends down there. She'd have been pretty lonely and bored, otherwise, when I had to go away on manoeuvers or pulled extra duty. And I liked the idea that she wasn't completely alone. But there were times when I used to wish we could have had a little more privacy.

Like the time I got an over-night pass after we'd been on a twenty-mile hike and worked on the big guns half a day. I was tired that night, with that tight tiredness that makes you feel you'll never be able to loosen up and go to sleep. The thing I wanted most was to sprawl out on the bed, close to Ruth and have her stroke my forehead and rub the back of my neck with her soft, gentle hands and talk to me in that quiet voice of hers, until the tension left. But when I got to the house, I found Ruth on the porch with some of the other wives and fellows from the Post. They'd decided to have a party, and of course I couldn't just go in and go to bed. We talked a while, and danced to Dorothy Paulson's radio, and pretty soon Dorothy was urging us all into Summers to get something to eat.

THAT night, I kept going on sheer nerves. We had dinner in a bar and grill and there was a juke box and, believe it or not, I was talked into dancing some more. I don't want to make a martyr out of myself, though, because from somewhere I seemed to get my second wind and, for awhile, I didn't even think about being tired. And at last we went back to the house.

I didn't even know when they left. Next thing I knew, Ruth was bending over me, kissing me lightly on the cheek and telling me it was time to get up, if I wanted to catch the five o'clock bus that would get me back for first formation.

That was a hard day, too. We worked out on the range on the big guns and right after that we were given an examination. I could hardly wait for the day to end. Ruth was to meet me at the Service Club and I was looking forward to sitting on the porch there for a couple of hours with her and then getting some sleep. Right after chow, I hurried to the barracks to clean up. That's as far as I got.

Corporal Hunkins yelled at me. "Hey, Marley, Lt. Gerson wants to see ya—on the double, soldier."

I wondered what the lieutenant wanted and I hoped it wasn't some extra duty. He was a nice fellow, one of the officers that all the men really liked. He was the kind who could make any of us do anything, even if we didn't know how. He was young, maybe thirty-two or so, and that may have had something to do with it. We all felt as though he were one of us, not miles above us.

Lt. Gerson was busy at his desk when I knocked at the door. I saluted him and waited. He finished signing some papers and then looked up at me. He was frowning a little—not mad, but sort of thinking.

"What has been the matter with

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you lately, Marley?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir," I said.

"Sit down, Marley," he said, pulling some papers toward him. "You're wrong, Marley. There is something the matter." He tapped the papers in front of him. "It's here—in your record. The first three months you were fine. You tried hard—you studied and worked. In fact, now, I can tell you that I had you in mind for recommendation to Officers Candidates School." He frowned. "I had you in mind. Not any more. You've been gigged eighteen times in the last two months—for inattention at classes, for carelessness, for sloppiness, for lateness, for goldbricking. I was watching you on the range, today. You haven't learned those guns—you don't work well with the other men. Now, what's the matter, Marley? A man who starts out to be a good soldier doesn't fall to pieces without a reason. Are you in some kind of trouble?"

"No, sir."

He stood up and walked over to a window. "Marley," he said with his back to me, "I understand your wife is staying near here. Is that the trouble?"

"No, sir," I said quickly. "I like having her here—it—well, I like it."

He turned around. "Yes, I suppose you do," he said quietly. "I suppose we'd all like to have our wives with us." He sat down. "You know," he said seriously, "this war isn't a picnic. It will take more than ordinary men living ordinary lives to win it." He sighed and looked toward the window. "I'm going to ask you to send your wife home, Marley, before it's too late."

I JUMPED to my feet. "But, Lt. Gerson, you don't understand—" I began. He cut me off. "Think it over, Marley," he said, with finality.

It's a good thing he dismissed me right then, because I was all ready to argue with him. I didn't have much free time, but what I did with the free time I did have was my own business.

What did he know about it? That's the way I was thinking as I walked down the road toward the Service Club. What could a man like that know about how I felt, how I hated the life in the barracks, how I needed Ruth to make all the stupid, dull, backbreaking routine bearable? Sure war was hard, but I could take it when the time came. Other men did. Until the time came, I had a right to what happiness I could still hang on to.

As I walked along, though, I had to think a little about what he'd said. After all, I did respect him. Eighteen gigs in two months was a lot. Looking back, I realized that even Bud Halleck, the best little goldbrick in our outfit, hadn't got that many.

Of course, I didn't tell Ruth about any of this. I didn't even want her to think of going away. I just made up my mind that I'd do better in my work and avoid gigs and keep out of Lt. Gerson's way as much as possible.

They were intensifying our training steadily. Gradually, the camp was full of rumors that we were going to be sent overseas soon. Sometimes, at the

Continued on page 96

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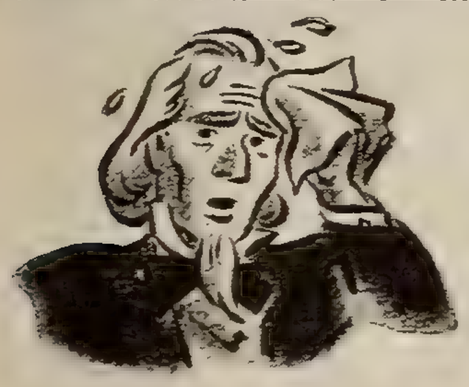

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Ever since the Axis hauled off and hit us when we weren't looking, prices have been nudging upwards. Not rising awfully fast, but RISING.

Most folks, having an average share of common sense, know rising prices are BAD for them and BAD for the country. So there's been a lot of finger pointing and hollering for the OTHER FELLOW to do something—QUICK.

The government's been yelled at, too. "DOGGONNIT," folks have said, "WHY doesn't the government keep prices down?"

Well, the government's done a lot. That's what price ceilings and wage controls are for—to keep prices down. Rationing helps, too.

But let me tell you this—we're *never* going to keep prices down just by leaning on the government and yelling for the OTHER FELLOW to mend his ways.

We've ALL got to help—EVERY LAST ONE OF US:

Sit down for a minute and think things over. Why are most people making more money today? It's because of the SAME cussed war that's killing and maiming some of the finest young folks this country ever produced.

So if anyone uses his extra money to buy things he's in no particular need of . . . if he bids against his neighbor for stuff that's hard to get and pushes prices up . . . well, sir, he's a WAR PROFITEER. That's an ugly name—but there's just no other name for it.

Now, if I know Americans, we're not going to do that kind of thing, once we've got our FACTS straight.

All right, then. Here are the seven rules we've got to follow as GOSPEL from now until this war is over. Not some of them—ALL of them. Not some of us—ALL OF US, farmers, businessmen, laborers, white-collar workers!

Buy only what you need. A patch on your pants is a badge of honor these days.

Keep your OWN prices DOWN. Don't ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell. Resist all pressure to force YOUR prices up!

Never pay a penny more than the ceiling price for ANYTHING. Don't buy rationed goods without giving up the right amount of coupons.

Pay your taxes willingly, no matter how stiff they get. This war's got to be paid for and *taxes are the cheapest way to do it.*

Pay off your old debts. Don't make any new ones.

Start a savings account and make regular deposits. Buy and keep up life insurance.

Buy War Bonds and hold on to them. Buy them with dimes and dollars it HURTS like blazes to do without.

Start making these sacrifices now—keep them up for the duration—and this country of ours will be sitting pretty after the war . . . *and so will you.*

Uncle Sam

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up • Wear it out
Make it do • Or do without

R
M

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

Continued from page 94

end of the day, I'd be so tired I could hardly stand up, but I'd think of those rumors and I'd have died rather than miss a chance to see Ruth.

Rumors have a way of spreading around. I guess Ruth must have heard them, too, because, while she didn't say anything, she seemed to depend on me more. I don't know how to explain that. We couldn't talk about it. We were afraid to mention the possibilities, but they were there in the background all the time, in the way we clung to each other, in the desperation of our kisses. Anyway, that's how I interpreted it, at the time.

I'M ashamed now for being so blind. I should have realized that things weren't too easy for her, either. She was so sweet and thoughtful of me, that I forgot how hard it must be for her to get along on her allotment, how little there was for her to do all day and how, maybe, that was one reason why she seemed to need me so much more than before.

During the next month or so there were times when I would gladly have collapsed any place along the road and stayed there until I died, just for the sake of not having to move again. Once, I even missed a date with Ruth because I was too exhausted to face the ride in the bus into Summers.

I'd asked Bud Halleck, who was going into town, to stop off and tell Ruth I was on duty and couldn't make it. But Bud missed her somehow, and Ruth got upset and came hurrying into camp on the late bus. Next thing I knew the barracks orderly was waking me up and I was stumbling groggily down the road to the main gate, where the MP's had stopped her.

Ruth was crying by the time the MP's let me take her into their office to quiet her down.

"Johnny," she whimpered into my shoulder, "I was so worried! I—I waited and waited, and you didn't come, and—"

"Bud was supposed to stop by and tell you I'd pulled extra duty," I said.

She pushed me away a little, then, and looked at me hard. "The man—the MP—here at the gate," she said, in a funny voice. "When he phoned your barracks—he said you were asleep and would get here as soon as you could." She started to cry again. "You didn't want to see me. You—you lied—"

"I found I didn't have to do extra duty after all," I began, "and I thought Bud would have told you I wasn't coming, so you'd have made other plans, or—" But I hated lying to her. "All right," I finished flatly. "I was tired."

Her brown eyes grew big and miserable. "Oh, Johnny—I love you so much! I wait and wait for you—I don't even live when you're not here. And—and you don't care—you—"

No, after that was straightened out, I didn't miss a date with her again. But it wasn't quite the same after that. There was something—a small, intangible something, but there just the same—between us. It used to be that when things were bothering either of us we could sit down and talk them over and make sense out of the trouble, and then it would be all right. But this we couldn't bring out into the open. We should have been happy—we were near each other, together as much as possible, and that should have been enough—but we weren't happy. Not really.

I DON'T know how long we'd have gone on like that, if it hadn't been for that mixup. I was feeling pretty good that evening. We hadn't had too hard a day, because it had been raining, and I guess the Sergeant appreciated a little let-down, too, because he not only didn't bite my head off when I asked for an overnight pass, but he actually smiled when he gave it to me.

I found myself whistling as I started toward the Service Club. I was supposed to meet Ruth there at six-thirty. It was just a little thing, but I got a lot of pleasure out of thinking how surprised and happy she'd be when I told her that instead of sitting around camp we could catch the first bus and go home—and be together, without a lot of other people.

Ruth hadn't arrived, so I got into a pool game with some of the fellows, and I felt so good that I won three games in a row. Ruth still wasn't there and when the bus came in at seven-fifteen without her I began to wonder what might have happened.

By eight I'd decided she wasn't coming because the weather had been so bad all day. She'd had a little cold, anyway, and I figured that she hadn't wanted to stand out in the rain to wait for the bus. There was no telephone in the house where we had our room, nor any place closer than the drugstore on Main Street in Sum-

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Name..... .....

Address.....

City..... ... State.....

Color of Hair

.....

Color of Eyes

.....

mers, and that's a good ten minutes' walk from the house—more, in a downpour like the one we'd been having all day.

I didn't know what to do, but at last I decided the best thing would be to catch the next bus out of camp, and surprise Ruth. I hadn't felt so well in a long time, rested and relaxed, and it seemed a shame to miss any part of a free evening together. When the bus got to Summers I got off and bought some sandwiches and salad and a couple of bottles of beer and headed for the house.

EVERYBODY was there—but Ruth. She'd caught the five o'clock bus, after all—that's what Dorothy Paulson told me. And then I really didn't know what to do.

"Wait awhile," Dorothy advised. "She'll check with your barracks and find out you got an overnight pass, and she'll turn right around and come back. If you leave now you're sure to miss her."

I waited until ten o'clock, getting more impatient by the minute, and then decided I ought to phone camp. She might have contacted the Hostess, or perhaps she had phoned my barracks and they'd know something, I reasoned. So I set out in the rain again, walking down to the drugstore where I had to wait at the phone booth—you always have to wait in line in a town so near an army camp—for about fifteen minutes. Finally I got in touch with Miss Holloway, at the Service Club.

"Marley? Oh, yes—yes, your wife was in here some time ago, asking us to see if we could locate you. I—just a minute. I'll have one of the boys see—" I waited, more than a minute, and the unrest in me mounted. What on earth could have happened to Ruth in those hours since she left the house?

Then Miss Holloway was back. "No— they can't seem to find her. I'm sorry. Perhaps she's left camp." I asked about buses, and Miss Holloway told me that the five o'clock bus had been three hours late—some sort of breakdown—but that everyone on it had been all right.

That made me feel a little better, but I still didn't know what to do—still didn't know whether Ruth had found out I'd got a pass and started back home, or whether she was still wandering around camp, looking for me. I could think of all sorts of things that might have happened to her. What if she were sick—the cold had developed into something worse? Well, the last bus would be along from camp pretty soon, and I'd know if she was on it. But suppose she'd missed that? Suppose she'd found out I'd left camp—it would be just like her to try to get a ride back to Summers, and those roads were no place for a woman alone at night. Or suppose she'd decided to wait at camp? Where would she spend the night? You couldn't get a room at the Guest House without making a reservation weeks in advance.

I went down to the bus stop and waited. Lots of women got off that last bus—but Ruth wasn't among them. I began to get panicky, thinking of all the things that could have happened to her, all the places she might be—Ruth, so little and sweet, so helpless and easily frightened, alone in the dark, in the pouring rain. So I got on the phone again, but this time the Service Club was closed for the night, and my battery headquarters told me they didn't have time to "keep track of a flock of women who hadn't sense enough to get in out of the rain."

I knew what I had to do then—I had to get the last bus back to camp and try to find her for myself. I ran through the rain from the drugstore to the bus stop—and, turning the corner, I was just in time to see the bus pull out.

There wouldn't be another until 4:30 in the morning—the one I always caught so I'd get back to camp for first formation. I suppose it would have been wiser to go back to the house and stay there until time to catch that bus, but I didn't feel wise right then. I didn't feel anything except that I knew I had to find Ruth. I couldn't bear to sit around and think about it—I had to do something.

ON THE map, the road between Summers and the camp is about fifteen miles. But that's not in pitch blackness, nor does it count driving rain, or mudholes that the rain has made, and it leaves out the hills. Just the same, I started to walk it—anything was better than just sitting still and wondering.

It was after four o'clock when I got to camp, drenched from head to foot and covered with mud. And then I found that after all there was nothing I could do. The MP's at the gate didn't know anything. The Guest House was closed up tight, and when I approached it a guard couldn't give me any information but the advice, "Better get back to your barracks, buddy—don't make a fuss so I'll have to take you in."

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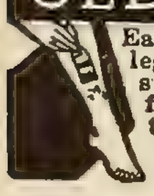

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By then I was so tired I could hardly pick up my feet. I moved across the parade as if I were in a dream, toward my barracks. I was going to check there, and then go on, if they knew nothing. But they wouldn't let me leave again.

I had to think, I told myself—think what to do, where to go next, how to get out and keep on looking for Ruth. I fell across my bunk, mud and all, and the next thing I knew I was being yanked out, and it was morning.

"They want you at the hospital. Your wife—"

It was about five city blocks between the barracks and the hospital. I never covered ground so fast in my life.

"You look worse than she does," the doctor told me. "Take it easy," he added, kindly. "She's all right now. It was just hysterics and—well, nothing that a rest and some decent food won't fix up quickly."

"Food?"

He nodded. "She's a bit undernourished. That added to her nervous condition, too." He patted my shoulder. "You can go in now."

Ruth was very quiet when I went into her room. She looked small and frail and her lashes made long shadows on her pale cheeks. I felt ashamed. I'd never noticed—she'd grown so thin, and I hadn't even noticed.

Ruth opened her eyes. They grew very big and dark and, all of a sudden, she was crying. It was awful to listen to, because it was harsh, tearing sobs, and she kept talking and clutching at me, and hardly making sense.

"Where were you, darling—where were you? You didn't come back, and I waited and waited. I love you so—oh, it was raining so hard, and I wanted to find you, so I started home, and I got lost, and—oh, darling—"

I tried to hold her close to me, and to quiet her, but the crying got worse and worse. I was scared to death, and at last I called the doctor frantically, and he made me get out of the room. "Better that way—just seeing you seems to upset her right now. We'll give your wife a sedative, and she'll sleep this off—don't worry."

I went back to my barracks and collapsed on my bunk. I don't think I'd ever known just what it meant to be tired before—mentally and

Continued on page 100

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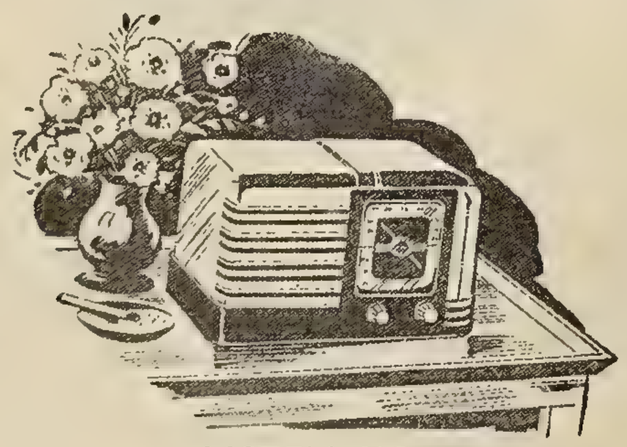

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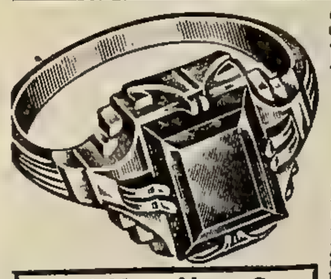

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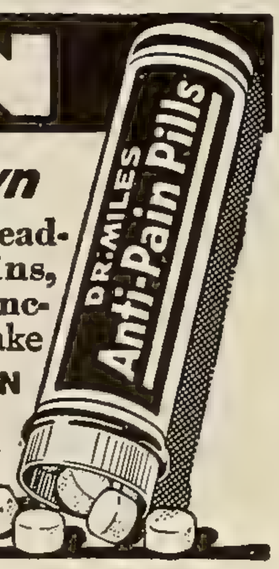

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Continued from page 98

physically tired so that you want to sleep more than anything else in the world.

It was dark when Corporal Hunkins shook me awake. "Okay, soldier," he said. "Lt. Gerson wants you."

This time, Lt. Gerson wasn't kind. "Why weren't you on the range this morning, Marley?"

"I—I was tired," I said, stupidly, and then, knowing how it sounded, I tried to explain, but he cut me short.

"I know all about your wife being in the hospital," he told me sharply, "But it's time you got it into your head that this isn't civilian life, Marley. I warned you before. Your behavior in the past few weeks has had a demoralizing effect on the other men. You've let your squad down on the guns. The men are saying they can't depend on you. We can't have any more of it—you're restricted to company area for two weeks, Marley."

"But my wife—you can't keep me from seeing her, sir. I—"

He frowned. "I've just talked to the doctor. Your wife is all right. I've also talked to the Red Cross Field Worker, and she's going to see what can be done about sending your wife home, immediately. That's all, Marley!"

HE DIDN'T understand, I told myself. He didn't love Ruth—she wasn't his wife—how could he understand? I couldn't let her go away, if she had to go away, without seeing her.

It wasn't easy. I got one of the fellows to go to the Red Cross station that night to find out what they were going to do with her, and later one of the boys took her a note from me, asking her to let me know where she was and how I could get to see her. The only thing I could find out was that they were putting her on the eleven o'clock train leaving Summers that night—just three hours from then. And then I knew I had to get out. I had to see her, no matter what happened to me afterwards. I had to do some crawling around and hiding, but finally I found a way to sneak out of my area and out of camp, too. And I was lucky enough to pick up a ride into Summers.

It took every ounce of my self-control to act normal when I walked into that railroad station. I had to look natural—I didn't want the MP's to get suspicious and pick me up before I saw Ruth. It worked—probably because I told myself it had to work.

She was there—and she was alone. I ran to her and caught her in my arms.

"Darling, listen," I began. "Oh, Ruth, I—"

Then it came. "Private Marley, you're under arrest!"

I turned around. It was Lt. Gerson.

"Arrest?" Ruth breathed. "Oh—for what? What's he done?"

"He's AWOL for one thing." The lieutenant was quiet for a minute, looking at us both. There had been anger in his eyes, but it was giving away to a kind of puzzled thoughtfulness. "I wish I could make you two understand something," he said slowly, at last. "Mrs. Marley, maybe you're the one to talk to—maybe this will help you to understand that the army isn't trying to persecute you or your husband.

Continued on page 102

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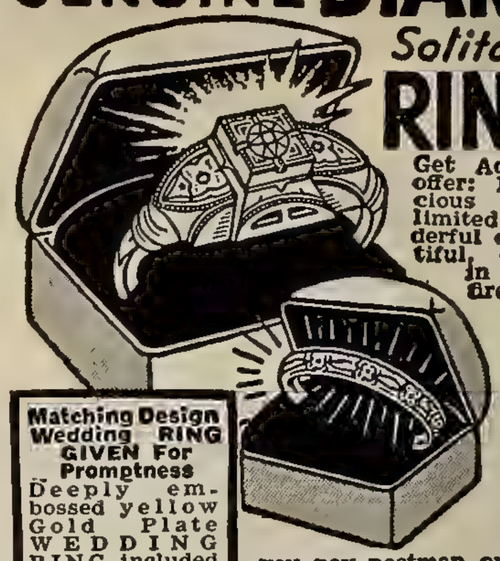

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☐ 5025 Blue Danube Waltz.....J. Strauss
☐ 5026 Wabash Cannon Ball.....W. Kindt
☐ 5027 A Bicycle Built for Two
☐ 5028 Merry Widow Waltz.....Lehar
☐ 5029 Tales from Vienna Woods....Strauss
☐ 5030 Clementine.....Percy Montrose
☐ 5031 Clarinet Polka.....Dvoraky Paul
☐ 5032 Whispering Hope.....Hawthorne
☐ 5033 Home on the Range
☐ 5034 Liebestraum (Dream of Love)
☐ 5035 Concerto in A-Minor..Edward Grieg
☐ 5036 Dark Eyes
☐ 5037 Ave Maria.....Franz Schubert
☐ 5038 There Is a Tavern in the Town
☐ 5039 Ciribiribin.....A. Pestalozza
☐ 5040 The Lord's Prayer.....Jorgensen
☐ 5041 Aloha Oe.....Queen Liluokalni
☐ 5042 Brahms Lullaby (Cradle Song)
☐ 5043 Loch Lomond
☐ 5044 Red Rivera Valley
☐ 5045 Cielito Lindo (Beautiful Heaven)
☐ 5046 Humoresque.....A. Dvorak
☐ 5047 Frankie and Johnny
☐ 5049 Listen to the Mocking Bird
☐ 5050 Comin' Round the Mountain
☐ 5051 Turkey in the Straw
☐ 5052 Polly Wolly Doodle
☐ 5053 Lohengrin Wedding March..Wagner
☐ 5054 La Cumparista.....Matos Rodrieyez
☐ 5055 Old Black Joe.....Stephen Foster
☐ 5056 I'd Like To Be in Texas
☐ 5057 The Lost Chord.....Sullivan-Procter
☐ 5058 Silver Threads Among the Gold
☐ 5059 Swanee River.....Stephen Foster
☐ 5060 La Golondrina (The Swallow)
☐ 5061 Birmingham Jail
☐ 5062 In the Gloaming.....A. F. Harrison
☐ 5063 Annie Laurie
☐ 5064 Auld Lang Syne
☐ 5065 The Last Rose of Summer....Flotow
☐ 5067 Two Guitars
☐ 5070 Wine, Women and Song.....Strauss
☐ 5072 Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer
☐ 5079 That Big Rock Candy Mountain
☐ 5080 The Marines' Hymn (Simplified)
☐ 5081 The Little Girl Dressed in Blue
☐ 5082 Barcarolle.....J. Offenbach
☐ 5083 La Cucaracha (The Cockroach)
☐ 5084 You and I Were Young Maggie
☐ 5086 Little Old Cabin in the Lane
☐ 5088 Beautiful Dreamer.....Foster
☐ 5089 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny
☐ 5090 The Man on the Flying Trapeze
☐ 5091 In the Evening By the Moonlight
☐ 5092 The Yellow Rose of Texas
☐ 5093 The Rose of Tralee.....Glover
☐ 5094 None But the Lonely Heart
☐ 6002 Concerto—B Flat Minor Tschaikowski
☐ 6003 Skaters Waltz.....Emil Waldteufel
☐ 6005 Under the Double Eagle.....Wagner
☐ 6006 Black Hawk Waltz.....Walsh
☐ 6007 Chop Sticks Waltz..... De Zulli
☐ 6009 Minuet in G.....L. Von Beethoven
☐ 6012 March Militaire.....Franz Schubert
☐ 6013 Finlandia.....Jan Sibelius
☐ 6015 Reverie.....Claude De Bussy
☐ 6018 Evening Star.....Richard Wagner
☐ 6019 Flower Song.....G. Lange
☐ 6020 Edelweiss Glide....E. E. Vanderbeck
☐ 6021 Dancing Doll.....Poldini
☐ 6022 Minuet Waltz.....F. Chopin
☐ 6026 Little Fairy Polka.....L. Streabbog
☐ 6027 General Grant's March.....E. Mack
☐ 6028 Barbara Polka.....F. Kovarrik
☐ 6029 Falling Waters.....J. L. Truax
☐ 6030 Flight of the Bumble Bee..Korsakoff
☐ 6031 Scarf Dance.....Chaminade
☐ 6035 Turkey in the Straw
☐ 6036 A Maiden's Prayer.....Badarzewska
☐ 6037 Artist's Life.....Johann Strauss
☐ 6040 First Hungarian Rhapsody
☐ 6041 Clayton's Grand March.....Blake
☐ 6042 Hungarian Dance No. 5.....Brahms
☐ 6043 The Irish Washerwoman
☐ 6044 Country Gardens.....Grainger
☐ 6046 Largo (New World Symphony)
☐ 6047 Over the Waves.....J. Rosas
☐ 6048 Morning Prayer.....L. Streabbog
☐ 6049 Moonlight Sonata.....Beethoven
☐ 6050 Star of the Sea (Reverie)..Kennedy
☐ 6051 The Bee.....Francois Schubert
☐ 6053 You and I Waltz
☐ 6055 Melodie (Elegy).....Massenet
☐ 6062 Habanera from "Carmen".....Bizet
☐ 6063 Cuckoo Waltz.....J. E. Jonasson
☐ 6064 Moment Musical.....Schubert
☐ 6068 Ase's Death.....Edward Grieg
☐ 6069 The Merry Farmer....R. Schumann
☐ 6071 Rippling Waves.....G. Millward
☐ 6075 Anitra's Dance.....Grieg
☐ 6077 Barchetta.....Ethelbert Nevin
☐ 6079 Love's Dreamland.....O. Roeder
☐ 6080 March of the Dwarfs.....E. Grieg
☐ 6081 The Jolly Coppersmith.....C. Peter
☐ 6082 The Robin's Return.....L. Fisher
☐ 6083 Gypsy Dance.....H. Lichner
☐ 6085 American Patrol (Simplified)
☐ 6088 Pavanne.....Maurice Ravel
☐ 6091 Valse in D Flat.....F. Chopin
☐ 6092 Polish Dance.....Scharwenka
☐ 6093 Hall of the Mountain King..E. Grieg
☐ 6094 Hymn to the Sun.....Korsakoff
☐ 6099 Romance in D Flat.....J. Sibelius
☐ 6103 Souvenir.....Franz Drdla
☐ 6104 Serenata.....Moszkowski
☐ 6105 Traumerei.....R. Schumann
☐ 6106 Amaryllis.....Henry Ghys
☐ 6107 Danube Waves.....S. Ivanovici
☐ 6110 Prelude.....S. Rachmaninoff
☐ 6111 Waltz in A Flat.....Brahms
☐ 6112 Norwegian Dance.....E. Grieg
☐ 6114 Andante Cantabile.....Tschaikowski
☐ 6116 The Flatterer.....Chaminade
☐ 6117 Il Bacio (The Kiss).....L. Arditi
☐ 6118 Rustle of Spring.....Sinding
☐ 6119 Minuet.....Paderewski
☐ 6120 Gypsy Rondo.....J. Haydn
☐ 6121 Gold and Silver.....F. Lehar
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R
M

Continued from page 100

It's just—well, it isn't easy to become a soldier. It takes every ounce of strength and concentration and intelligence a man's got—and all his time."

"I—I didn't want to interfere with his work," Ruth said defensively. "I wanted to help him—"

I DON'T doubt that," Lt. Gerson told her kindly. "But if you'll just think about it a little, you'll know that the right kind of love is more concerned with a husband's safety than with emotional satisfaction."

"His safety?" Ruth whispered.

The lieutenant nodded. "If your husband were sent overseas tomorrow, the chances are that it would practically be suicide for him the first time he saw action. He doesn't understand his weapons, he's in bad physical shape—and—well, mentally, too—he hasn't had time to think about anything but you for weeks. And there are the men he works with—he'd be endangering their lives as well."

There were tears in Ruth's eyes, but she looked at him squarely.

"It wasn't all your fault," he went on. "Your husband was wrong, too. When he first came here he tried to adjust himself to army life, and he was making progress, but when you came he found that it was easier not to. Even your sympathy helped him escape from the understanding of what it takes, what he'll have to face. I know this training is murderously hard, but—you've got to see this—it's the only way we can prepare your husband and all the other men for the actualities which the enemy will have in store for them. You love your husband. You want him to have a chance—give us a chance to make him the kind of soldier who can fight this war and win it, and come back—"

Ruth pressed close to me. "Oh, Johnny—I didn't know—"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Marley," Lt. Gerson went on. "You've done a lot of harm, but you only wanted to do good. Now your husband has committed a crime—left his post against orders."

"That was my fault, sir," I said. "And—and she hasn't had an easy time of it, either."

"I know that," he answered, and then he turned away. "The train's coming in. You'd better say goodbye."

There was so much to say, and so little time. I don't even want to talk about it—about how we clung to each other—but I do want to remember what she said, because it's what I live by, now.

"We were all mixed up, Johnny. We thought about today—this little moment—and forgot that the important thing is tomorrow, the whole of life, that we have to win and keep safe. Darling—" she pressed her cheek against my shoulder—"what would tomorrow be if you—if you weren't there, always? There just wouldn't be any tomorrow for me at all."

She straightened up then, and smiled. "Don't worry about me, dear. I'll get my job back, and keep busy just waiting for you. Be a good soldier—because I love you so much!"

LT. GERSON stood beside me until the train pulled out, then he led me out of the station and drove me back to camp. All the way, I wanted to say something to him, but I couldn't—something that would make him see that I understood better now.

He drove me to my barracks.

"Get inside, Marley," he said. "And keep quiet about tonight. No one else need know about this. I saw you leave and guessed where you were headed."

I tried to thank him, but he shook his head. "Just do your job, and we'll finish this war, you and I and the rest of us, and get home again."

That's no small assignment, but I'm doing my best.

. . . and promptly went to work to transform an old clock into an attractive gift for a child. If you'd like to know how to do this, write to Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, and we'll send instructions.

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